



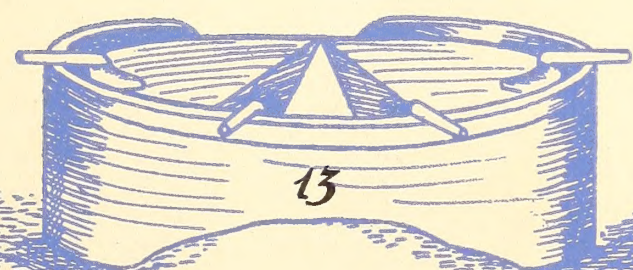
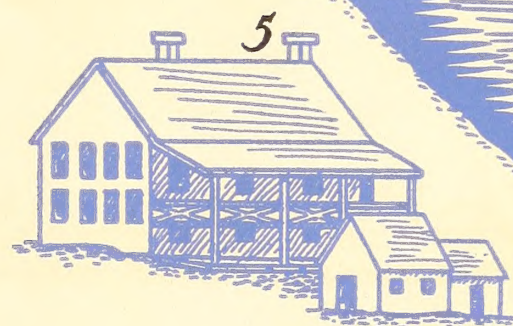
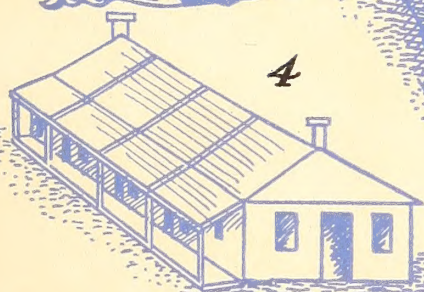


- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. BUCHANAN ROW | 7. THE GAS HOUSE |
| 2. THE ABBEY | 8. SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE |
| 3. MESS-RECITATION ROOMS | 9. GATE HOUSE |
| 4. APOLLO ROW | 10. RING OF POPLAR TREES |
| 5. ROWDY ROW | 11. CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE |
| 6. BRANDYWINE COTTAGE | 12. OLD MULBERRY TREE |
| 13. FORT SEVERN | 14. PRACTICE BATTERY |

FORT SEVERN

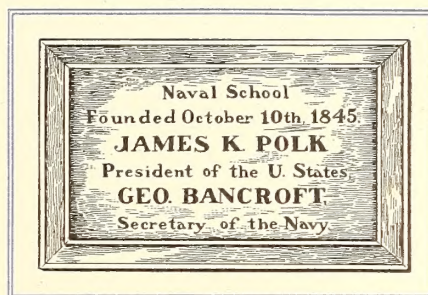
1845

SITE OF THE FIRST NAVAL
SCHOOL OF THE UNITED STATES



14

6



COPYRIGHT 1934

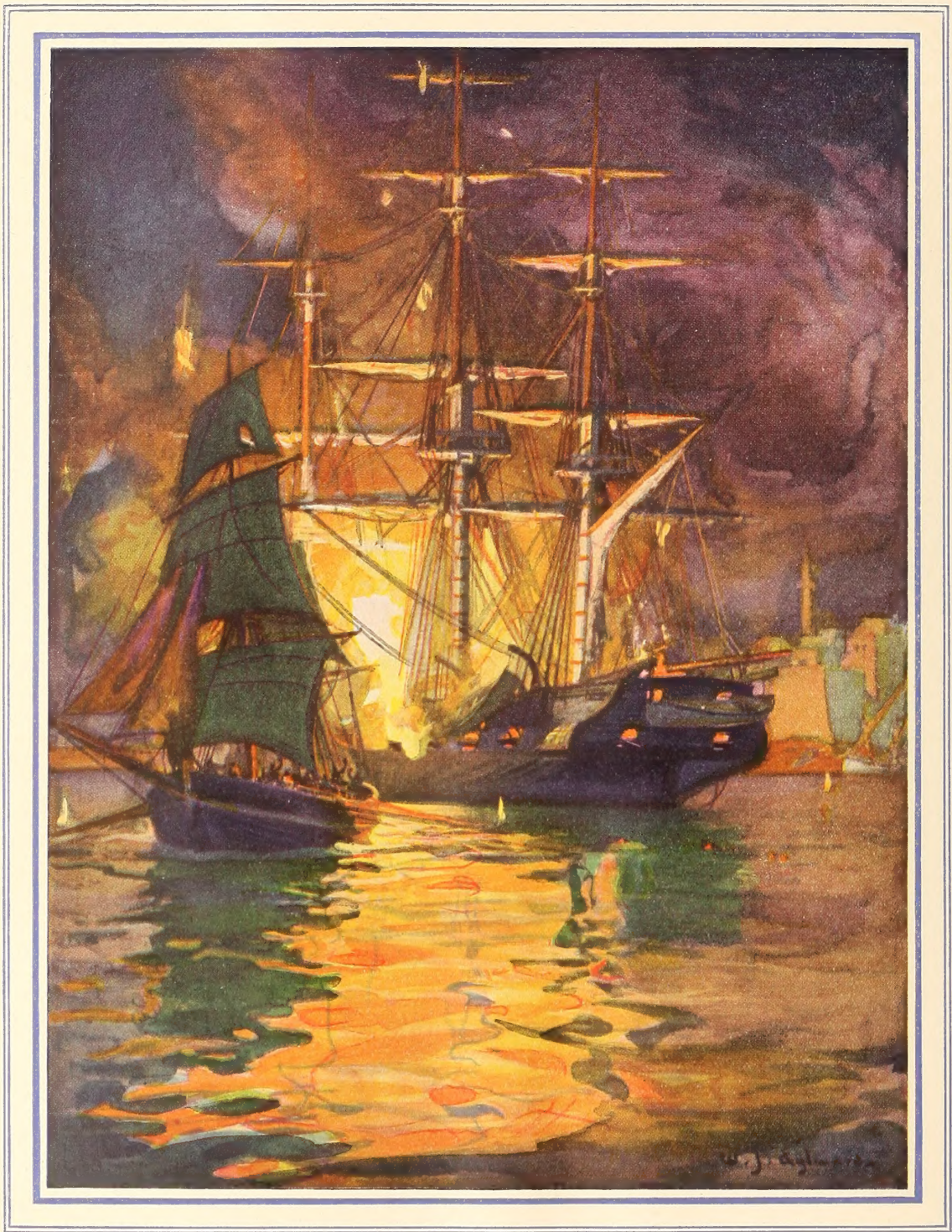


FRANK L. PINNEY, JR.

Editor

FRANK J. NOVITSKI

Business Manager



THE
LUCKY BAG
of

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY FOUR



*Annual
of the*
**REGIMENT
of
MIDSHIPMEN**

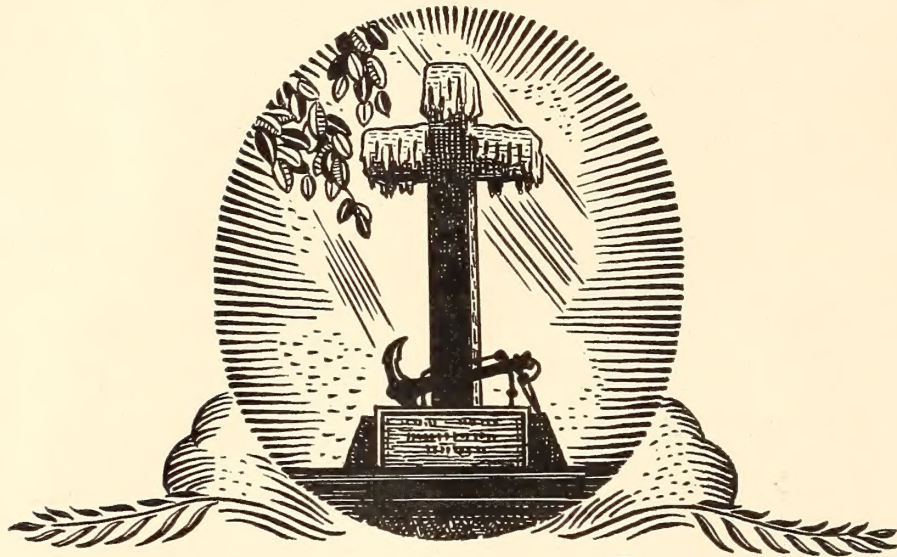
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland



TO THE MEN WHO, SINCE THE FIRST PLANS
WERE DRAWN UP FOR THE NAVAL ACADEMY,
HAVE DEVOTED THEIR TIME AND ENERGIES
TO ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT, AND TO
THOSE FAR-SIGHTED OFFICERS WHO, BOTH
PRIOR TO AND DURING THE EIGHTY-NINE
YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE, HAVE CONTINUALLY
URGED LEGISLATION PLACING THE NAVAL
ACADEMY IN THE POSITION IT OCCUPIES
TODAY, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



In Memoriam



Jacob Hermann Sunkel Jr.
1912 - 1931

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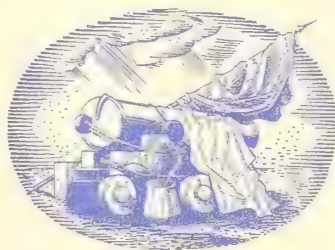
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A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, flowing lines that frame the title. The flourish starts with a large loop on the left, sweeps up and over the text, and ends with a smaller loop on the right, with a long, graceful tail extending downwards.

YARD VIEWS

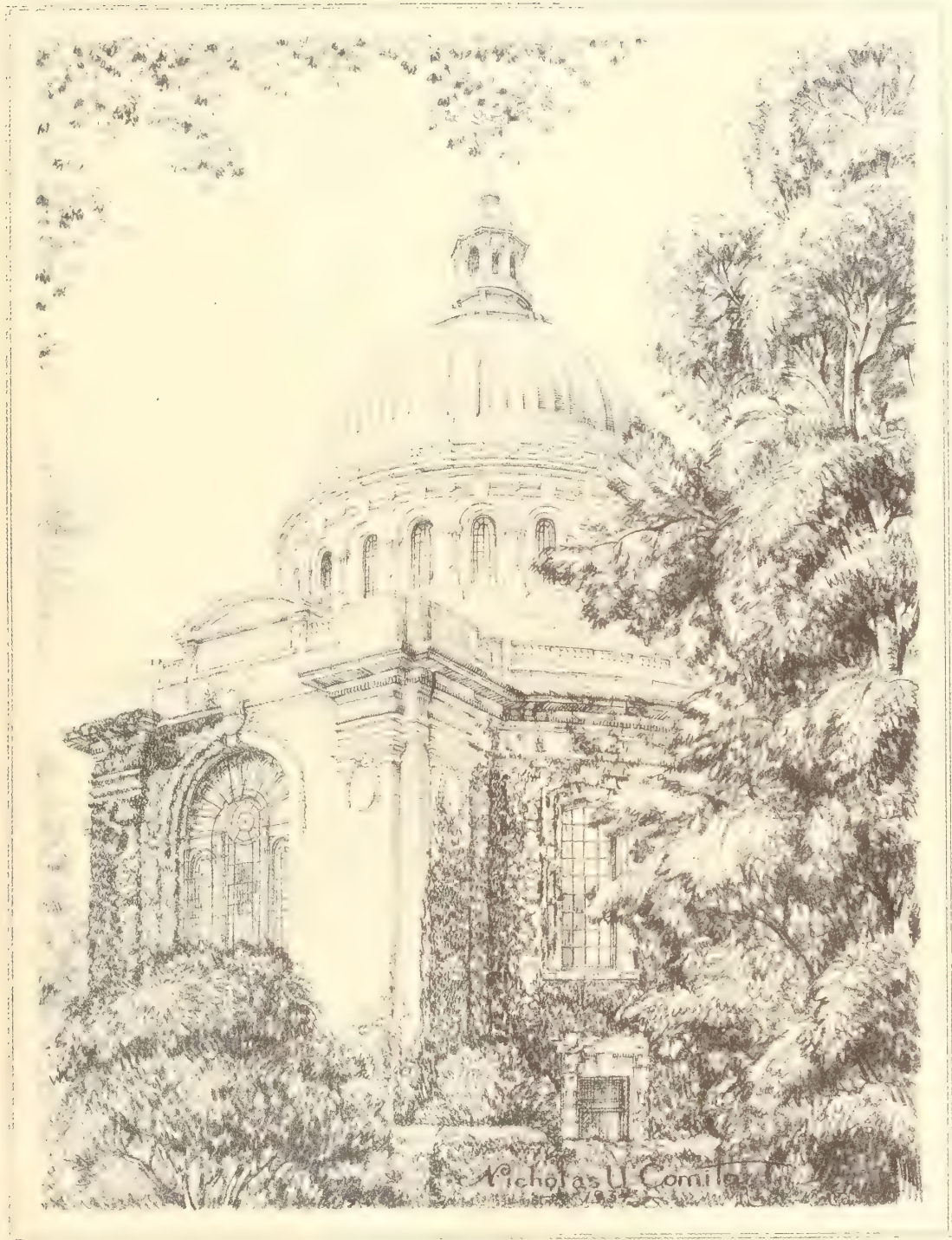


ANNAPOLIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WAS A QUAIN OLD TOWN. TO SOME EXTENT IT STILL RETAINS THE SAME ASPECT OF EARLIER DAYS, BUT OLD FORT SEVERN, WITH ITS FLAG PROUDLY FLYING, HAS BEEN LEVELED TO THE GROUND, AND IN ITS PLACE WE FIND THE BUILDINGS SHOWN IN THE SUCCEEDING PAGES.

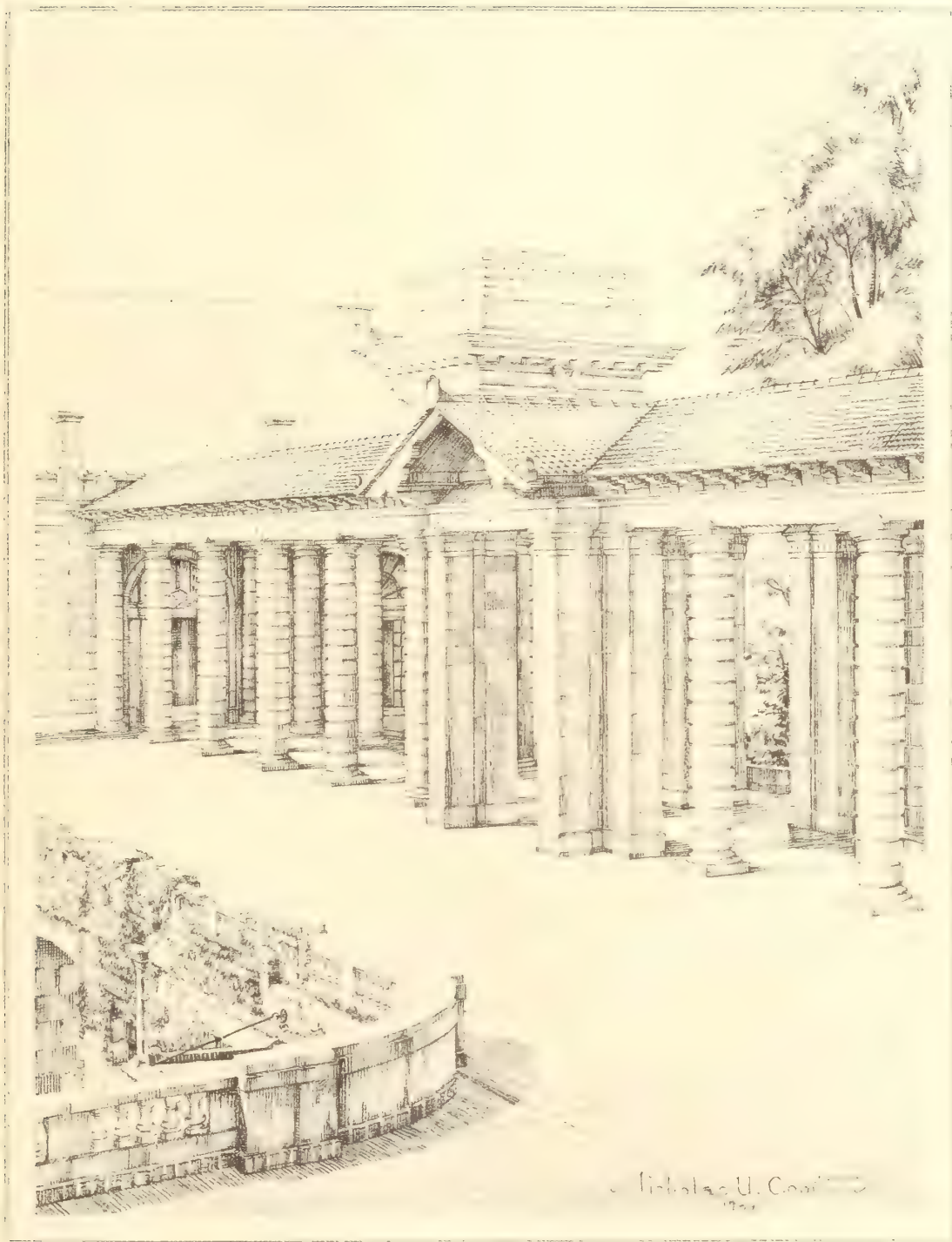




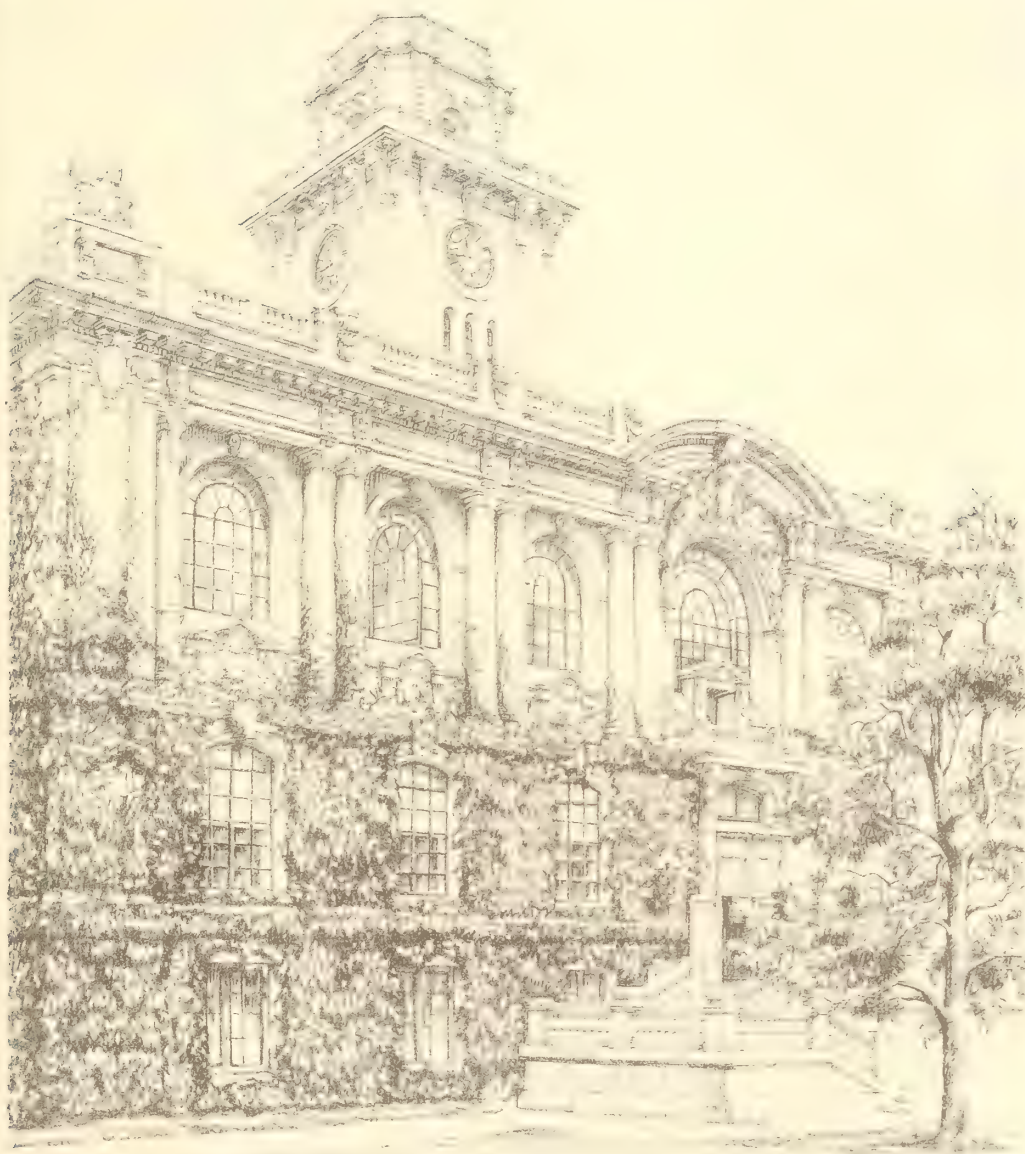
MAIN ENTRANCE BANCROFT HALL



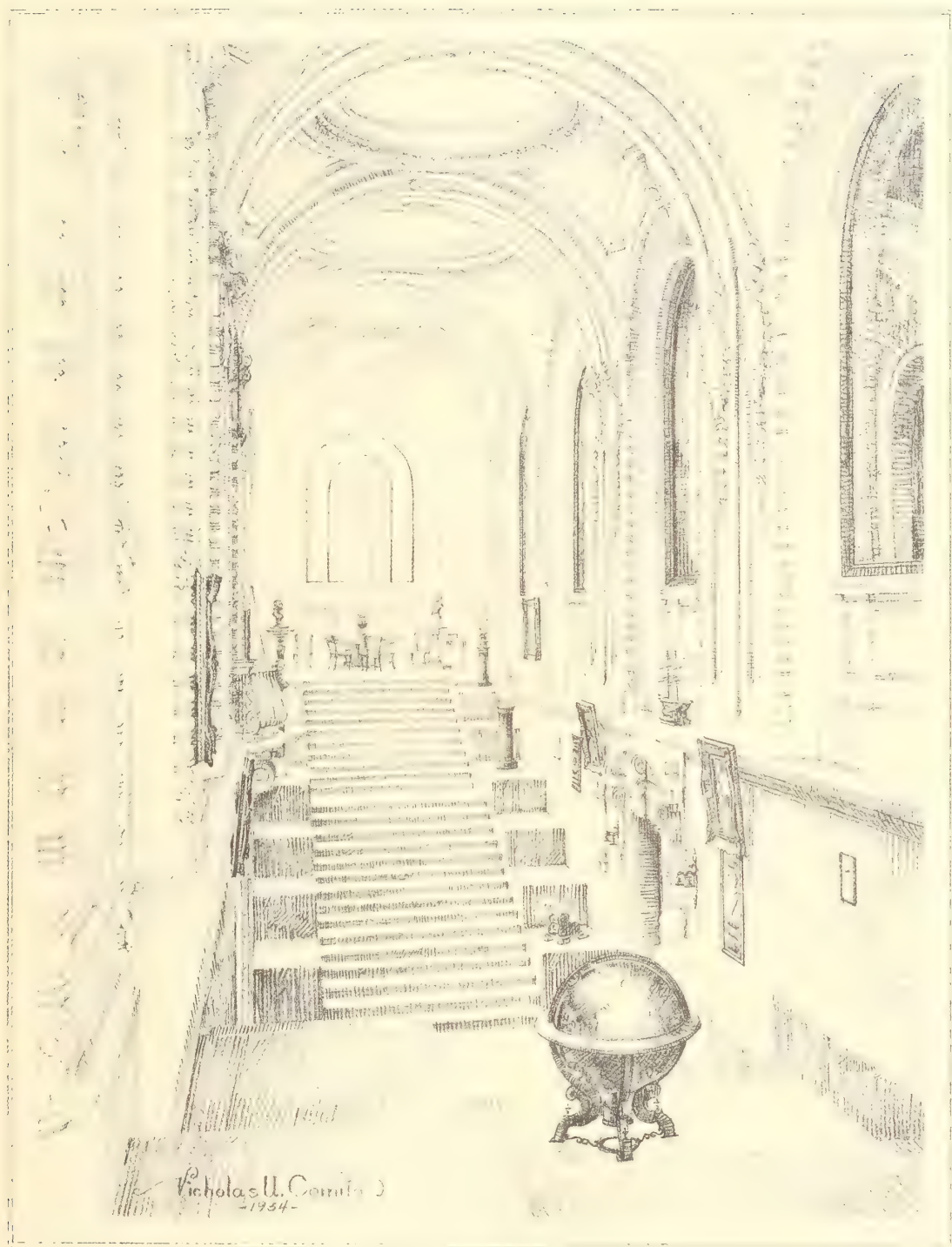
CHAPEL



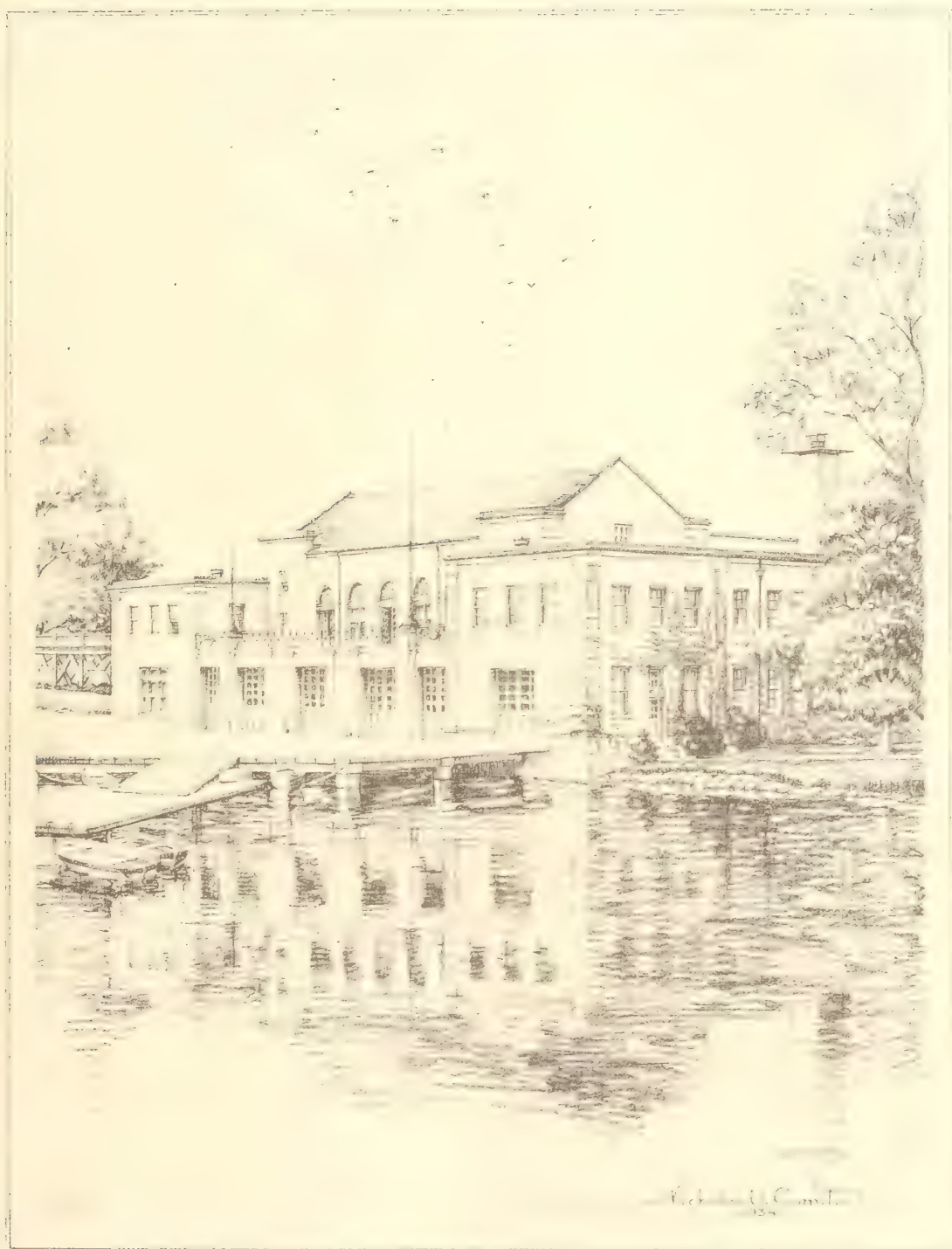
COLONNADE



MAHAN HALL



LIBRARY STEPS



HUBBARD HALL



DAHLGREN HALL



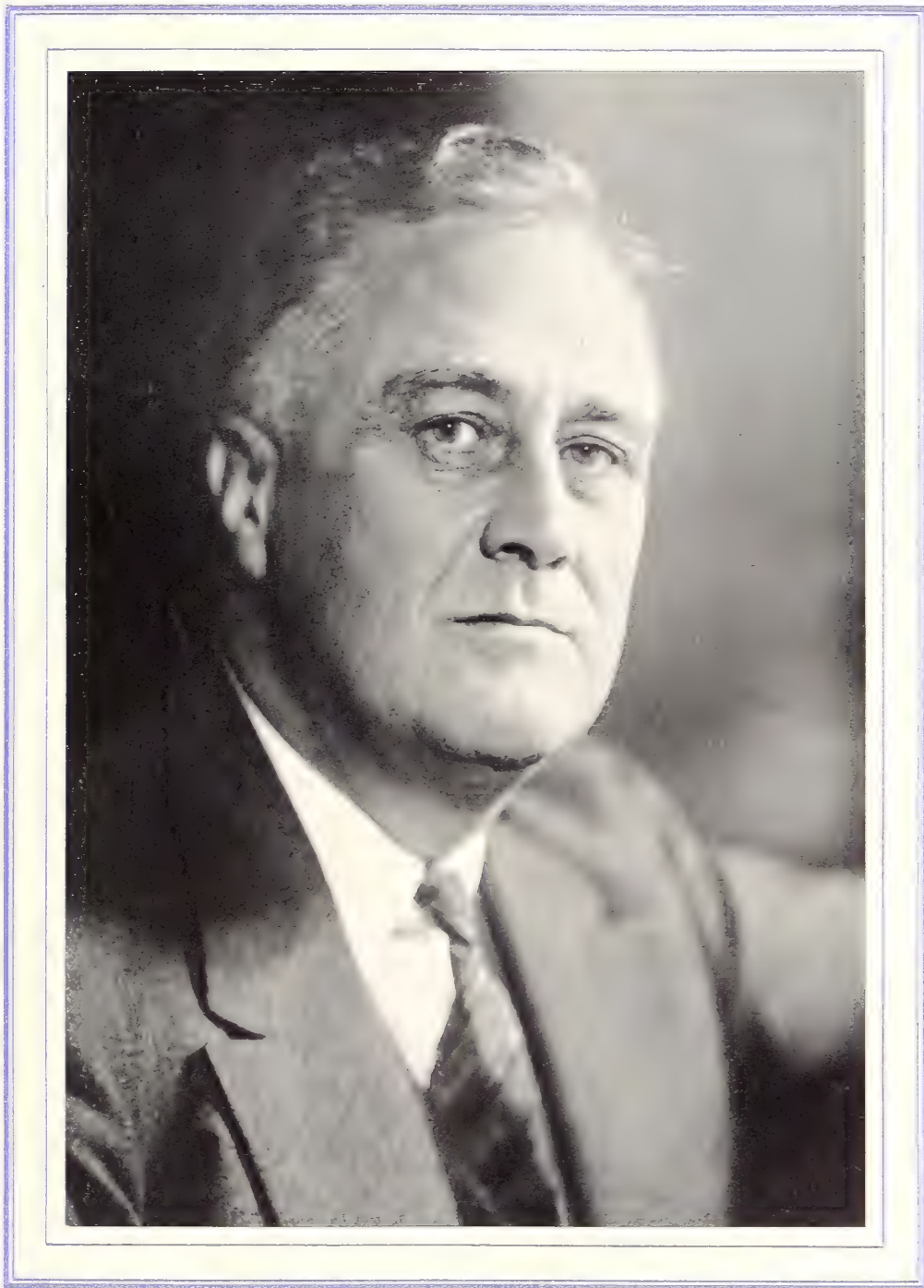
ROTUNDA

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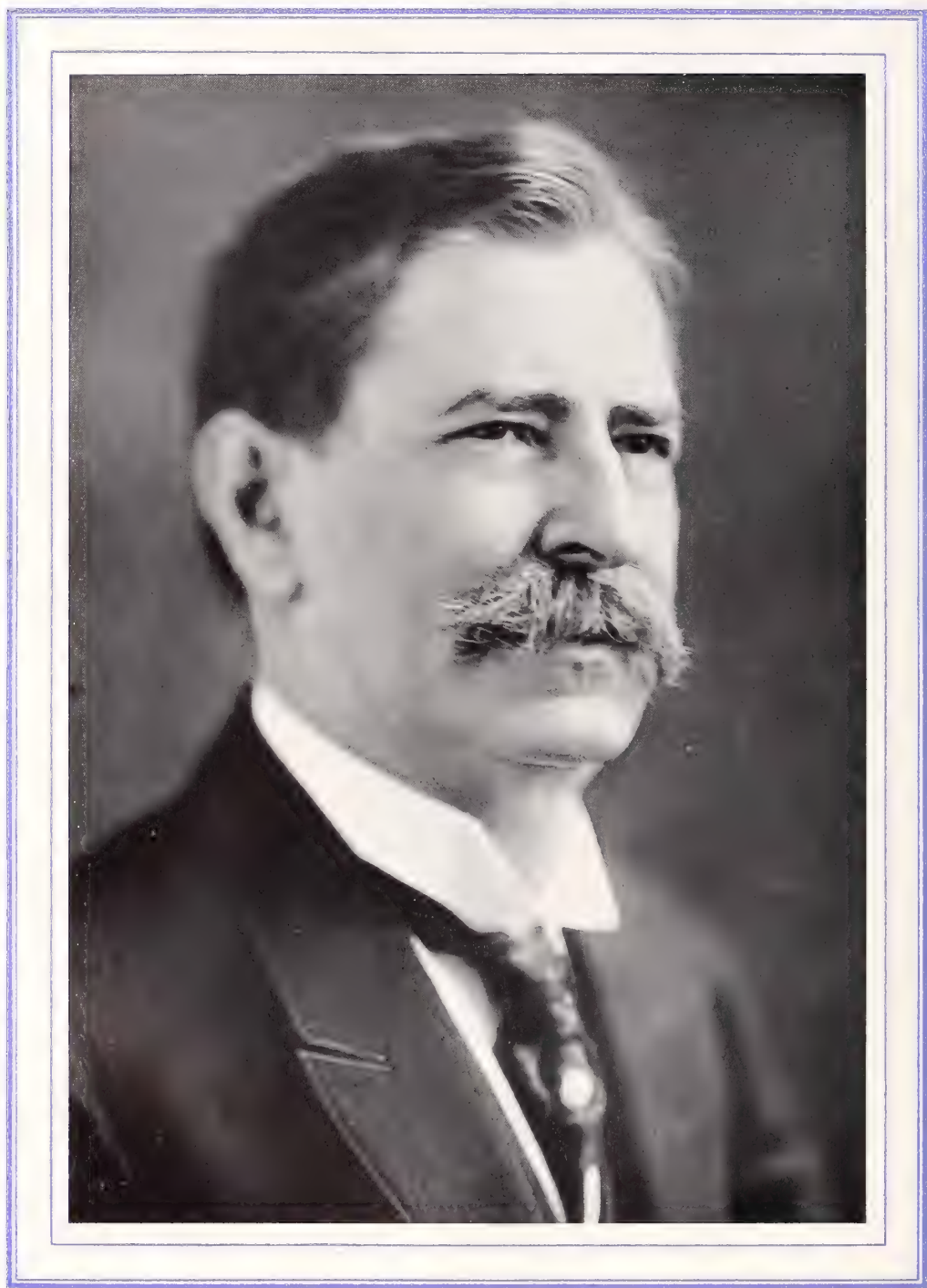
ADMINISTRATION & ORGANIZATION

WHEN GEORGE BANCROFT AND HIS ASSOCI-
ATES PLANNED THE NAVAL ACADEMY, THE
STAFF REQUIRED TO OPERATE THE SCHOOL
WAS SMALL. THE SIZE OF THE PRESENT
REGIMENT REQUIRES THE ORGANIZATION
SHOWN IN THESE PAGES TO EFFECTIVELY
ADMINISTRATE ITS VARIED ACTIVITIES.





FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
Commander-in-Chief



CLAUDE AUGUSTUS SWANSON
Secretary of the Navy



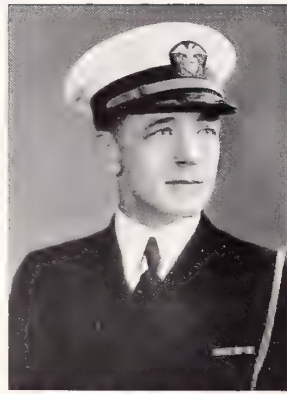
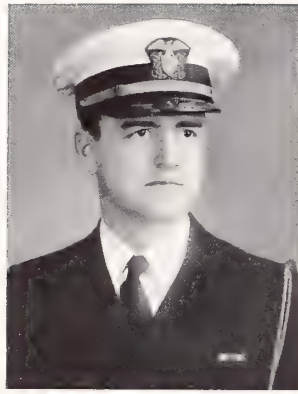
REAR ADMIRAL T. C. HART
Superintendent



CAPTAIN R. S. HOLMES
Commandant of Midshipmen



COMMANDER W. W. SMITH
Executive Officer



LT. COMDR. MCCORMICK

LT. COMDR. ROOKS

Aides to the Superintendent



LT. COMDR. QUINN
Asst. to the Commandant

COMDR. THOMPSON
First Lieutenant

LT. (j.g.) CROMMELIN
Asst. to the Executive Officer



LIEUT. (j.g.) HARP (Ch.C.)
Junior Chaplain

COMDR. THOMAS (Ch.C.)
Chaplain

LT. (j.g.) HUTCHINSON
Inspector of Uniforms



*Top Row—PETERSON, PARO, HANK, HUTCHINSON, NEWMAN
Middle Row—THOMPSON, McCORD, QUINN, BEECHER, CECIL, SWANSTON, CROMMELIN, CALLAGHAN
Bottom Row—TISDALE, McRITCHIE, W. W. SMITH, HOLMES, SCHUMANN, BADGER, R. R. THOMPSON*

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

TO mold the material received into educated gentlemen, thoroughly indoctrinated with honor, uprightness, and truth," is a purpose rather than a motto, and for the Executive Department is a duty, to the performance of which four years are allotted. From the first day of Plebe Summer we have been under its guidance and our initial gesture was by its direction. Where the influence of other departments is exerted at regular periods and terminates with the ringing of a bell, the vigil of the Executive Department is constant and continuous. To its officer personnel are entrusted the tasks of discipline, and without reserve we may say that their tour of duty in that capacity is the most serious that they are likely to be called upon to undertake. Many occasions have caused us to feel that everything was working towards the wrong end, for discipline is not always an easy lesson to learn, but results and experience have opened our eyes to conditions which were not at first well understood, and with obedience has come the so necessary element of leadership. The work of the Executive Department is now finished and it becomes our task to follow the path pointed out.





Back Row—REYNOLDS, DOUGHERTY, WILSON, METZGER, MORGAN, KIRBY, OLAVESSEN, MAXHAM, YOUNGREN, HINES
Third Row—FROST, CONNELLY, HOPKINS, JOHNSON, MILLER, PYE, FITZGERALD, CONLAN
Second Row—MILLER, MEADOWS, KINCAID, GRASSIE, ARNOLD, CLARKE, FIELD, AUSTIN, McDONALD
Front Row—FLOYD, LOCKWOOD, OLENDORF, WILLSON, PATTERSON, HULL, SAMSON

SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION

THIS Department has as its primary purpose the training of young officers in order that they may be confidently expected to assume in later years the direct control of the ships of the Navy. It is also the duty of the Department staff to sufficiently indoctrinate its students with the principles of Navigation, Naval etiquette, and marine law, that they will not be likely to undergo embarrassing circumstances through lack of knowledge or oversight. The Department itself is comparatively new in that it is a combination of the two departments of Navigation and of Seamanship. Theory and academic work are not its only methods of instruction, for the practical drills in rowing cutters, sail boats, and subchasers do much to impart fundamentals of ship handling, and the practical experience in Navigation gained from First Class Cruise is, in itself, a source of much valuable knowledge.



CAPTAIN WILLSON





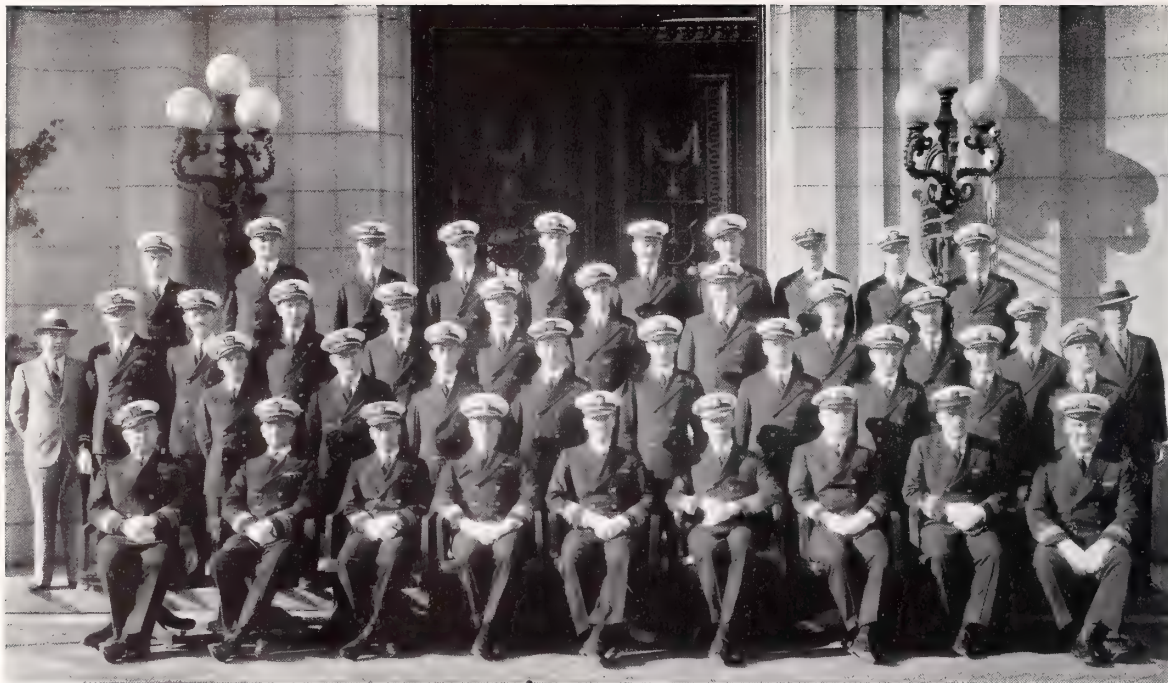
*Front Row—TWining, PEYTON, GUILER, ROBINSON, LAKE, MARTIN, ROBERTS
Middle Row—MORRIS, REEGISTER, MADEIRA, WILSON, KELLER, HEALY, WILLIS, MUMMA
Back Row—McNULTA, STOUT, DAVIS, TAYLOR, TAFF, HUGHES*

ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY

CONTRARY to the generally accepted belief, the purpose of the Navy is to insure peace rather than to provoke war, but in order to do this preparation to repel attack is an important essential. Through the Ordnance Department, the science of scoring hits with precision and accuracy is imparted to the Midshipman, but it must be kept in mind that at the Naval Academy only the ground-work for this knowledge is laid. Throughout the fleet constant practice is held, and experiments are continually being tried and proven. Gun drill is a daily occurrence aboard ship, and an "E" in gunnery is a ship's proudest boast. Exacting requirements and minute considerations necessitate a thorough knowledge of all the elements of gunfire, and it is at the Academy that the meanings of such terms as drift, ballistic, precession, etc., are committed to a thorough understanding.



CAPTAIN ROBINSON



Top Row—STROTHER, KREINBULL, HENDERSON, VOGUE, SMOOT, MOSELEY, HAFT, BUCH, SWIGART, TOLMAN
Second Row—BENEZE, JOHNSON, SPRUNG, KEATING, EDWARDS, SMITH, CALLAGHAN, McCORKLE, BROOKE, ZIMMERLI, BARRETT, FARREL
Third Row—STEELE, HANNA, SOLOMANS, LESTER, THORINGTON, DELL, MARTIN, MAKENS, BEHAN
Bottom Row—KIDDER, THOMPSON, ROOD, RIEDEL, PENN, JOHNSON, HOARD, WALLER, PERRY

MARINE ENGINEERING

TODAY engineering has become a matter of prime importance, afloat as well as ashore. The maintenance, repair, and efficient operation of the mechanical functions of a ship are a measure of its strength and value in daily routine and in times of emergency. In battle the proper working of every part is an absolute necessity, and the success of any venture depends upon the absence of any engineering failures. The Naval Academy training omits no phase of this science, and mechanical drawing, basic mechanisms, thermodynamics, and Naval construction are all a part of the four year course. Practical experience, as well as theoretical knowledge, is the aim of the Department, and not the least of the objectives is the development of a mental state capable of meeting emergencies. A growing feature of the Department is the study of aeronautical engineering—a branch which is just emerging from its period of infancy. Engineering competitions among the ships of the fleet serve to stimulate interest among officers and men in this vitally important subject, and its many ramifications are the subject of constant study in an effort to keep pace with the development of scientific knowledge.



COMMANDER PENN

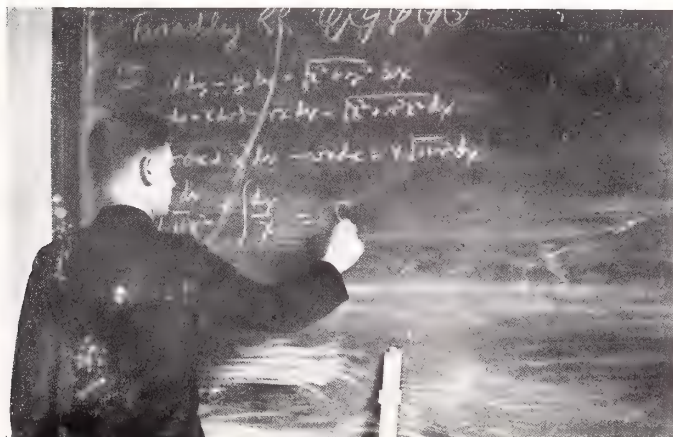




Front Row—LAMB, CAPRON, BACHMAN, RICE, HEWITT, RUCKER, ARISON, EPPES, DILLINGHAM
Rear Row—SCARBOROUGH, KERN, CONRAD, HARRIS, TYLER, TRUESDELL, KELLS, NICKERSON, CLEMENTS, WILSON, LYLE,
 GALLOWAY, LEIPER

MATHEMATICS

THE importance of Mathematics to the Naval Officer lies in the fact that its influence is felt in practically every branch of the Navy. Ordnance is largely a matter of mathematical analysis and calculations based upon certain observations and derived equations. Engineering problems are solved by the application of mathematical processes to laws of physics, and certainly no Midshipmen will deny that Navigation is a science employing trigonometric functions and algebraic processes. The slide rule—popularly called the “slip-stick”—soon comes to be a Midshipman’s constant companion, and is the greatest single blessing of our enlightened age. The course has recently been reduced from two and one-half to two years, but the change meant only concentration, not elimination. We who studied under the former system extend heartfelt sympathy to those who follow. Not only in established fields does mathematics play an important part, but new inventions and modifications of accepted designs are made by its help. It is an often-proved fact that a thorough knowledge of the subjects taught in the Department of Mathematics is essential to every Naval Officer.



CAPTAIN HEWITT



Top Row—DRYBREAD, PATTERSON, FENNO, HICKEY, THOMSON, McEATHRON, THOMPSON, COLONEY, HOWARD
Second Row—MOOSBRUGGER, VAN METRE, SCHULTZ, COOKE, DUVALL, LYON, VEEDER, MACKLIN, KINGSLEY
Third Row—BARCHET, GRAY, WALLACE, CURLEY, AUSTIN, JUPP, RICE, CHRISTMAS, FITCH, CALLAHAN
Bottom Row—WARLICK, FEINEMAN, NASH, KELLY, W. T. SMITH, BENNETT, SWENSON, MURPHY, MUSCHLITZ

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

THE aims of this department are concentrated in developing minds thoroughly acquainted with the laws of Physics and Electricity so that the problems of a complex science may be encountered with a well prepared mental background. As applied to the ship of war, electricity is a comparatively new development and its possibilities as an agent of propulsion and as a source of auxiliary power appear unlimited. Communications, light, ventilation systems, fire control instruments, and other machinery of all kinds, are all classed as electrical equipment, and the heart of the ship's organism, the gyro compass, is entirely dependent upon electricity. The Department offers a course in Chemistry as an introduction, and in conclusion presents a short study of radio. Small wonder that the word "Juice" is usually accompanied by a wrinkled brow, for it is one of the hardest courses the Midshipman must master.



COMMANDER W. T. SMITH





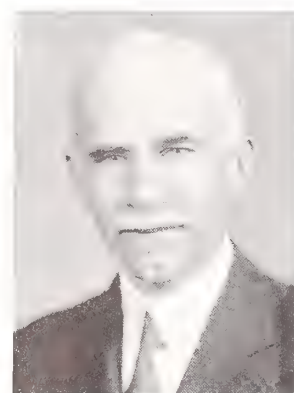
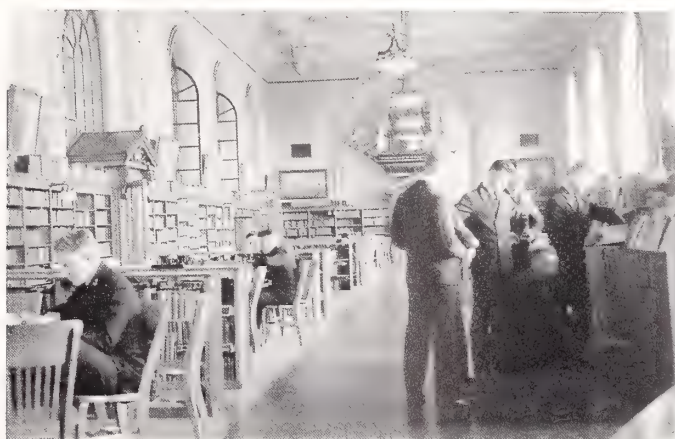
Back Row—McCracken, James, Eller, Lewis, Kennaday

Middle Row—Graham, Pickton, Darden, Riddle, Daniel, A. B. Cook, A. G. Cook, Merrick

Front Row—McCormick, Doyle, Norris, Westcott, Alden (Head of Department), Anderson, Sturdy, Gardner, Pease

ENGLISH AND HISTORY

THE Department of English and History endeavors to impart not only the ability of simple, concise expression to its students, but it also attempts to inject an element of fine arts in rounding out the predominantly technical course at the Academy. Grace in expression, the art of making oneself understood, and the natural tendency to speak with confidence are a heritage with some few and an achievement with others. Everyday conversation, diplomatic service, and impromptu entertainments may often result in embarrassment unless the individual is prepared to meet the emergency with well expressed opinions. Moreover a complete background in Naval and World history is a necessity in that it better affords the opportunity of observing the influences and values of tradition and experience, and it permits a more complete appreciation of the past values of sea-power. It is also the hope of the Department that a desire for knowledge of the better works of literature may be instilled in the student, and that such desires may be fulfilled in later years when time permits.



PROFESSOR ALDEN



Top Row—GREGERSON, BLAKESLEE, SMITH, FORD, McPEAKE, FERGUSON, GREENACRE
Middle Row—KIRBY-SMITH, WINCHELL, CLIFFORD, FOWLER, DOUGHTY, LAJOYE, MOORE, STARNES, BARBARO
Bottom Row—FOURNON, OLIVET, SHELLEY, BAKER, FERNANDEZ, SCHRADER, PURDIE

MODERN LANGUAGES

THE opportunity and necessity for conversing in a language not his own will probably come many times to a Naval Officer. The purpose of the Department of Modern Languages is to provide a groundwork in French, Spanish, Italian, and German based upon a sufficiently wide vocabulary to permit simple, direct intercourse whenever it may be necessary. A visit to foreign lands is not the only situation that makes this knowledge useful, for many times boarding calls on foreign ships are the duty of young officers. The situation is much less complex if the caller is able to converse by his own ability and can forego the necessity of an interpreter. The course at the Academy is of three years duration, and the time allowed permits only the teaching of fundamentals and a partial treatment of the customs and characteristics of the people whose language is being studied. A substantial groundwork is, however, sufficient if future experience is utilized by the individual to broaden and simplify the finer details.



CAPTAIN BAKER





*Back Row—JOYNER, CONE, BEARD, GEISELMAN, HUNT, REIFEL, RUTLEDGE, EARNHARDT, WILLIAMS
Front Row—VALENTINE, DAUBIN, MCBRIDE, ROBERT, ROBINSON*

ECONOMICS AND GOVERNMENT

THE depression has had one good effect. Day by day the average person is beginning to realize more completely the importance of laws of economics and the principles of government. One realizes that in order to keep up with the times, to understand the current problems, and to adapt oneself to modern conditions, one must be familiar with government and economics. International relations are affected, to a great extent, by governmental policies and economic conditions. A naval officer, whether at home or abroad, is at all times a representative of his government and should be thoroughly familiar with the national and state governmental principles and practices of his country, and with existing economic conditions and their causes. To meet with this demand upon naval officers, which has just recently been fully realized, a new department has been established to teach the prospective naval officer economics and government. In our opinion these courses have made themselves interesting as well as beneficial.



CAPTAIN MCBRIDE



Front Row—DURRETT, CARR, IRVINE, OLD, HENRY, LACY, VANCE
Middle Row—COCHRAN, STRINGER, PLATT, TATUM, TAYLOR, LAUGHLIN, MORRIS, FOULK, BURR, ALLAN
Back Row—DINSMORE, BAKER, ROBERTS

HYGIENE

ALTHOUGH hygiene does not take an equal standing with the other academic subjects, its importance is a recognized fact. Hygiene is important both in wartime and in peacetime. The average civilian should know the elementary facts concerning the subject, but it is more essential that a Naval Officer, constantly subjected to unexpected circumstances and conditions, have a special knowledge of hygiene. The requirements of Naval life are such that during normal times and during times of disaster, either at home or abroad, the Service is called upon to aid the medical authorities in relieving suffering. Aboard ship, concentrated living conditions make the practice of everyday hygiene essential for maintaining the health of officers and crew. Unless the men are healthy and well cared for, the efficiency of the fleet will decrease—no man can perform his duties to the best of his ability, if he is not in good physical condition. This reason alone warrants our study of hygiene, since every officer is responsible for the health and condition of his men.



CAPTAIN OLD





Front Row—TAYLOR, BROWN, WILCOX, OVERESCH, EDSON
Second Row—SNYDER, AAMOLD, SCHUTZ, GAUDET, SAZEMA, MANG, TAYLOR, T. G.
Rear Row—WEBB, LYNCH, FOSTER, THOMPSON, WILSON, ORTLAND, DELADRIER, TEIMENS

PHYSICAL TRAINING

GOOD physical condition and a sound body stand high in the list of the requirements of the efficient Naval Officer. The Department of Physical Training has set itself the task of training us as Midshipmen so that we will be fitted to meet these requirements. The drills in the Gymnasium and the swimming lessons in the pools are but a small part of the field that is covered. Intercollegiate meets and games, together with inter-company athletic contests form the basis for the seventeen sports that the department supervises. In this way all of us are connected with athletics in some form. There is more than one reason for this elaborate system. First, it provides the necessary balance for the continual strain of academic mental labor; a hard-worked mind will not labor in an unhealthy body. Next, it teaches discipline, self-control and confidence. Lastly, it promotes leadership, together with teamwork in the highest sense. The young officer in the Fleet soon realizes the great importance of his Academy athletic days and values them highly for their aid in training him in his profession.



CAPTAIN WILCOX



Back Row—MILLER, ROWE, AYER
Front Row—GASSER, McGRATH, KAUFMAN, OMAN, SHIELDS, ROBERTSON, PUGH

NAVAL HOSPITAL

THE Naval Hospital has a part in the making of officers as important as that of any of the Academic Departments. Here, under the care of trained, interested, medical men, the Midshipman, suffering from injuries or sickness, is brought back to health and refitted for duty. Here, the finest surgeons and doctors in the Naval Service are ordered to lend their skill to the task of making the officer. It gives us a sense of confidence to know that if in our daily work we are injured or become suddenly ill, there is a staff of men nearby who, with the aid of the latest developments in medical science, will bring us back to health. Together with the Department of Physical Training, the Naval Hospital labors to bring out the best possible physical condition of the Midshipmen, a condition that is essential to the proper equipping of the young Naval Officer.



CAPTAIN OMAN



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REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

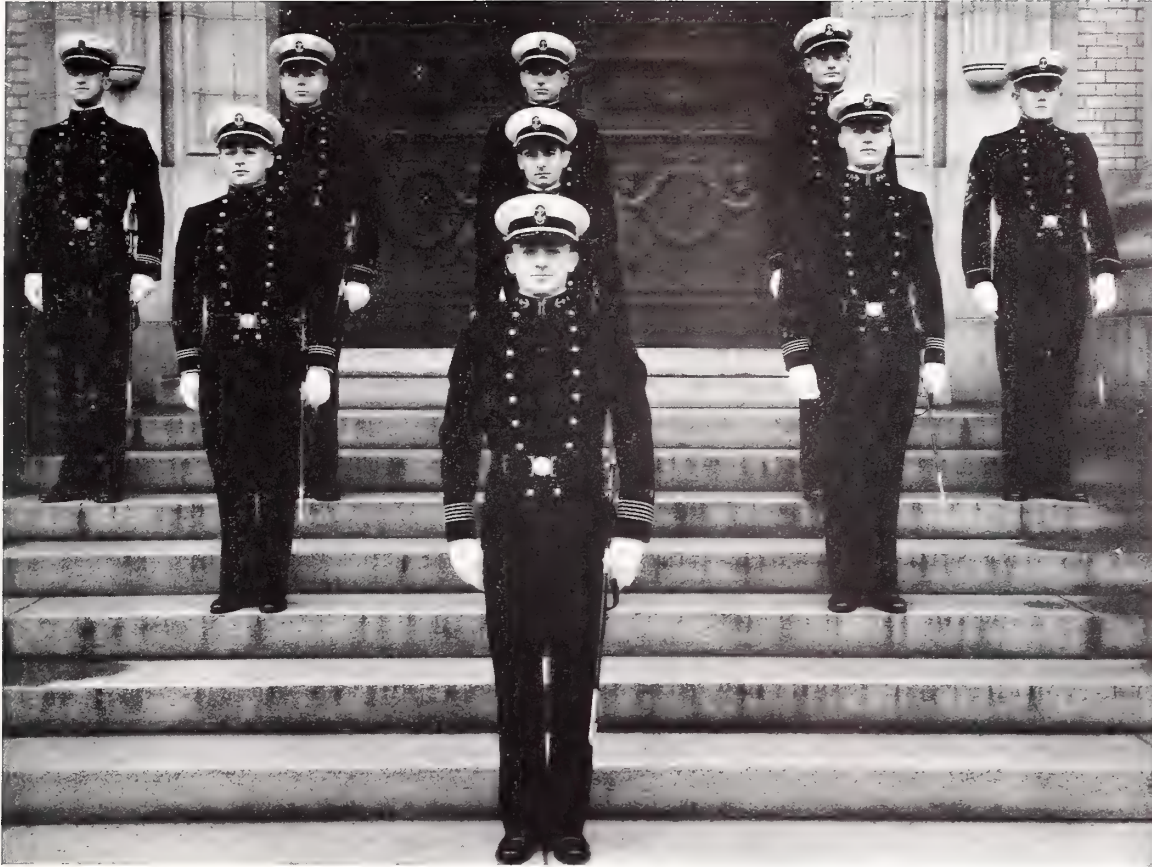
J. W. BROCK, *Bugle Corps Comm.*
 A. E. KRAPF, *Bugle Corps Sub-Comm.*
 A. G. SCHNABLE, *Bugle Corps C. P. O.*

1st Batt.
 DARWIN
 CONNOLE
 ELLIS
 THOMPSON
 CASSIDY, E. W.
 HARLAN
 ROGERS
 XHAMBERS, C. A.

2nd Batt.
 CALDWELL
 LINK
 SMALL
 WAGNER
 BLANKINSHIP
 BRINKLOE
 DALTON
 FARRINGTON
 HALLA
 NORMAN
 RIXEY
 TAYLER
 WADLEIGH
 WESTCOTT

3d Batt.
 BROGGER
 KAIL
 KINTZ
 LANGSTON
 MILLS
 HERCULES
 KOLB
 LOVELL
 NICHOLSON
 SHERBY
 DODSON
 ETCHEN
 LANDER
 REECE

4th Batt.
 SANGER
 ARNDT
 HUMPHREY
 PHILLIPS
 CURRIE
 EDINGTON
 HARVESON
 HENDERICH
 KELLEY
 POLLOCK



REGIMENTAL STAFF

E. R. TILBURNE
*Regimental
Signal Officer*

C. A. SIVER
*Regimental
Commissary Officer*

E. E. CHRISTENSEN
*National
Color Bearer*

F. C. THARIN
*Regimental
Color Bearer*

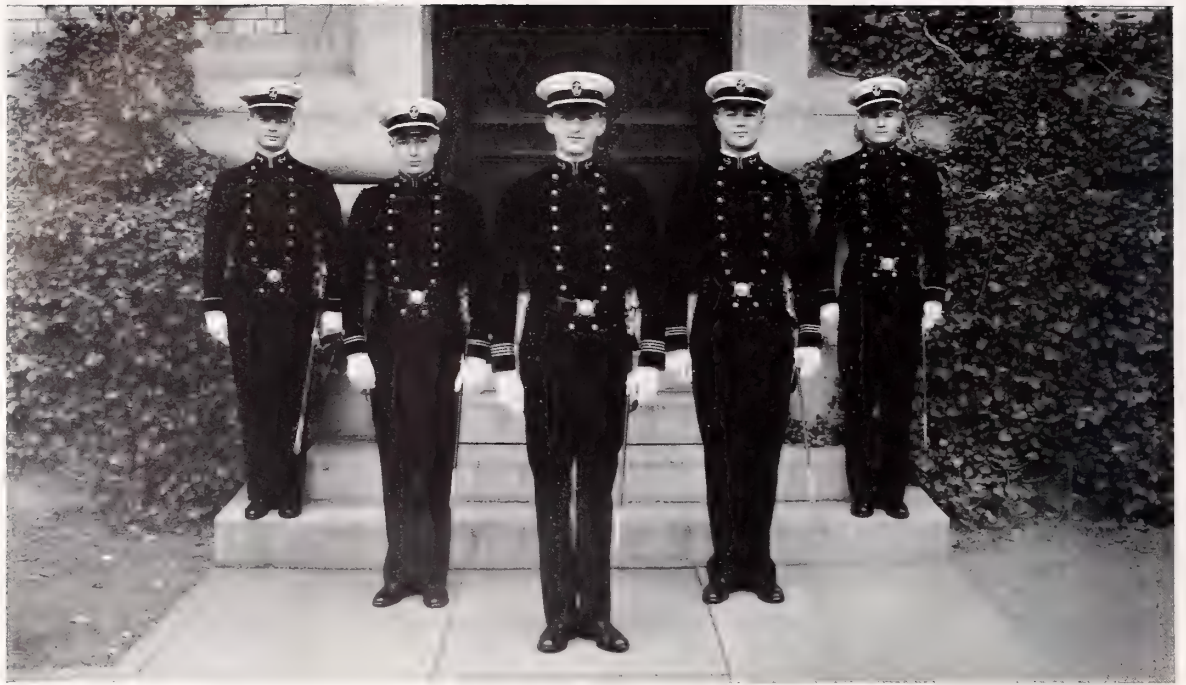
F. A. NUSOM
*Regimental
Chief Petty Officer*

R. H. MILBRATH
*Regimental
Adjutant*

F. A. BROCK
*Bugle Corps
Commander*

R. G. AKEROYD
*Regimental
Sub-Commander*

E. J. FAHY
Regimental Commander



GREER, HALLIGAN, MUMMA, BROOKS, PEACOCK



LT. CALLAGHAN, LT. COMDR. HATCH, LT. SMITH

THE FIRST BATTALION

FIRST COMPANY

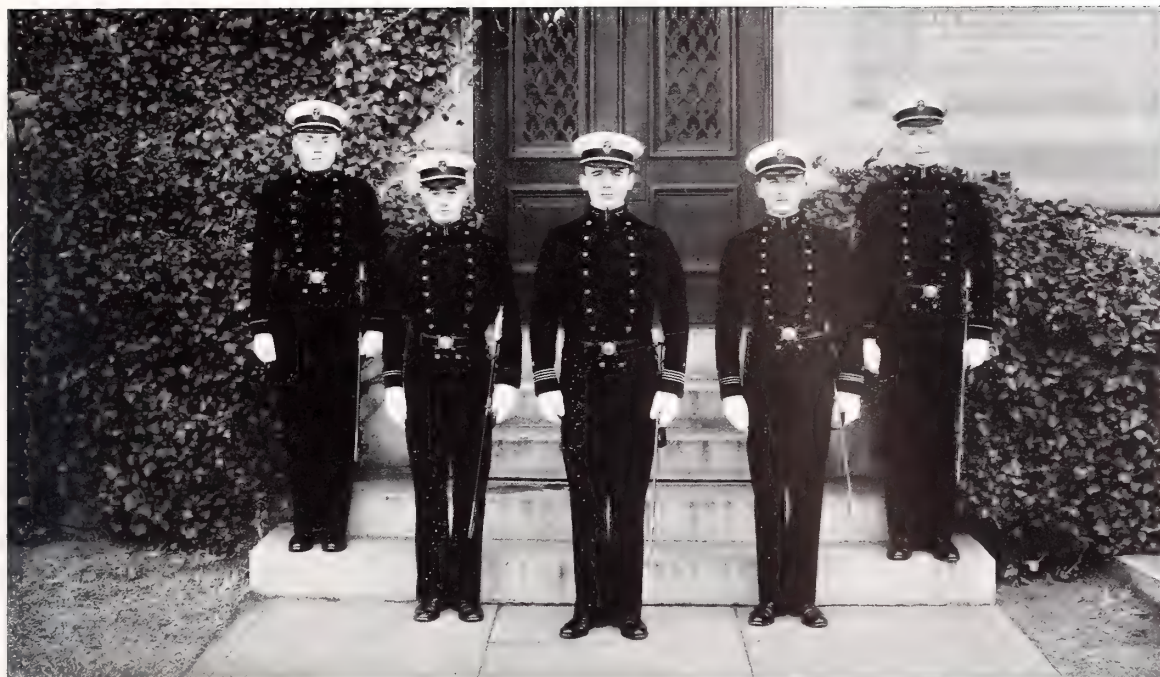


Front Row—VANBUSKIRK, WILSON, NEET
Back Row—SKJONSBY, BATHKE, BREWER, AVISE, DRUMTRA

SECOND COMPANY



Front Row—WHITE, McMILLAN, WELLS
Back Row—DRIVER, OVROM, COXE, PEELER, SELLARS



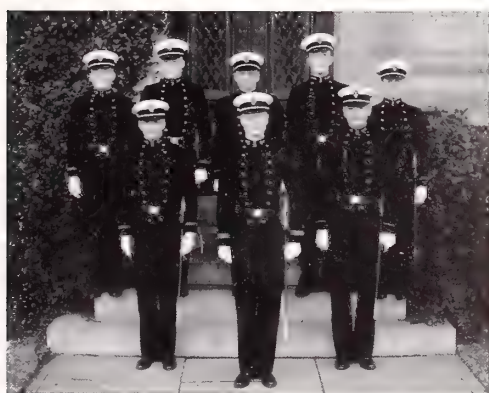
ROBBINS, DEAKIN, WHITAKER, McCORMICK, McCOMBS

THE SECOND BATTALION



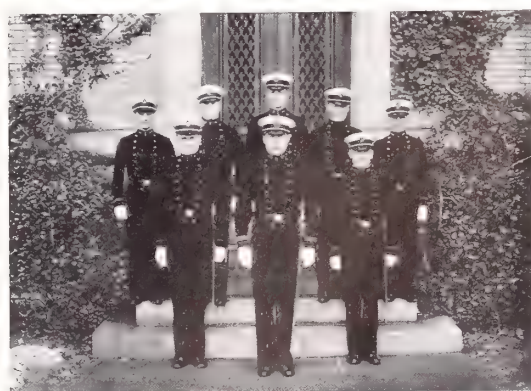
I T. (j.g.) PETERSON, COMDR. BADGER, LT. (j.g.) NEWMAN

THIRD COMPANY

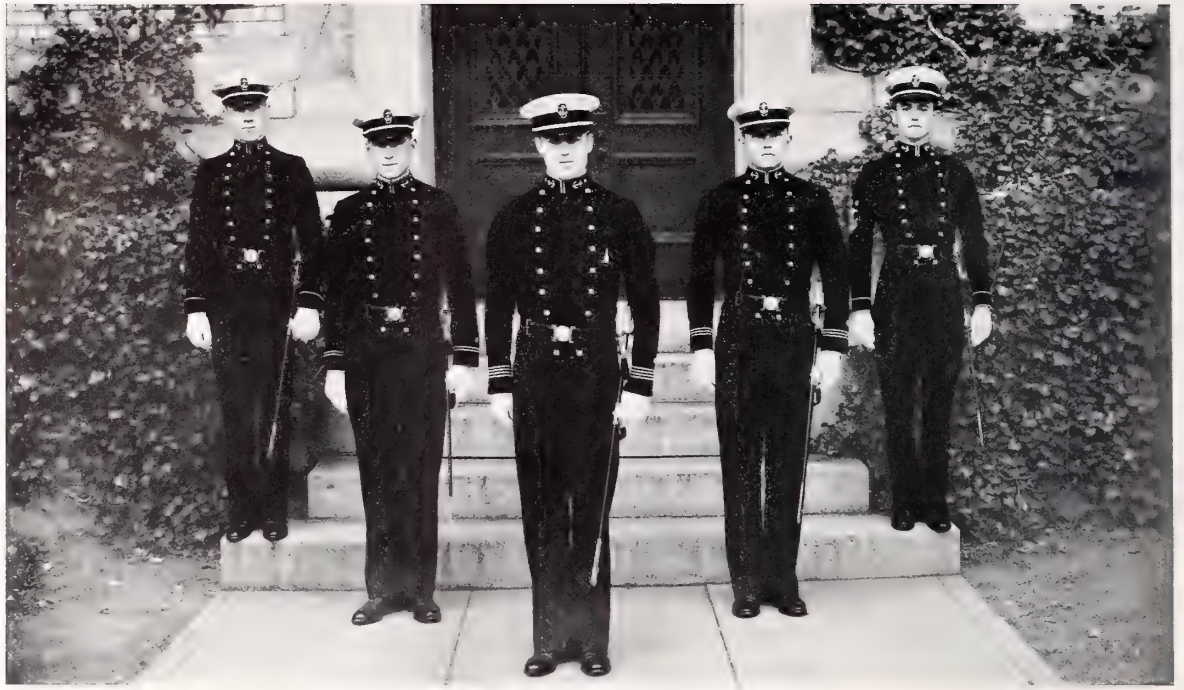


Front Row—COLEMAN, KISOR, BUTLER
Back Row—LEE, CRESS, INGERSOLL, WOODS, METCALF

FOURTH COMPANY



Front Row—WILEY, MURRAY, HORTON
Back Row—MILLER, NEWMAN, PILCHER, IRVINE, SMITH



HAWORTH, BATCHELLER, WAYBRIGHT, FULP, JOACHIM



LT. (j.g.) PARO, COMDR. TISDALE, LT. (j.g.) HANK

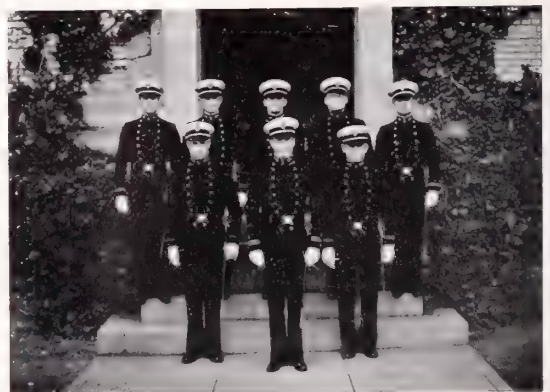
THE THIRD BATTALION

FIFTH COMPANY

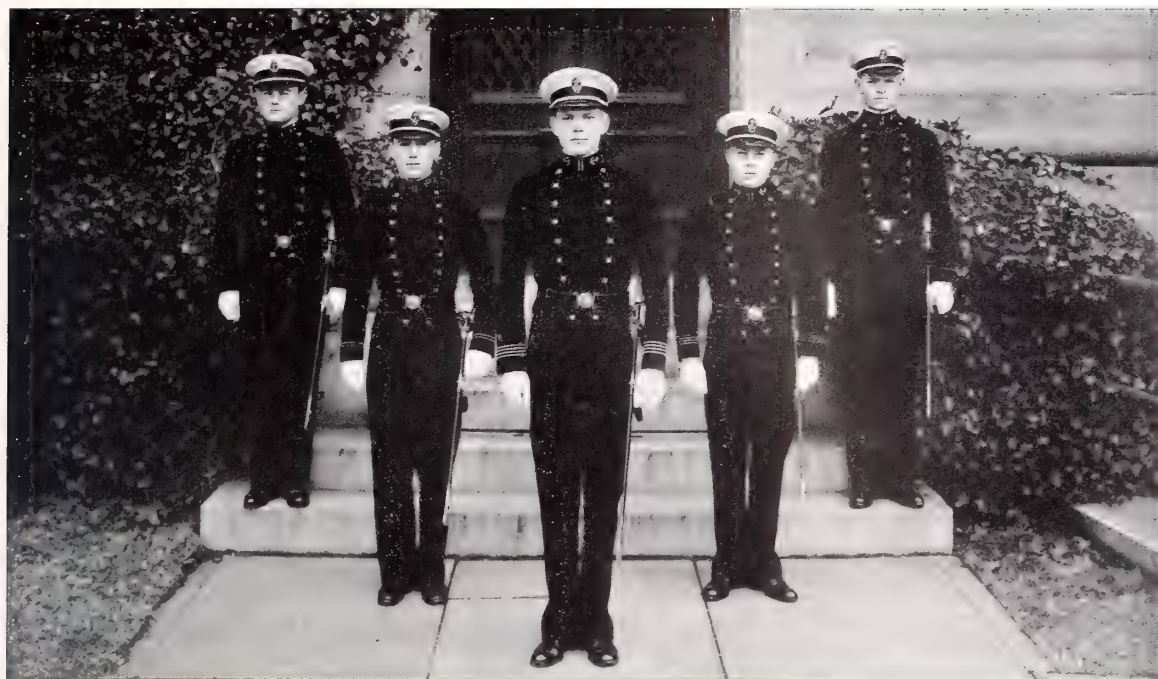


Front Row—STIRLING, BLENMAN, FOTENHAUER
Back Row—SAPP, FISCHER, MARTIN, GERLACH, RABORN

SIXTH COMPANY



Front Row—KINGSLEY, PITTARD, WILCOX
Back Row—BRINKER, TOWNSEND, ADAMS, STRICKLER, SCHATZ



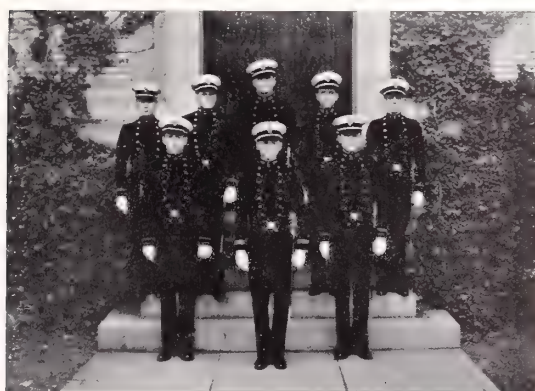
HOUSTON, KAIT, DISSETTE, KELLER, NELSON

THE FOURTH BATTALION



LT. SWANSTON, LT. COMDR. CECIL, LT. (j.g.) BEECHER

SEVENTH COMPANY



Front Row—DAVIS, AJ, DRY, KOPFF
Back Row—WALKER, MAYNARD, SHILSON, PERKINS, PAINE

EIGHTH COMPANY



Front Row—SMITH, J. V., McKEITHERN, McMAHON
Back Row—CASSIDY, FULGHUM, ERWIN, GRAHAM, SLACK



THE CLASS of NINE-

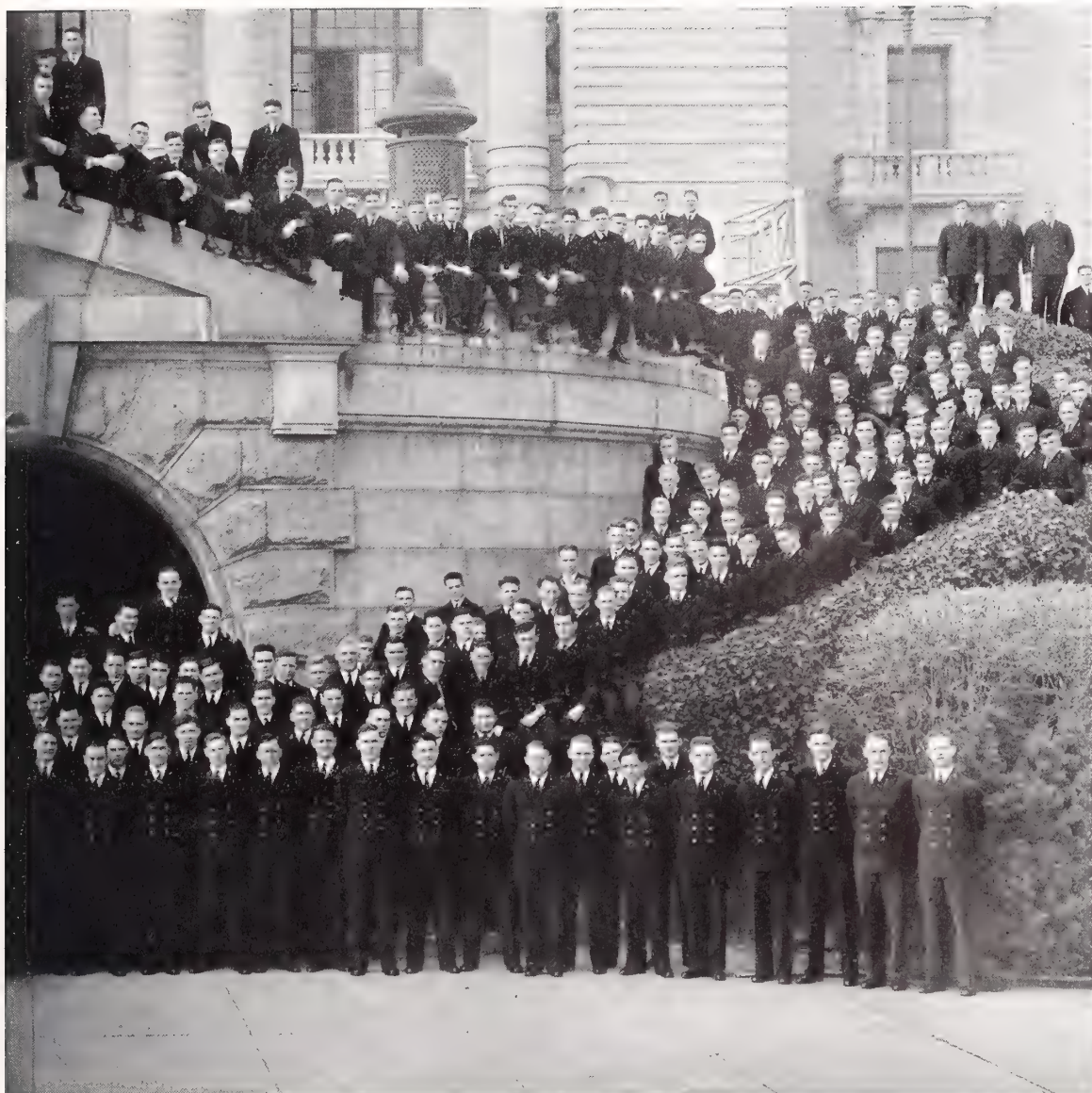


BENTLEY, *President*



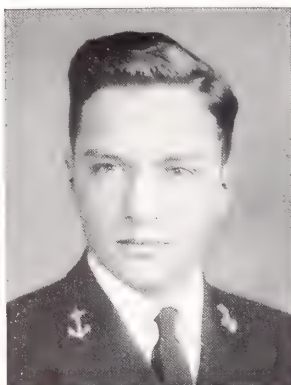
W. C. CLARK, *Vice-President*

Three years have passed since we, as the Class of 1935, came together to be Midshipmen. In our peculiar phraseology we might say, "three down and one to go." They have been three good years, culminating in the Ring Dance and the words, "five men absent, sir." More than anything else, they bring a



TEEN THIRTY-FIVE

promise of a year better than any of the three passed. For we become of age, so to speak, and assume all the responsibilities of the First Class. May time prove that we are fitted to take over such work and may we carry our responsibilities well, that the best Class and Academy spirit be preserved.



BRIGHT, *Secretary-Treasurer*





THE CLASS of NINE-



FLEMING, President



HUTCHINS, Vice-President

Since those first days when we came through the main gate, leaving civilian life behind, and entering the world of Naval affairs, the members of Thirty-six have pushed forward thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the modern Navy. We have shouldered tasks handed down by classes two and three times as large in such a way as to bring credit



TEEN THIRTY-SIX

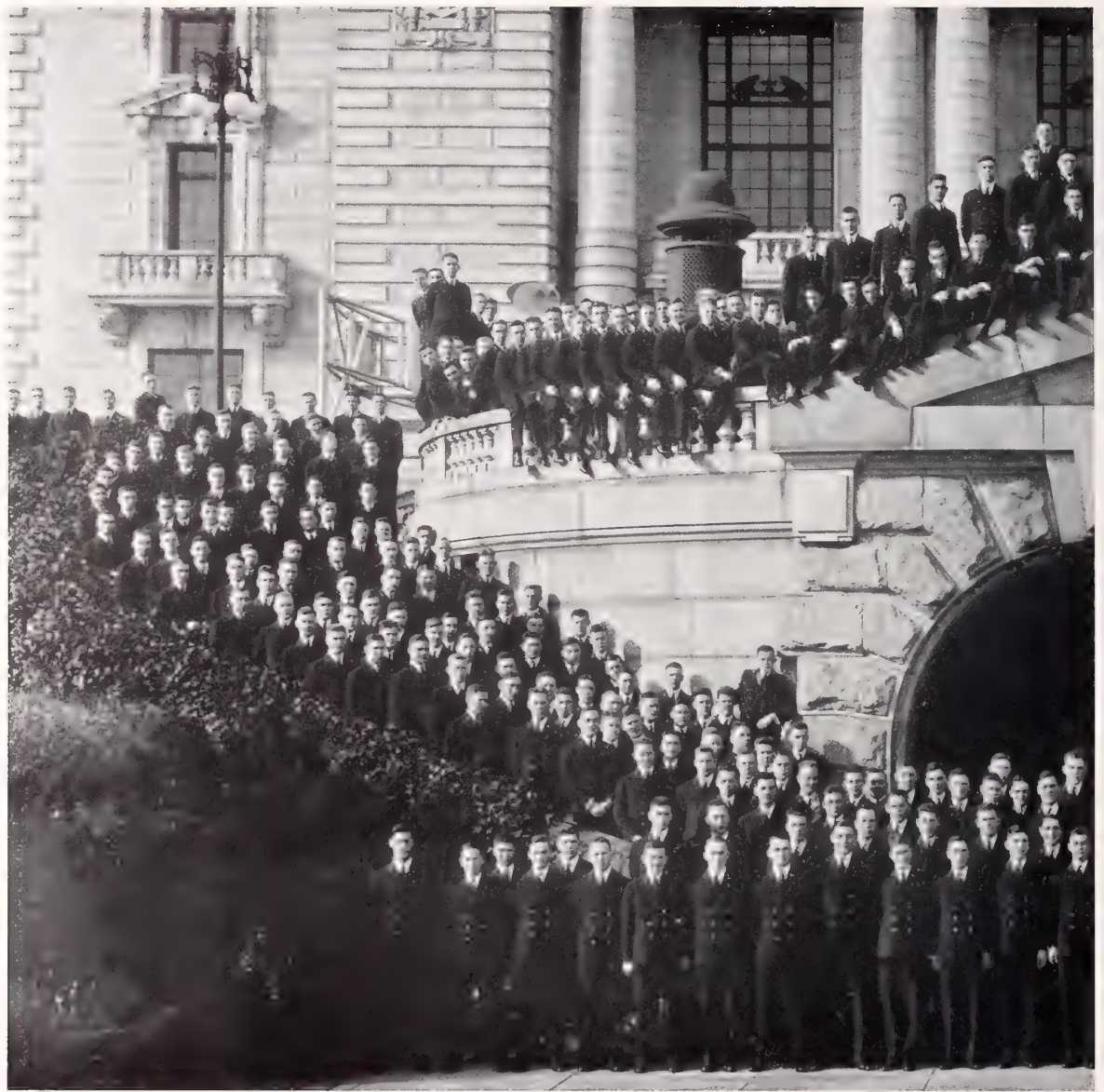
and repute to our name. Increased competition in obtaining appointments brought to our class quality as opposed to quantity.

With two years behind us we look forward, eager to assume new responsibilities, eager to meet the challenge of the final spurt, and eager to prove our potentialities for the Service.



FELLOWS, *Secretary-Treasurer*





THE CLASS of NINE-



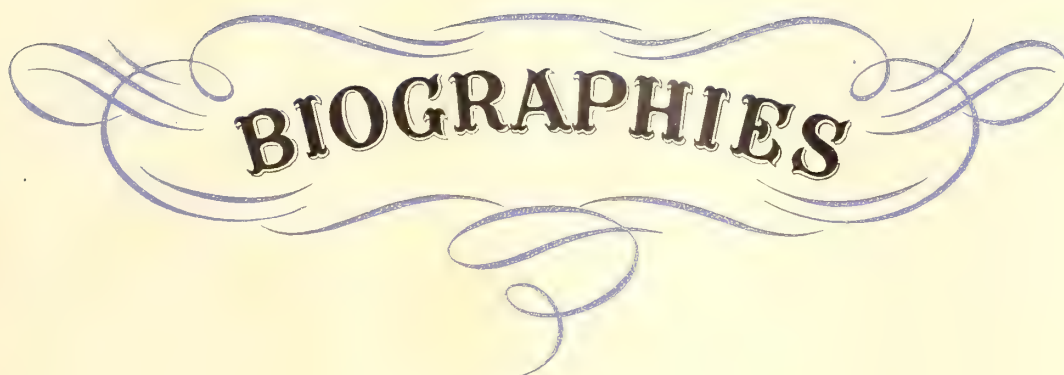
Since our first introduction to the Naval Academy in the hectic days of Plebe Summer, we have been thoroughly indoctrinated with the principles of the Navy and of the Naval Academy. The Academic Departments have done their best—or worst—and we who have survived are ready to take our place in the Regiment as Youngsters.



TEEN THIRTY-SEVEN

Plebe Year—at once the shortest and the longest year of our lives—has taught us to appreciate the privileges and responsibilities that will fall to our lot during the ensuing three years, and it is our firm belief that the Class of Nineteen Thirty-seven will be fully capable of undertaking and performing well any tasks that may be given us.

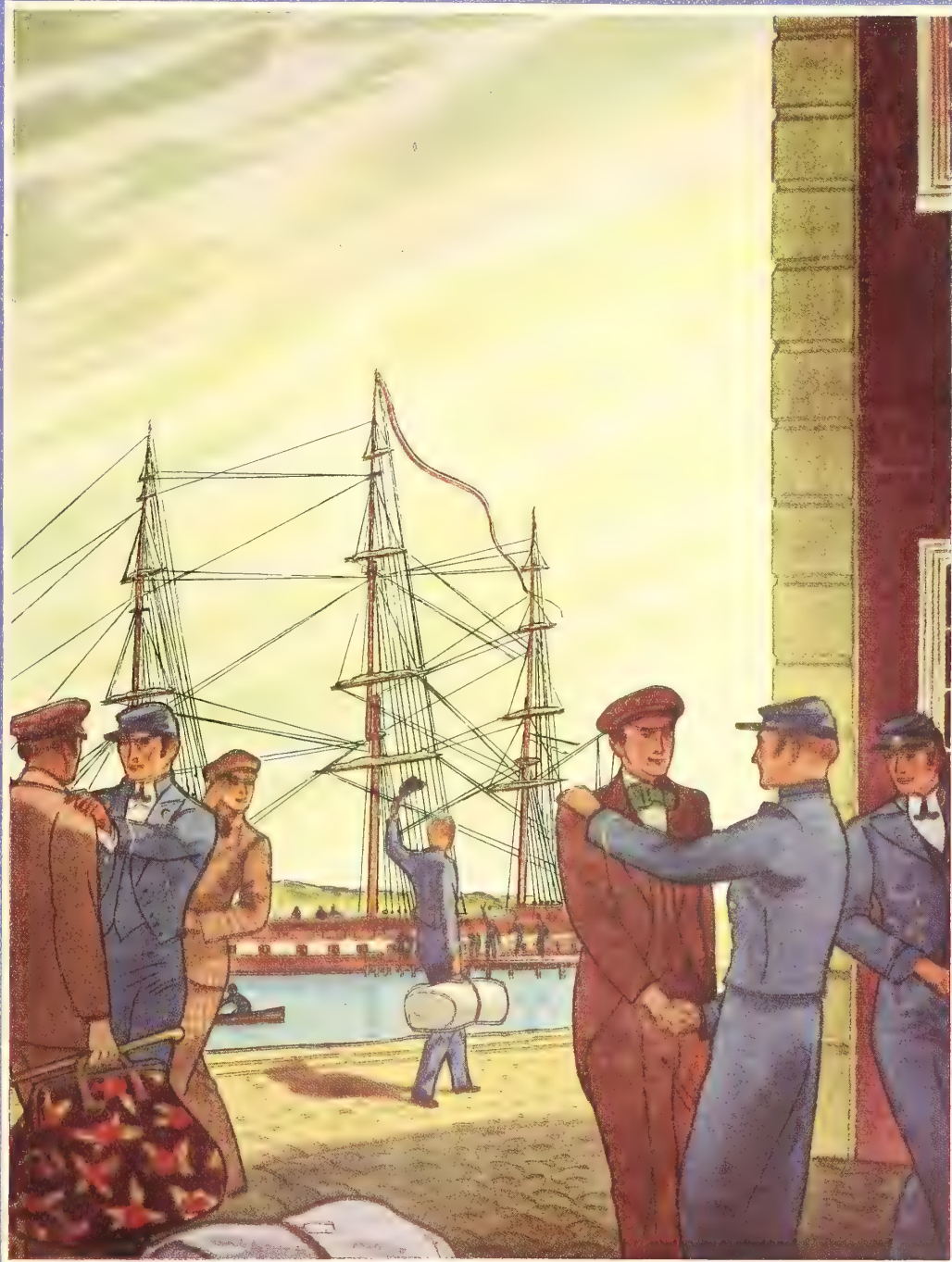


A decorative flourish in blue ink, consisting of several elegant, swirling lines that frame the word "BIOGRAPHIES".

BIOGRAPHIES

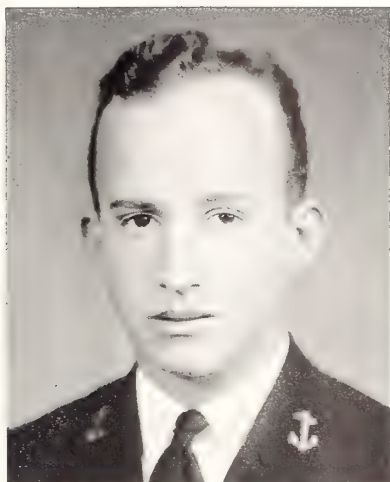


WHEN CIVIL WAR SEPARATED THE MIDSHIP-
MEN OF THE NORTH FROM THOSE OF THE
SOUTH, MANY FRIENDSHIPS WERE BROKEN
WHICH WERE NEVER AGAIN TO BE RENEWED.
THOSE OF US WHO ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE
KNOW THAT FRIENDSHIPS FORMED DURING
THE PAST FOUR YEARS CAN NEVER BE BROKEN,
NO MATTER WHERE OUR FUTURE
PATHS MAY LEAD US.





M. W. Woods
Vice-President



T. W. South, II
President



H. Key, Jr.
Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS OFFICERS AND CLASS COUNCIL



Rear Row—MERRILL, McNAUGHTON, WOODS, GERLACH
Front Row—SCANLAND, CHAMBERS, SOUTH, NUSOM, DAVIS, J. R.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DENNISON COOKE AMBROSE

"Denny" "Desperate" "D. C." "Direct Current"

MACKAY, IDA.

AND, folks, when this young fellow left the wilds of Idaho to explore the unknowns of the civilized world the dear ole 'ome state lost its livest wire, but no one realized the loss.

If some kind soul doesn't take pity on him and give him a short circuit, our Denny will lose all of his "direct current" and become very "desperate" as a result of his frequent blind dragging from "D. C." All joking aside, if Denny can't get a blonde baby and bring her up to his liking, he'll take a blind brunette. The taking must be suffering from the depression for Denny has never had a picture on his locker door. Boys, if you want the red hot dope on blind dragging just consult the wife; he may not be "the" authority on the subject but he runs a close second.

Being slightly wet on some subjects Denny turned toward the "Suicide squad" for amusement. Always desiring to be at the head of things, he became manager. Besides swimming, Denny is fond of sailing and canoeing. His great liking for water activities must be a result of having been reared in a part of the country where bodies of water larger than bath tubs are seldom seen.

Without Denny at the table, no bridge or pinocle game is quite satisfactory. He is an expert at "running up" the other side.

He's game to try anything from chewing gum to reading a magazine.

He's a darn good pal.

Soccer 4, 3, 2. Manager Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1. wN. Mgr.
M. P. O.

WILLIAM ISAAC ROBBINS

"Rob" "Willie" "Buck"

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

OUR Buck began from the bottom in the traditional American style. He enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman; he braved the terrors of the service Electrical School at Hampton Roads, went to sea, came back to the Prep Class at Hampton Roads, and then to our fair Academy.

Plebe Year Buck spent more time "getting away with it" than he did boning. Youngster Year found him well established with the Yard Engines and their mammas, particularly their mammas, whose tea and cookies he enjoys. His wife never had to worry about his whereabouts; there were only three places for him to be, class, drill, and Prince George Street.

Buck played B Squad Football Second Class Year but later decided that his time was more valuable elsewhere. We have never discovered the location of this elsewhere but we rather think that Bancroft Hall and its radiators held their charms for him. Buck does a lot of things. He has spent hours in the shops in the Steam Building tinkering with one thing or another that had ceased to operate. Sometimes he swims; sometimes he pounds the piano in the Music Room; sometimes he sits and thinks; and sometimes he just sits.

Four years of his company make us wish that it might be longer. No better man ever sat on the other side of the drop-light and said "Come over here, wife, I'll draw a picture so you'll understand."

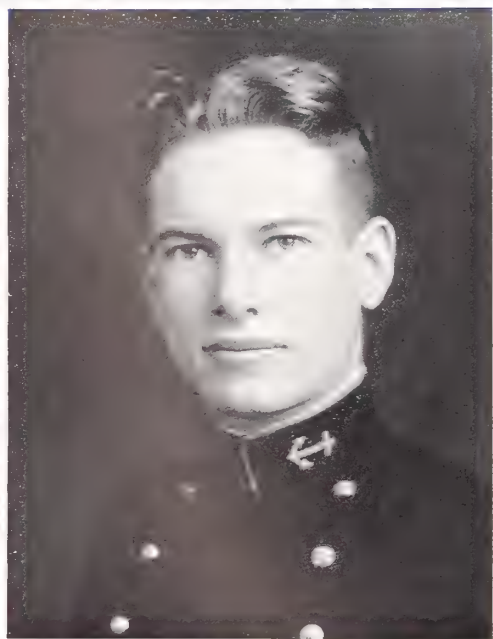
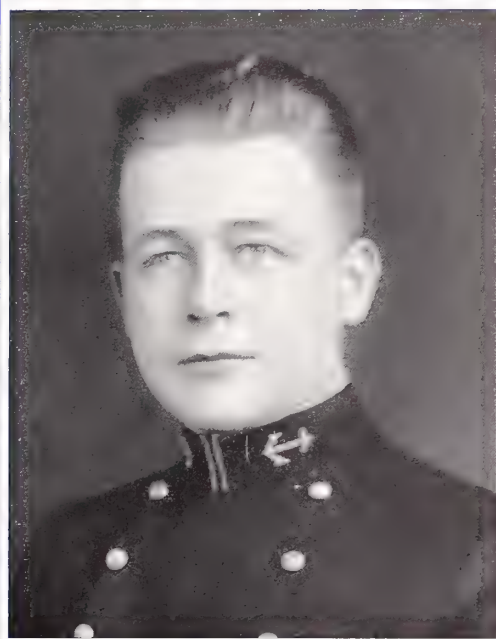
Good luck, fellow.

Football 2.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ERNEST SIEWERT BATHKE

"Steve" "Stronghart" "Brodie"

OSHKOSH, WIS.

THE teaching profession lost a mighty proficient member when Steve, after attending teacher's college for two years in his home town of Oshkosh, decided to forsake said profession and pursue a more adventurous one. Not that he really meant to become a professor and wear horn rimmed glasses—No indeed. Those former years acted more as a relief valve for his intellectual curiosities while waiting for his appointment to the Naval Academy.

During his course at the U. S. N. A. there is one disappointment that he has never quite overcome. There being four other Midshipmen from his native city, Steve is forced to share those brass buttons when going home on leave. Which, in turn, brings us around to the fact that, although not particularly susceptible to feminine charms, he has a reason for preferring brunettes.

Steven went after academics very industriously and, as a result, all his marks are near "starring" and he stands well in his class. At times, however, he has been known to mumble, "those damned nav P-works." Never did he refuse to lend a helping hand, and, when the going was rough, Steve was the one who steered the course. Endowed with a good nature he did not become riled very often, and the usual cause of any outburst was that he was defending his Wisconsin against all other states.

Star 4. Track 4. Two Stripes.

LEHMAN HORN KLEPPINGER

"Macho" "Beppo" "Mate" "Mooch"

ALLENTOWN, PA.

FROM the heart of the Lehigh Valley he came, "Where me and my pard Lou . . ." as Macho would say. Incidentally Macho is Spanish for mule and also means "virile he-animal." There you have him, weight-lifter extraordinary, every way in keeping with his adopted policy of keeping his feet on the ground. Steady, easy-going, unruffled, that's Mate (another alias of his) even through the intricacies of managing his "out in town" affairs.

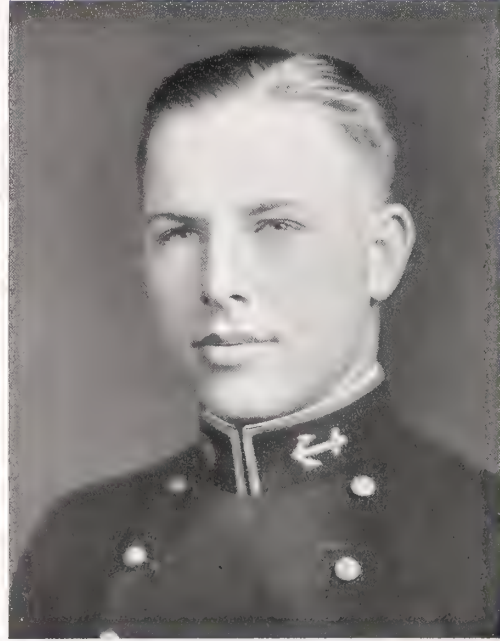
Music and romance always touch Mate. That is evident for he just couldn't resist the temptation to taste the glory and glamour of the Navy as portrayed in screen thrillers as "The Midshipman" and others. Before many days passed he learned that the Academy style of going was somewhat cramped by rates and no hops for Plebes. The last didn't bother Beppo much because until Second Class Summer he kept the light of his personality hidden under a bushel as far as fair visitors were concerned, but guests of the Academy were never lost or feeling out of place when Macho was receptioning that week-end. The extra liberty of Steam Summer greased the skids, for the following months brought out an embryonic "Carvel Charlie." Good music is never lost on the ears of Mate insofar as he would just as soon listen to Toscanini as to Whiteman.

After the last river is crossed there will be much parting of the ways, but Macho will keep his name alive, and will be found out there in front paddling his own canoe.

Wrestling. Track. Crew. Lacrosse. No Awards.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JACKSON DOMINICK ARNOLD

"Jack" "Nipper" "Red"

FORT LEWIS, WASH.

WILLIAM SQUIRE MADDOX

"Bill" "Gus"

VISALIA, CAL.

ONE bright day in June a red-headed lad found himself a member of the Service. Being an Army junior, he was not totally at a loss and soon made himself known.

Jack's biggest worry ended during Second Class Year when he buried his Math. Since that time he has had little trouble in beating the departments, although he is more or less human and now and then finds himself on some of the class musters gracing the bulletin board.

Ever since Plebe Year, Jack's interest in athletics has carried him to the tennis courts. Spring of each year finds him on the squad and this year should see him blossom forth with his "N." During the winter months he plays a mean game of squash—ask somebody who has gotten in the way of a ball he has hit!

In Jack, the fair sex has found an ardent admirer. His correspondence has increased with the years and the words "did you see the little blonde" have often been heard in the room after a hop. He is seldom wanting for a drag; in fact at times he is literally swamped by them.

Here's success to a real pal and friend whether he decides to stay in the Navy or return to civilian life. We're betting on him and expect big things from him.

Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1.
Expert Rifleman.

Squash.

Class Football 3.
M. P. O.

AS September Leave rolls around one might hear Bill humming "California, here I come" for it is a well-known fact that Gus is one of the Native Sons. Speaking of leave, it seems that Bill favors the sunny climes for every Christmas found him on a train bound for Georgia. It was there that the Red Mikes nearly lost a charter member. We soon saw that several Georgia Peaches were growing on a branch of our family tree.

There was no need for Bill to join the worshippers of Tecumseh because he always had that coveted 2.5.

When the Depression hit Bancroft Hall it was Bill who doled out the bank notes thereby allowing many of the snakes to continue their wiggling.

For a pastime Bill found it very easy to entertain himself with tennis, bridge, and the Cosmo. Needless to say, he also played an excellent game of solitaire.

"Hey, Ski, grab a chair and come on down to Collin's room, we've got a game lined up." In just such a manner many a study hour began. It might be added that these finds always closed with, "Well, I guess you boys had better read the little Blue Book again—we'll be around later to give you another lesson."

It would be difficult to find a more congenial roommate or shipmate than Bill and we have no doubt but that he will succeed in the Navy or any branch of life into which he may enter.

Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1.

Lucky Bag Staff.

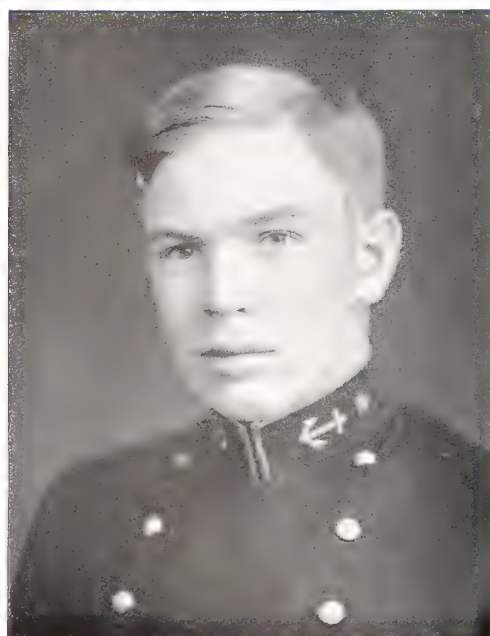
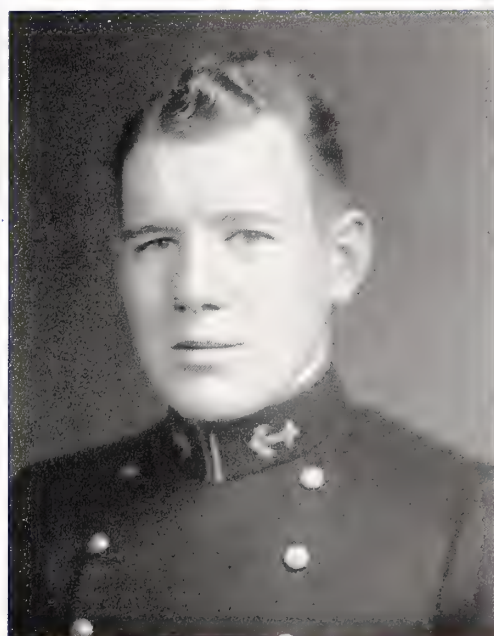
Squash.

Company Representative.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM JAMES DRUMTRA

"Willie" "Bill"

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

BILL joined us late in Plebe Summer but it was not long before he was as completely accustomed to the new routine as the June "salts" themselves. Hailing from Gloucester, the sea was no mystery to him and his interest and knowledge in the new life we were to lead made him a good man to have around.

He took naturally to the routine and was soon the saltiest Plebe in the Battalion.

When "ac" Year arrived Bill received the shock of his life. It didn't seem possible to him that one person could be required to learn so many things. After the initial jolt, he learned that there is a method for all tasks. Although his encounters with the Academic Department were by no means few, he was present in first sections often enough to indicate that he was master of the situation at all times.

Bill drags from time to time but so far has pledged allegiance to no femme. Yet there is a certain somebody whose occasional telegrams and letters cause quite a stir.

As a roommate and a friend Bill has no equal. His even temperament is not disturbed by petty gripes. We are sure that he will fulfil the requirements of an officer and a gentleman. We wish you luck, in the fleet Bill—Bon Voyage.

*Business Manager of Masqueraders and Musical Clubs 1.
Asst. 4, 3, 2. Boxing 2. Baseball 4, 3.
Class Football 4, 3. Choir. Expert Rifle. Two Stripes.*

VERNE LESLIE SKJONSBY

"Verne" "Swede" "Skir"

HICKSON, N. D.

AFTER four long years of the worst kind of struggle, according to him, Verne found himself ready to step over the threshold of learning. Whether it be a commission (most certainly, sir!) or a degree he claims he will have a vanguard against all the unwashed. To quote himself "I got to have something to show for it or nobody will believe me back in Hickson."

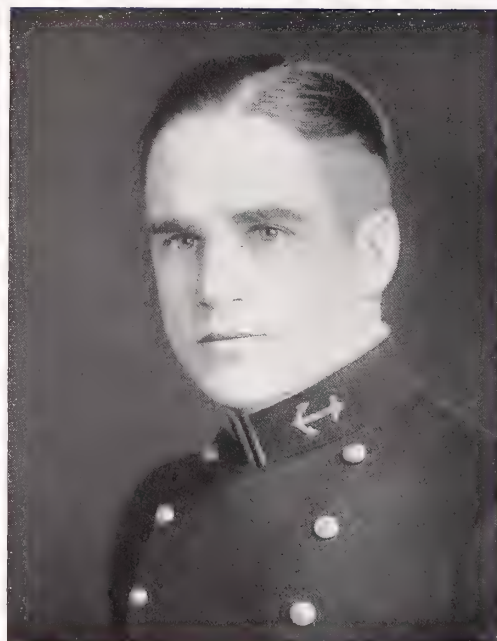
He seems to have been immune from attacks by the Academic Department. The fact is, if the Cosmo or Colliers had the same multiple as math, his standing would have been in minus quantities instead of a lowly three or four. In athletics his prowess as a boxer might be mentioned as predominate. Sunday mornings he had ambitions to be all American halfback for any team that played the biggest upset. He was a genius at picking the losers. Nothing more could be desired in the way of his bridge game, with the exception of an occasional psyche, usually doubled and vulnerable.

He is going out into the big and exceptionally cold world just now, but wherever he may wander to, he will radiate a warmth of friendship and a strength of character that success is sure to follow.

*Boxing 4, 3, 2. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Lucky Bag Staff.
Trident Staff. Star 4, 3, 2, 1. Two Stripes.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARCHIBALD HUNT ATKINSON

"Archie" "Tommy" "Corky"

AURORA, ORE.

HEY Tommy! How do you work this prob?" Many of '34 owe several class numbers, some even their places in the regiment, to Tommy's cheerful and willing assistance. Nor did he lose his own standing in the least—he was too savvy for that. Brains and hard work have brought him to the top. That's Tommy—always willing to do anything for his friends; no one could ask a favor which he would refuse.

After a year at Oregon State where he was a 2d in an Edison contest, and won debate and public speaking honors, Tommy turned the footsteps toward Annapolis to follow the Navy Blue and Gold. He claims to be the reddest of Red Mikes; he even has a picture of a rattlesnake on his locker door, but tragedy befell our Mike Youngster Year. All great men meet their equal and now there is a picture in his table drawer.

He has an ear and a heart for music, and most any recreation period will find him throwing some popular record out the window and putting a good light opera on the Vic.

Tommy's ambition is to be a great engineer, and he dreams of spanning the Golden Gate and building diesel engines, and what is more he will do it some day. The Service would gain by his admission to the roster, and we hope he will stay with the Navy. But his amiable disposition and his friendliness will make him well liked wherever he goes. He's a true friend and a gentleman.

Tennis Manager 4, 3, 2, 1. tNt 1. Boxing 4. 2 P. O.

ROBERT SCOBIE FAIRWEATHER

"Bob" "Stormy"

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

YOU may always distinguish Bob by the way he cocks his head on one side and gives you a smile. It's a sunny smile that carries a lively gleam and light is Bob, friendly to even the lowest Plebe. He can find humor in any occasion, always happy and cheerful. We consider ourselves fortunate to be his roommates. But when it comes time for action we become better acquainted with him than at any other time. Quiet and efficient he has won a place in our hearts as a true friend, who is always willing to carry more than his share. Though slow to offer it, Bob has a bit of sound advice for every occasion. Self-reliant to the last he never admits defeat; no Juice is ever so difficult that he does not find its most hidden principle.

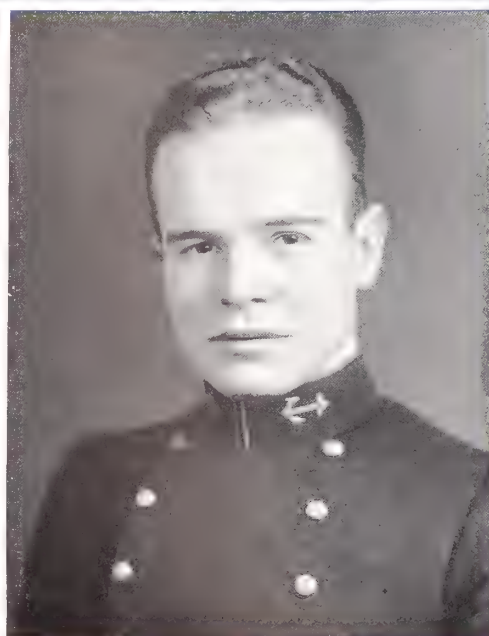
But not all of the boy is work. He loves his play—and "can he rassle!" He licks his weight in wildcats when he is not on the binnacle list.

Bob has the wanderlust, which had its first beginning during Youngster Cruise even though he is not satisfied with the Navy. He wants to go to China and become Asiatic first of all, perhaps he will be Shanghai bound after June Week. Then he desires to visit the Dark continent and become a real-digger. But after all he will make a good real estate man from Hoboken.

Plebe Fencing. Plebe Tennis Mgr. Wrestling. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HUGH SALISBURY KNERR

"Hugh" "Hoey"

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.

JOHN METCALF

"Johnny"

PAULLINA, IA.

HUGH can boast of having lived with Corky and Johnny and lived through it—something to be proud of.

Unassuming in his manner, Hugh makes his way about the Academy unnoticed by many. But to those of us who have been fortunate enough to come in contact with him he is a real friend, always willing to help. He can be relied upon for sound advice on any trouble. Quiet at times he has a steady supply of wit and comes in for his full share of the running. His good fellowship has made the none too brilliant life of the Academy seem more cheerful and bright and makes rooming with him a pleasure.

His worst fault lies in his liking for hamburgers. Every liberty finds him in his favorite haunt "scoffing." He also is the champion piccolo player of the Academy. All times of the day when he is not lost in the haze of Thermo his valiant flute is wailing out unknown depths of woe. By now he can master three bars of "Liebestraum," slightly off key. At that he is a lover of all music from jazz to symphony. He has always been an aviation fiend of the first water. Every ship that takes off comes under his scrutinizing gaze and has judgment passed on it.

With all our woes life would not be half as interesting without him. He is a staunch friend who will never be found wanting.

Boxing 3, 2.

Class Football 1.

2 P. O.

NO one knows yet what lured this native son of the West from his beloved state of Iowa, which he so righteously upholds, into our joyous midst. He brought with him a happy disposition that keeps him going all the time; we have yet to see him down and out. The only objection we have to his good nature is his affinity for singing. The man can't be kept quiet when happy.

Savvy enough to hold his own with the old intelligensia he is always ready and willing to pull some of us wooden ones out of the fog. He bones when in the mood but likes to secure for peaceful arguments. He and Corky spend many many hours at this, usually winding up in a knockdown drag-out fight incited by an interested wife.

Always attracted by feminine charms, he seems to be in his glory every week-end. A great snake at heart but does not like to admit it—even to himself. This seems to come naturally to him according to some of the stories he tells. Just ask him about the loving cups he won in his younger days. Quien sabe—que hombre!

Takes an awful beating from unappreciative wives but is always on deck. Johnny is a great friend and we all wish him the best of luck.

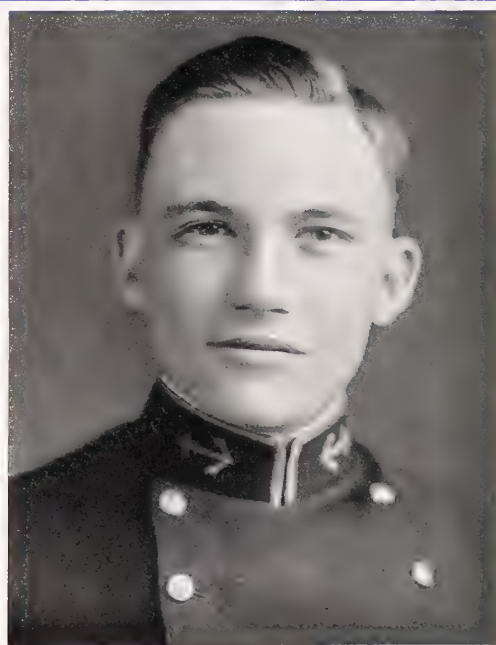
Gym 4.

Swimming 3.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN ELLSWORTH AVISE
"Johnny" "Bucko" "A Vice"
MASON CITY, IOWA

JOHNNY, for no good reason at all, decided to come to the Naval Academy, and by some strange fate which he, himself, can hardly describe, he arrived. He learned many things during his Plebe Summer and was always one of those privileged few who had the "Dope." But even on those few occasions when he failed to get the word, he did not let it bother him. He settled down to enjoy himself and did a good job of it.

The academics have not bothered him, but he has bothered them by the innumerable times which they have had to put Bucko at the top of their "trees." However he managed to make the grade up to Second Class Year without aid from the academic board. In an attempt to get a little more sleep than allotted, pull sat in "steam" and play basketball at the same time, he failed to recognize the significance of the math exams and was requested to take an additional one.

Always friendly and with an everlasting desire to take it easy, John manages to get along with the least amount of effort. He is of the type who are on one side of the fence or the other, but never in the middle. But whether you are on the same side, the other side, or even in the middle, you cannot help liking him and worrying over his troubles perhaps more than he does.

G. P. O.

ALBERT EARLE SWEENEY, II
"Marlin" "Mac"
BRECKENRIDGE, TEXAS

WE have the idea that at about the same time when several of us were solemnly swearing that we should support the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, etc., the people of Ladonia, Texas were swearing that they could never find the combination of character with first rate mechanic and all-round-handyman which could fill the place left by their Albert. We too discovered soon that he, with his liking to experiment with things electrical and mechanical, was priceless. It was in his grand efforts to rig up contraptions to automatically close windows at a predetermined interval before reveille of cold mornings that he won the lasting admiration of his roommates doing with the now familiar name Marlin.

He has been too irregular with the academics to be properly called a savoir, but after all, English was about the only subject which really bothered him, and when it comes to Juice, Math, Engineering, etc., he's right there with the best of them.

Of the sports he has tried about all, and has shown himself to be pretty good in almost all of them. His versatility extends even to the various departments of his favorite sport, football. His words, "Well, Frank, what do you need this year?" were proved to be not a bit out of place. For a time in future practices perhaps force of habit will prompt Frank to unthinkingly say again, when the occasion calls for the sending in of a back or lineman, "Where is my good man Sweeney?"

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O. Track 4, 2.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



BEVERLY ROBINSON VAN BUSKIRK

"Van" "Savvy" "D. R."

DENVER, COL.

OUT of the West came this young man to extol its virtues and to join this great Service of ours. Van is one of those individuals who has the happy faculty of quickly making friends with everyone. The secret of this lies in his unselfish good nature and ready smile.

His enthusiasm in everything is to be marveled at. Anything he will ever undertake is sure to be a success for this reason. His activities are many, and among his hobbies are swimming, writing letters, dancing and arguing. No doubt a greater percentage of his "allowance" is spent for stamps than any other Midshipman in the Academy.

Van's greatest weakness is his susceptibility to female charms. However, he is quite unconscious of his power as a heart-breaker and will continue to leave a trail of broken hearts behind him until some fair lady gives him a taste of his own medicine.

Anyone who is able to get as much enjoyment out of living as Van does is to be envied. To associate with such a person is a pleasure. Optimism is the most contagious thing in the world, and his shipmates will be fortunate in having such a man to lighten hours of discouragement by his cheery nature. His ability and ideas (of doing things well) will undoubtedly take him far.

"Well, what do you want me to do, jump up and down?"

Mid.

C. P. O.



JOHN MURRAY WILSON

"Willie" "John" "Jim"

SCOTTSBURG, IND.

A DESIRE to pilot a battle ship instead of handling the business end of a plow was responsible for the Academy receiving one of the most capable of its members. In all probability there is no one who has contributed more to keeping as many of his classmates "sat" as our friend who hails from Indiana. Not only his ability to figure out problems which are beyond the scope of our professors, but his willingness to impart this knowledge has for the last four years made his room the rendezvous for all those who wish to be "in the know."

His activities do not stop with those confined to the intellectual, since on the athletic fields he is equally as well-known. His main interests first centered on crew and football, with the former finally giving way entirely to football. In addition to his work on the gridiron he plays a good game of basketball, baseball, tennis and bridge.

His success or failure will not be credited to, or blamed upon the weaker sex, for the femmes that we hear so much about have no place in his life. From all outwardly appearances he is a Red Mike, but those who know him well have reason to believe otherwise.

When he goes out into the fleet he will take with him the best wishes that his classmates can offer, and we know that his success will be even greater than it has these last four years at the Academy.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Crew 4, 3. Star 2, 1. Mid. Lt.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WENDELL ERNEST BAILEY

"Spider"

MORRISDALE, PA.

HE'S from Pennsylvania but he doesn't have any coal dust in his hair (no fair). And speaking of Pennsylvania, he's one of the original "Volunteers." He will volunteer anything you need from a "buck or two" down to his last pair of socks and with such genuine generosity you know he means it. He received that attribute at home. I know it—it's in his family. Many a turkey or chicken has been skeletonized by "The Three Musketeers."

He does have a natural philosophy though he makes no effort to follow it. It is carefree and easy going—"All's well that ends well." He doesn't bother about anything unless it's a case of do or die in which case he "does" though not without real necessity.

Who has heard "Spider" laugh or seen him smile without laughing or smiling with him? It's the usual thing not the exception to see him laughing so genially you know there isn't a burden on his shoulders. His jokes! Some day I hope to hear him finish one before he laughs so hard himself he can't finish it. It's really funnier than any joke to see him laugh.

In the Yard he is a confirmed Red Mike but at home resides the O. A. O. Also from home comes "The News of the World" (The Philipsburg Journal).

"Four years together by the sea"—and I'm glad Spider was one of the "Three Musketeers" for those four years.

Plebe Cross Country and Track.

2 P. O.

Reception Committee.

GEORGE EDWIN MUMMA

"Mike"

IOWA CITY, IOWA

A COSMOPOLITAN air coupled with the fact that he is an Army Jr. does not permit his being tied down to any one state. Nevertheless the state of Iowa finds in him a warm supporter. Built like the tall corn grown in his chosen state Mike bade fair to make a great end in Navy's football history. Physical disabilities put an end to his athletic efforts but not to his enthusiastic support and endeavors in other phases of Naval Academy activities.

Mike's ability to make contacts and the ease with which he makes friends has helped immeasurably in the endeavor to make the "Three Musketeers" members of good standing in non-curricular activities. As one of the musketeers he has been efficient in supplying the necessary humor in the periods of stress and strain as well as keeping the requisite morale with his seriousness and dauntless pride.

Before one bestows the laurel wreath he should consider some of the most prominent defects. Dancing, a social asset, thereby making it a useful weakness, is outstanding in this Beau Brummel. In that event he causes the fair sex some excitement as well as heartaches.

But the manner in which he accepted the shattering of all his hopes in the field of athletics and his true sportsmanship throughout the four years that we have known him are indicative of the character which he possesses. Thanks Mike for making four years good years and may they keep on the right track to success in all future endeavors. Good luck!

Plebe Football.

Plebe Basketball.

Hop Committee.

Ring Dance Committee. Four Stripes. N.A.C.A. Council.

Chairman, House Committee.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ISAIAH MARTIN HAMPTON

"Ike" "Hamp"

UVALDE, TEXAS

BOY, we have to hit this first month" says Ike. That's the signal for a lengthy bull session. Then Ike is in his element. He can and will discuss anything and everything though his pet subject is History. His opinions are diverse and at times dogmatic but you know, he's a Texan, and have you ever seen one who wasn't right?

I can't think of any one outstanding part of his character but he has most of the basic requirements for which every man should strive. He knows his shortcomings and will admit them—no hypocrisy in him! He will take all the consequences for some mis-step where too many of us will try to dodge a little. In that respect he sometimes does himself an injustice. When he could easily and justifiably reduce the consequences, he won't take the trouble. A little too easy-going but in a pinch he certainly burns the midnight oil and pulls through.

He's the kind of man who may make a fortune and then lose it but he'll always make another. He would love to gamble but through his wonderfully strong will he controls the impulse. If he ever bets, you know it will be for Navy—win or lose his loyalty never falters.

And so we say "adios" to the third of The Three Musketers, the one from "the land of milk and honey and the garden spot of the world—where the sunshine spends the winter, the biggest little town in Texas." Don't challenge him to a game of repartee—you will come out last.

2 P. O.

ROBERT MILLER MILNER

"Paach" "Bob"

AT LARGE

WE present Bob as he really is—in fact the inside dope! Being more or less studious in his habits his first consideration has always been his academic work. In fact he is usually the first to be found at the bulletin board on Friday evenings for the purpose of reviewing his handiwork and achievements for the week. He is seldom disappointed. Academics aside, however, he comes into his own. There is practically nothing in the athletic line in which he is not able to do; boxing, wrestling, football, swimming, it is all the same to him. His favorite sport is fish tailing into the pool from the high spring board, as he sometimes forgets where he is and tries a one and a half into the wash bowl, thereby flooding the deck to a depth of two or three inches. A second Steve Brodie we call it.

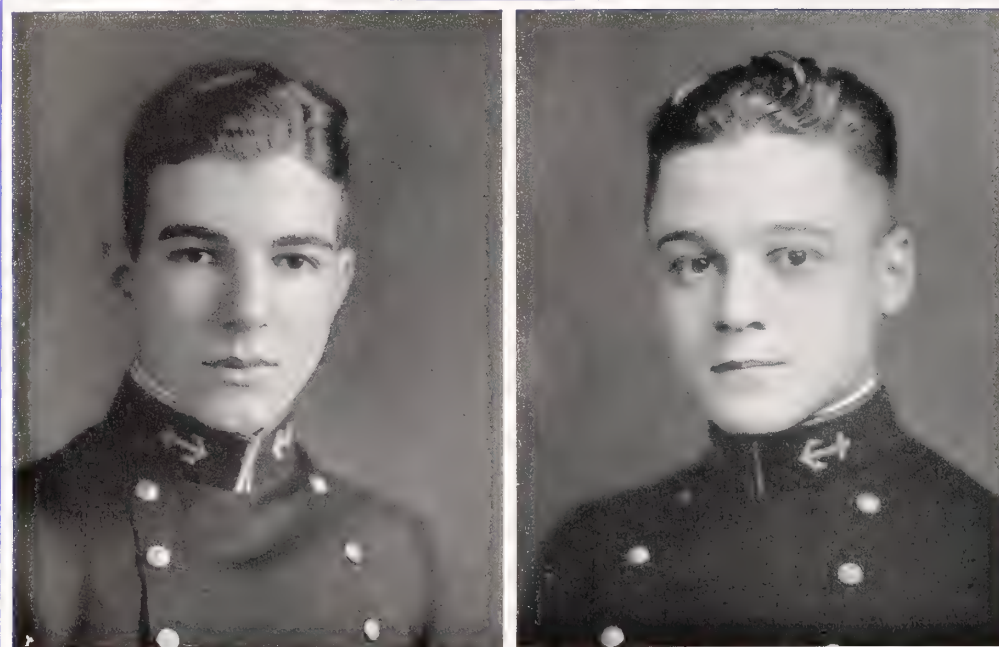
Femmes? Well he has been known to dally with the fair sex but at present writing he is very much in love as a result of the cruise. We have no doubt that it will pass away if he does not die before she answers his last letter.

Anyway whatever we do or don't know about him we do know that he's a good shipmate and roommate and we wish him the best that there is.

Boxing 4. Swimming 3. Wrestling 2, 1.
Class Football 4. Class Lacrosse 2. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MAURY DAVISON BAKER

"M. D." "Panadero"

RICHMOND, VA.

HERE you have a real prognosticator—the boom of 1929 found him in prep school and the crash of '30 found him here. From his early boyhood days in Virginia he had in the back of his mind the intentions of being a Midshipman and upon graduating from high school he set about becoming one.

Although never a savoir, M. D. always seemed to keep the academics wolf from his door. Every year it crept up and bit him but he always pulled ahead on the straightaway.

He says the high spot in his career at the Academy was during Second Class Summer. He and another super-salt sailed a starboat out to where the Wyoming was anchored, about seven miles in all. The exciting part of it was that recall had been hoisted and the waves were most high. The Deck officer of the Reina was much more scared than they and sent a motor launch out after them.

Although no snake, M. D. had good taste. He didn't drag often but when he did his average was well over a 2.5. I don't believe he was ever seen with a brick during his stay here.

M. D.'s a rather serious, quiet fellow with an easy manner which has gained him many friends. He'll do anything for anyone, down to writing things for his wife. M. D. will be somebody someday because besides being capable, he's a darn good egg.

Resigned.

WILLIAM HENRY LAWRENCE

"Bill" "Billy" "Larry" "Lorenzo"

DETROIT, MICH.

BILL came from the wilds of Detroit armed with a knowledge of the world really unusual for one his age. He easily adapted himself to the routine of the place, seeming to fit in from the very first. That clause may classify his entire Academy career—he fits in.

Plebe Year tore an extraordinary aversion to the femmes out of him; but, aside from this calamity, he weathered the storm, not falling with the ship, as did his famous namesake. His first cruise proved highly educational. For, after searching the greater part of Europe, he picked up what he considered an appropriate souvenir, a good looking ash tray. Time, however, revealed a sad misapprehension; he returned home to discover the words "American Tobacco" printed on its bottom.

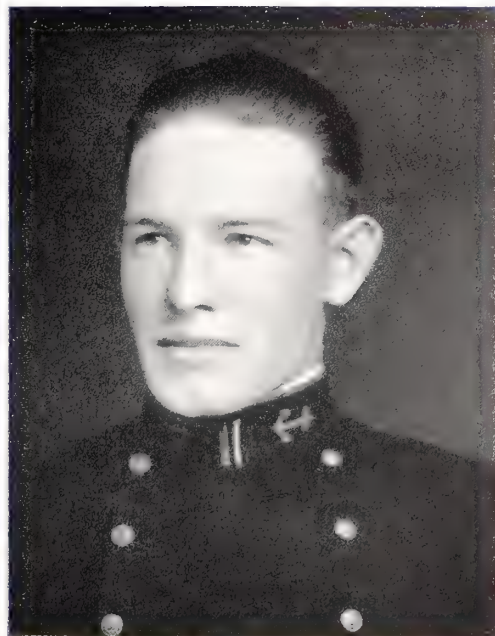
Although always a savvy scoundrel, Bill didn't come into his own until Second Class Year. That year he caught his stride and jumped from the fifth section to the second. Everyone contends that it was the result of his leaving the Hell Cats in the lurch—he tooted a drum in the Hell Cats in preference to tooting a Springfield in ranks Plebe and Youngster Year.

In summation, Bill is an attractive, likeable fellow who will get along wherever he goes. The Navy will gain an ideal companion and an efficient officer if it gets him. Here's luck whether he takes to the blue and gold or to civvies now that anchors are aweigh.

i P. O.

1934

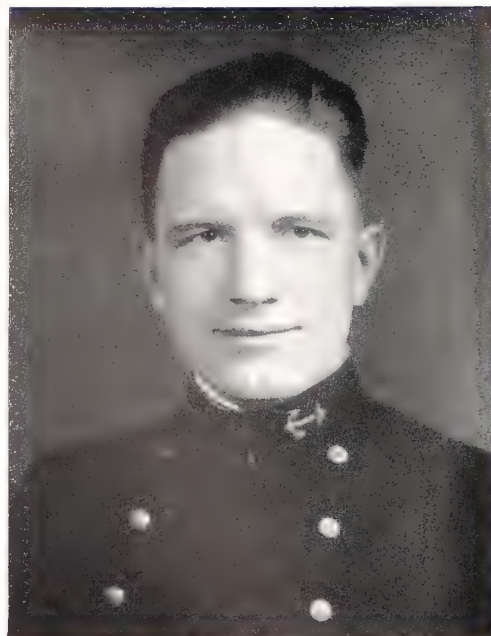
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ORVIL LEONARD DRIVER
"Put Put" "Thug" "Orvel"
SAN DIEGO, CAL.

THE class of '34 gained a man of whom they can be really proud when Orvil was turned back. This came about through sickness though to see him would dispel all thoughts of his being an invalid. Put Put, his chosen name for Plebe Year, fits him as easily when we see him striding along at cross country or on the track and when working away on the wrestling mat. He is a hard worker with a constantly cheery outlook and although he has never been the star of a team he makes a constant threat for the coveted place. On quieter afternoons he may be found writing articles for the *Log* or *Lucky Bag*. His one affinity is Navy Jrs. and where dancing and laughter are found there he will be. He is a great talker and will argue either side of anything. This has often been attributed to his natural advantage as a Californian. He was born in Bremerton, Washington, yet we hesitate to say he is not a native son of San Diego. Academics have threatened him several times but he has shown a wealth of reserve and an admirable way of facing reverses. The Navy has been his outlook since childhood and he has well prepared himself to carry on.

Wrestling 4, 3. Sport Editor *Lucky Bag*. Cross Country 2.
Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Cross Country 1. Log Staff 3, 2, 1.
G. P. O.



JOHN DUKE WHITE
"Jack" "Red" "Juan" "Rojo"
PALO ALTO, CAL.

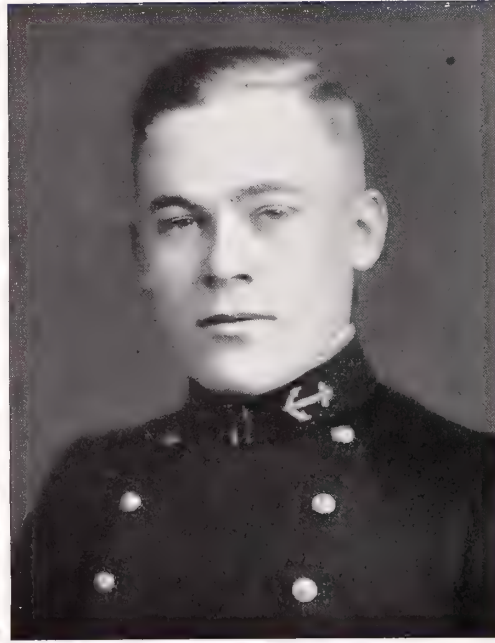
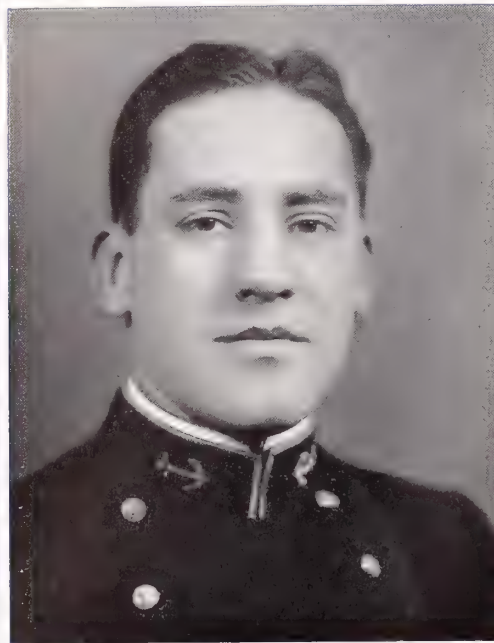
BEFORE entering the Academy Jack spent most of his time in his home town, within hailing distance of Stanford. Notwithstanding this influence he ventured out to conquer new fields and decided to try the Navy. It was a happy choice. Both the Service and he have been the gainers. His athletic ability was well above the average until sickness deprived him of competing in sports with safety. Until this time he was working his way up in a very convincing manner in tumbling and diving. Liberty hours seldom found Red in the Hall. He was always on the go and in the course of his stay here has made many friends both within the walls and out. Being from the North it was only natural that Red disliked San Diego and his year stay there seemed to him a total loss. Arguing the merits of the matter as only two Californians can has used up many an idle hour. As far as academics go, Jack is O. K. It took him about two years to get oriented but once straightened out he started clicking in fine style. A good friend, a good diplomat, and the makings of a fine officer, that's Jack.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.
Gym 4.

Class Swimming 2, 1.
C. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LAWRENCE ROBERT BECHT

"Larry" "Gnome" "Lily"

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

THE Naval Academy got another break when Larry decided to join the Navy. While starring in football and basketball at Kalamazoo Central High School, we find his academic standing with the best. Larry's "affaires du coeur" unlike those of his brass buttoned friends have been few. Although afforded numerous opportunities, Larry has remained true blue to his inspiration back in Michigan.

Regulation when necessary but far from being "greasy," he shoulders responsibility and assumes initiative in a manner that warms your heart. He has sacrificed most of his spare time and a good many numbers in class standing in order to share in athletics and extra-curricular activities. In spite of the many hours that he has put in on the athletic fields his studies and social life have not suffered. His "contract" is faultless.

There is nothing about him that is not genuine; no make believe or pretension falls to his lot. He talks straight from the shoulder with a frank honesty that compels admiration. "Lily" is a shining example that size is no requisite for leadership. As a friend—the best there is, one of the finest men one could hope to meet throughout the walks of life—we are just a little better off for having known him. Looking into the future we find things just as bright as in the past. Brains and personality, when found together, usually get some place in this world; so we are expecting to hear more of Larry in the future.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. Lacrosse 2, 1.

Basketball 4. Wrestling 4, 3.

Associate Editor Lucky Bag.

IVAN PHILIP THOMPSON

"Tommy"

MUSKEGON, MICH.

WHO is that bashful young man with the skin "you love to touch" and the darling curly hair? God gave him hair with a wave, and a face with a smile and that accounts for the sweet-innocent look. He is as indifferent toward women as a duck is to water (fact is, he wouldn't turn his head if Cleopatra walked in front of him). No one can call him a snake and get away with it, but reader stand from under when he does fall, for that story about Antony will read like a cheap dime novel.

A veritable savoir, he has always enjoyed a place at the top of the class; he makes long lessons look short and hard problems appear simple. It is a well-known cry in the first batt: "Now Tommy about this . . ." However, if you want to see Tommy after drill don't stop by his room; he just isn't that type of athlete. There is a simple formula that might help you locate him though. In the winter you will find him in the wrestling loft and in the summer he will be on the tennis courts. Secretly, his long suit is sleeping—he loves it.

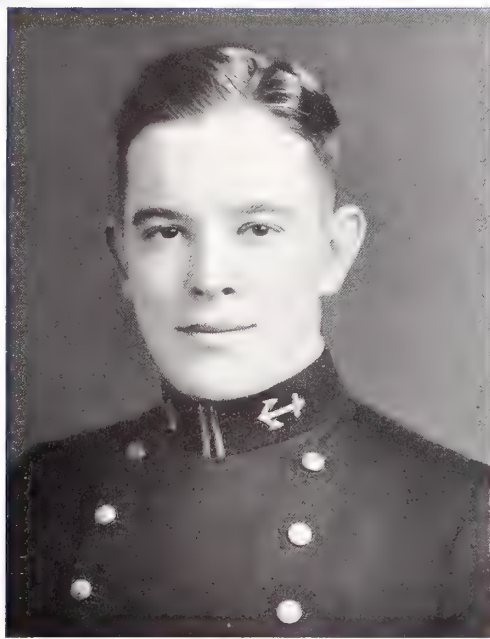
A practice cruise always places a man in the spotlight and it did not take the executive department long to recognize his true capabilities. Tommy's cheerful philosophy and rugged honesty will carry him over many a rough spot. His many friends hate to see him go but long absences will be forgotten when we meet again in the fleet.

Wrestling 4, 2, 1.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HAROLD ARTHUR GROSH

"Tony" "Butch" "Hal"

WILMINGTON, DEL.

IN the summer of 1930 there came from the little state of Delaware a young man who was destined to play an important part in the activities and friendships of '34. After having rendered valuable service to a civilian concern Hal decided to give the Navy a break.

His place in social activities will be disputed by none, especially by the fairer sex. An entrancing smile and a fine personality are the major reasons for his social success. Hal is also a most consistent and fine man in sports. Almost any afternoon he may be found on the handball courts or entertaining a crowd with his graceful manner of doing stunts on the mats in the gymnasium. Gymnastics was Hal's first choice Plebe Year but his attention turned to swimming and handball. These latter sports now take up most of his time. Academics never seemed to worry this boy from Delaware. Just give him the work and he will do the rest.

The four years we've passed in Hal's company have been very pleasant, indeed. He has always been ready to help in any way possible if help was needed and always ready to help banish any blues that might be around. We regret greatly not having his cheerful company to look forward to next year but there are other fields for him to conquer and new successes to be made, so we wish you luck, Hal.

1 P. O.

RICHARD ST. CLAIR STUART

"Dick" "Stu" "Burpo" "Roanoke"

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

BACK in the summer of '30, Stu side-hilled down the hills of West Virginia to answer the call of the sea. Although level ground was difficult to traverse and hog-tying was necessary for transportation, Stu finally arrived in a burst of glory. After he was convinced that the "Jimmy Legs" were not "revenueurs," he decided to remain with us. And now the only way to get him out, is to graduate him.

Being naturally savvy, but not of the star variety, Stu took his studies with a grain of salt and held the upper hand (it's been close) all the way. With the exception of Bull, it's a matter of how much to sleep, not how much to study.

Dick would like to be a "Red Mike" if it were not for the charms of the femmes. Of course, that gal back in the hills keeps him pretty close to his intention, but once in a while he quietly turns snake. As for indoor amusements, if anyone desires to learn how to win a game of solitaire, without sleight-of-hand work, ask Stu. He wears out five decks per year. Outdoors, it is sailing, and despite the seaman handicap of a life among the hills, Dick can sail them all, big or little.

Although not perfect, he has the officer-like qualities which are necessary and we expect him to be a valuable addition to the Service. A true friend and shipmate, he will make good, whether it's in the Service or on the "outside."

Log Staff 3, 2, 1.

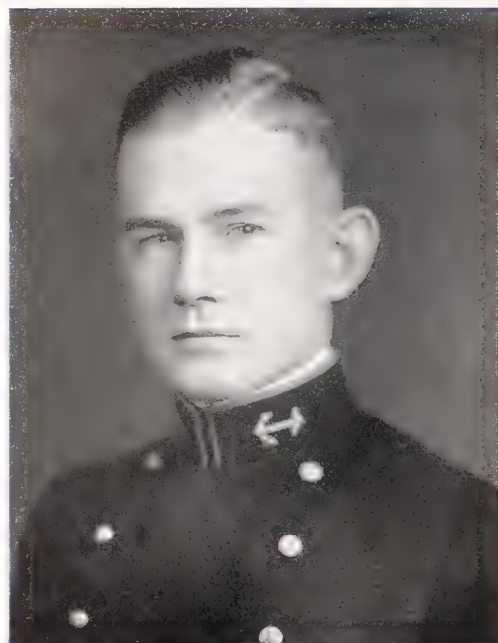
Ring Committee '34.

2 P. O.

Christmas Card Committee '32, '33.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT CARL BENGSTON

"Bob" "Commodore" "Beng"

ROCKFORD, ILL.

IT must have been the Viking's blood in him that led our hero into the Navy. "Join the Navy and See the World;" and all that sort of thing. The recruiting officer told him of the life of ease led by the men in the U. S. Navy hospital corps, so he enlisted as a hospital corpsman. This type of sailor has other names, too, but we won't go into that. At any rate, Beng learned about life in the hospital corps.

So a year later Bob entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It was tough being a Plebe at first; but the chow was good, and he got a kick out of wearing his full dress on Sundays. His academic path at times led horribly close to two-point-five (due probably to his incurable habit of turning in early on nights before exams). However, he always came home with the necessary bacon when the situation called for it.

In the way of sports, he's supplied the water polo team with cannon-fodder off and on since Youngster Year. He got numerals for wrestling Plebe Year, but didn't like the idea of getting cauliflower ears. Bob's chief hobby seems to be an international correspondence. The postmarks range all the way from Gottenburg to Barcelona.

If Beng gets a commission, he'd like to go to Pensacola, or be a Marine, or something—anything but being a regulation Ensign on a regulation battle wagon. That, however, is for the future to decide. Wherever you go, Bob—lots of luck!

Wrestling 4. Class Water Polo 3, 2, 1. Soccer 2, 1.
2 P. O.

JAMES ROBERT DAVIS

"Bunky" "Jayar" "Jimmy"

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

IF this sketch were to be as reticent and unassuming as the young man that it is to portray . . . if it were to be as broad and as deep in really serious thought as that young man . . . no one of even abnormal psychological ability would be able to write it. The first characteristic would result in no writing at all; the second in the writing of a good sized volume.

Jimmy has had his taste of academic difficulties. He still mourns those days back in youngster math when he spent a whole month in the eighth section! He admits that swinging a sabre isn't quite like playing center in football, but how often have we heard him, "you guys talk about fencing being 'pin-pushing,' but I'd like to see you come over and try it some time just once, any of you."

When any one man can be sympathetic to no end over another's cardiac difficulties, and all of a sudden heave a big sigh and say, "Boy, you sure are a lucky fellow to have a girl think about you like that"—well, that man is no ordinary Red Mike!

"Now let's see, the base pay is . . . the allowances are . . ." and if you act interested you'll be snowed under with economic statistics, and convinced, too. That is the sort of man Jimmy is, just enough of seriousness, of sympathy, of personal interest, and a great deal of showing in action the courage of his own convictions, and that is something!

Plebe Football Manager. Trident. Expert Rifleman.
Plebe Fencing Team. Varsity Fencing Team. Radio Club.
"N" Club. Quarter-Deck Society. Class Council.
fNt. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FORREST ROSECRANS BIARD

"Jack"

DALLAS, TEXAS

JACK arrived at the Naval Academy the morning of June 19, 1930 with a letter from the Navy Department telling him he couldn't get in, but he got in anyway. On the way in he was told to leave all guns and spurs and boots at the main gate. He missed them terribly for a while, but he soon became accustomed to eating at a table instead of a chuck wagon, and at the end of three years he had almost forgotten about the cactus and mesquite of his native state. We have often wondered how he managed to pull himself away from the cactus-covered plains of the cow country to see what the Navy had to offer and those of us who know can tell how fondly he still remembers those good old days in the state where men are six feet tall (except Jack, who has long regretted being a sandblower).

Youngster Year Jack received a wedding announcement that for a while threatened to make him holder of the Navy's all-time Red Mike record, but Second Class Year, before it ended, found him giving more than due share to Radio and Radio Stations. Between Radio Stations and the weight loft in the gym, it is almost impossible to find Jack in the off hours when radiators are most popular. The end of Second Class Year found this young man from Texas taking voyages in the Merchant Marine on leave. He says he wants to be a sailor.

Expert Rifleman. Star 2. Sub Squad 4, 3, 2. M. P. O.



THOMAS ALLEN PEACOCK

"Tommie"

DALLAS, TEXAS

EMANCIPATION Proclamations mean nothing to Tommie, for one June, tenth four years ago he came to Crabtown with a smile on his face and determination in his heart. These two characteristics have stood him well, yes, he even had to have them, for he immediately joined Mr. Schultz's grunt and groan squad.

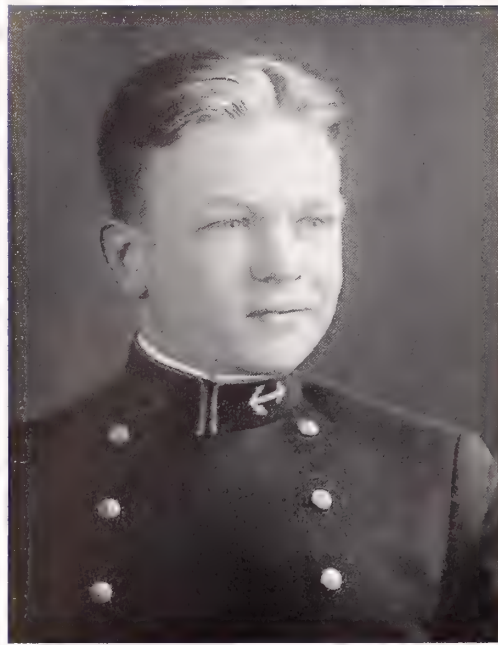
It is said that he entered the Main Gate humming "Going Back to Texas" and twice a year he has been doing that very thing. Those of us who know understand the reason for his pilgrimages to the Lone Star State, and have often envied those thirty and forty page letters. It sure looks like it's going to be two for the price of one.

He is really sympathetic, but you wouldn't know it now. Four years in the Navy slows down the best on that score. Deep down there's that good-natured, staunch comradery which goes to make up one of those pals who will stick with you "though all hell freezes over." Our ways may part, but we will never forget the fellow who does his best and who is ready to stand by a friend to the last ditch.

*Choir 4, 3. Musical Clubs 2, 1. Lucky Bag Adv. Staff.
Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. Batt. C. P. O.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LAURENCE HALE BIRTHISEL

"Larry" "Thisel"

DONNA, TEXAS

FRESH from the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, that paradise where the heating problem is non-existent and you can pick your breakfast right in your own back-yard, came Larry.

He obtained his first introduction to knowledge in the Donna High School, and thence went to Texas A. & M. College to delve into the realms of higher learning. Sometime, somewhere in his early life he acquired a longing for a life on the sea, probably from watching the water flow in the irrigation ditches in the orange and grapefruit groves.

Easy going and not desirous of studying too hard, he had his troubles with the Academic Departments especially when the Dago Department tightened the vice. However, he always pulled through without a scratch.

A charter member of the "radiator squad," he would rather sit and "gripe" all day than exert himself out on the football field, where his avoirdupois would be an asset to the team, or with the "suicide squad," where his bulk would be hard to sink.

A "snake" by nature, he seldom missed a hop, and could almost always be counted upon to drag blind for a friend.

His geniality, his wit, his keen sense, and the fact that he is the Academy's champion Pantomime artist, are an undeniable asset and joy to all who know him, and his valuable ability to make lasting friendships is sure to bring him lasting success.

Plebe 150 lb. Crew.

Class Football.

2 P. O.

IRVING STAHL PRESLER

"Pres" "P. I."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRESH from the best high schools of the land, so he tells us, Presler entered Devitt to Prep for the Academy. Then in '30 he received his call to the sea thru the Naval Reserves, and entered our barless institute with the advantage of having already put to sea on a destroyer. So from the beginning he could start a "sea story" with, "Now when I was a spotter on the good ship—."

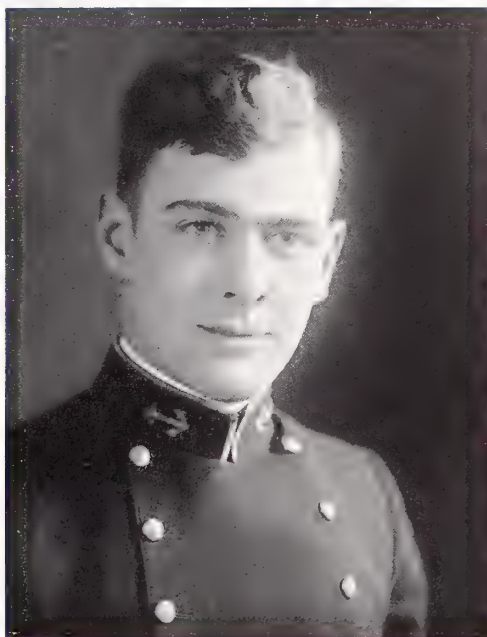
Pres' collection of pipes, his vast assortment of toilet articles, and his thundering bass voice are the pride of the First Batt. He is one of those sympathetic souls who is always willing to cover the unoccupied portion of the radiator for an odd hour or so and "shoot the breeze;" (It might be said of him that he has a noticeable tinge of humor for he is always ready to swap a few jokes with the other fellow). A terror of the "old naval" corridor fights and a staunch supporter of the old belief of "regs for the Plebes and rates for the others" he is constantly trying to keep the old traditions from sinking into oblivion.

Not particularly savvy but with an interest in all things regarding the sea he has made his sojourn here very profitable and has done his share in academics and diversions, with emphasis on the latter. Now at the end of four long years we send him back to D. C. from whence he came with a "best of luck, old pal."

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LEWIS CROCKER COXE

"Coxey" "Lou"

GALVESTON, TEX.

ON the first meeting with Coxey you are impressed with the thought that he is the person you would want for a friend, and the longer you know him, the deeper the feeling becomes. He's the kind of man you think of when you say "Texas"—big, good-natured, level-headed, and savvy. When you combine that with a strong will and determination, success is inevitable.

It's fun to lose to Lou in any contest—and you might as well make up your mind to do that very thing, because whether it be rough and tumble, genuine wrestling, tennis, football, or a battle of wits, that's what you'll do. For four years we've watched him plugging away out there at left end on the football field, and each year has seen him take the knocks and come back smiling for more, to jump a notch in the squad and in our estimation as a he-man. You couldn't hold a grudge against him if you tried—his sunny disposition immediately converts you into a friend.

Whether it be for a frolic or a fray, a quest for adventure and fun or just drab, hard work, Lou is ready for it. He's a good mixer and the best of roommate; the kind of a man you'd like to be.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1.

Wrestling 3.

Two Stripes.

RICHARD CLARK LATHAM

"Thug" "Dick"

CRESTWOOD, N. Y.

DICK left a quiet old Yankee town on the stern and rock-bound shores of New England to attend the Naval Academy. He arrived here with slight suspicion of these Southern schools, but this disappeared as soon as he saw the beauties of this old Colonial town. It took him longer to get over his suspicion of the lovely southern damsels, but when he did, oh my! how he did slay them!

The Academic Departments never managed to frighten him, and this left him free to venture into many fields of athletic and recreational endeavor. Wrestling and crew were fortunate to receive a large amount of his time and boundless energy but sailing on the broad expanse of the Severn was always his favorite diversion.

Dick has a quiet, calm humor which is enlivened by a wicked twinkle in his eye. These qualities, combined with an unfailing good nature and ability to take it and grin have made him a legion of friends, both in the Academy and in civilian life. A more ideal wife could not be asked for. His rendition of "Poor Butterfly" and other arias are well-known throughout the Batt and is a sure indication that all's right with the world.

Dick's favorite topic and greatest love is the sea and it is not idle talk to say that he will go far and do mighty things in his chosen profession.

Wrestling.

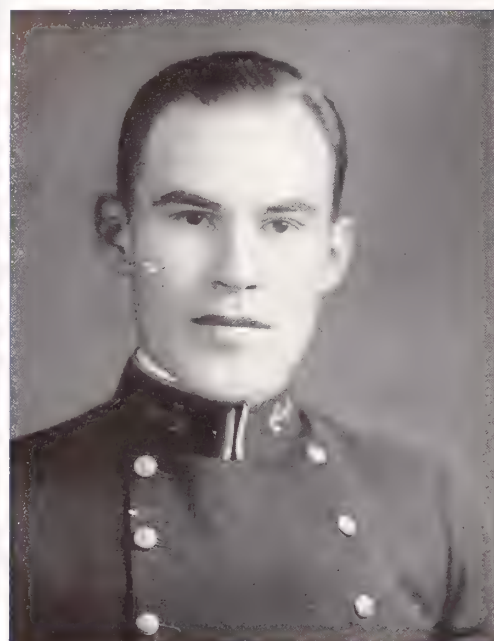
Track.

Rifle.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD EUGENE BLY

"Dick"

WACO, TEXAS

DICK, freckled under the tropic suns of Cuba, Hawaii, and Santo Domingo, weather beaten under those of Texas, and broadened under the stars of many states, is part of all he has met—a funny part. Nonchalant, cool, and collected, he is as much at home in the most select of society making little slams out of grand slams as on the bridge of a destroyer in a heavy sea-way. His varied life has given him a deep understanding of human nature, and his sympathetic, humorous outlook on life is balm for the discouraged.

Able in many things, Dick has found it hard to do all he would like since coming to the Academy. He finally resolved it had to be crew or nothing, for there he could stretch his long limbs and inhale the salty breezes of each season as it rolled around like clockwork—just as our infantry drills did.

Desirous of a commission above all other things, Dick occasionally gets griped when he busts on an examination. You really can't blame him much. He has democratic ideas. He will make a good officer and his men can be sure of getting what they deserve from him, justice tempered with mercy.

Glee Club. Choir. 1 P. O. Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

THOMAS KENNETH CALLISTER

"Horsecollar" "Collie" "Ken" "Tea Kettle"

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PAL, you haven't a front collar button, have you?" Without looking, one recognizes the asker. Usually the request comes several minutes after formation has cracked, and there stands Ken with a wild look in his eye, collar in hand, with one of his "Dazzy Vance" specials draped around his shoulders. Irresponsible, the boy could have set a new record for "Needs not anticipating" if it weren't for the results he gets from his persuasive line, and his "remote" control of the watch bill. But then Ken's a pal to everyone—and the men he's pulled sat and kept sat.

Collie is a prize gem of savvy and the brilliant line he shoots in bull punctuated with the "Teutonic ponderosity of a Carlyle" and his "Abernethy" keeps him at the top lead of the pack. "Why that thick Swede, why doesn't he read the dictionary? Imagine underlining one of my words." He has found time to render invaluable aid in the compilation of the *Lucky Bag* and *Reef Points*; still athletics have not been neglected by Ken. During the cold winter months he swaps punches with the best of the bantam-weights. And what a punch he packs!

This human dynamo just can't make up his mind what he wants to do; join the Metropolitan Opera, corner the Mexican fisheries, or be a millionaire. But law will get him yet for if he isn't talking some Plebe out of his last pair of skivvy trou, he is giving some masterly bit of oratory from the table top. A great guy, and he'll always know the answer.

Lucky Bag. Log. Reef Points. Trident. Star 4.
Crew 4. Tennis 2. Boxing 1. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT EMMET BOURKE

"Gus" "Burpe" "Sleepy"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

FOUR years ago the Navy beckoned a dark curly haired individual from the mosquito infested swamps of New Jersey, and promised relief on the wide salty ocean. However, this was not "Gussie's" only ambition; he wanted only an introduction to the world of science, for to be a chemical engineer was his goal.

Close association with Congress as a page and one year at Devitt prepared him for the entrance exams, which he took and passed without difficulty: Math 2.5—English 2.8. Plebe Year found him helping unsat classmates balancing intricate chemical equations. "Hi, Gus, what's the formula for T.N.T.?" Youngster Year came and tables were turned; he was then helped by "savvy pencil pushers," but a favorable mark in a re-exam made everything par.

Life saving with a boat hook, too, is his favorite pastime. To immerse unsuspecting classmates who had fallen into the Severn was his passion. Another example of his perseverance can be found on the athletic field. Track and Cross Country claimed his interest and he soon figured a way in which to run five miles a night. The theory was to run one mile while running in place four miles.

Like all those who claim to be Red Mikes, Gussie soon belied his name, for he could always be found "tripping the light fantastic" at the hops and at Carvel Hall.

With all "running" and arguing belayed, Gus is always ready for anything new or exciting and hence makes an enjoyable companion. Always happy and cheerful he makes a fine friend.

Cross Country 4, 3.

Track 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.



CURTIS ALVIN PAYNTOR

"Curt" "Paint"

MARION, IND.

HEY mister, who holds the world's stock car record?" Remember that Number 12 brown Dusenbergs at the Indianapolis races back in '28? "Yeah! and what's more the Indiana high school basketball teams are the best in the world." Right, you guessed it first time, none other than little Alvin speaking.

Curt decided that what this Navy needed was more Dusenbergs and Stutz and less battleships, so he immediately went into training at one of the more prominent Academy "farms." Our valiant hero entered the forboding portals of Bancroft in June '30.

Being unsat never caused grey hairs to mingle with Alvin's fair locks as he talked incessantly of automobiles and races, spent his Sundays at Carvel and at times played company basketball to save his grease mark from floundering.

Although he dropped his high school career of an athlete for more provocative one of a gentleman of leisure, he managed to stir up interest in a new indoor sport, that of besting his wife in billiards, provided he was left enough setups.

There you have him, in the flesh, folks, a real friend and wife, always willing to lend you his last sock or collar and not the least indisposed to borrow yours. A firm believer in that old saying "What's yours is mine and what's mine is mine also." A happy, carefree boy, whom we all expect to see make good in anything he does.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANCIS DEAN BRADLEY

"Sot" "Weinie" "Brad"

CARSON CITY, NEV.

IN thinking of Nevada one usually thinks of great wastes of sand and sage-brush . . . but one in thinking of sand and sage-brush doesn't think of Brad . . . there is too much clever humor there . . . too much of the radiance of fraternalism . . . to think of anything so dry and gritty. Perhaps he is another one of "those reasons" why the West is God's country.

It would seem that Brad's secret of academic success in the sciences lies in the ability to use the right formula at the right time . . . or at least in the proper juggling of the figures so that the correct solution would emerge. "What? no formulas? How d'they expect us to work th' probs?"

Bradley isn't at heart a Red Mike . . . decidedly not! But his romantic conquests are, to say the least, a bit vague . . . perhaps to be contributed to the enobled characteristic of the Westerner, silence. But romance is there. When one can listen to stately, classical music at the hands of one's roommate immediately after reveille . . . a decidedly unromantic hour, you must agree . . . that person has something in him that is either tolerant or romantic . . . and we believe that it must be romance . . . for no man is tolerant before breakfast.

Wherever the days following June Week, 1934, may find Brad, surely, within or without the Service, he will do much to brighten his corner and, knowing character as only a roommate can, his future is assured to be one of success and happiness. Four such years aren't forgotten, Brad. Good luck!

Class Water Polo 2, 1.

Lacrosse 4.

2 P. O.

EDWARD MALLON FAGAN

"Eddie" "Viper" "Nutty"

TOLEDO, OHIO

ALL you have to do is walk down the corridor, smell burning grass, open the door, and there in a haze of smoke you will find him, buried, most likely in a medical treatise on the cure of heebie-jeebies, or some such ailment. If you have a pain in your gizzard, family troubles, or if the O. A. O. has given you the cold shoulder, you can always come around to Eddie and have it all straightened out. When it comes to being unofficial doctor, and all 'round good pal, he can't be surpassed.

We went for a boat ride to Europe not long ago, but Eddie didn't fall for any of those buxom Danish lasses, nor for any of those starry-eyed señoritas. No, sir, he was being true to the girls back home, all four of them. There is really only one, though, and we think she's certainly lucky. Any Midshipman who buys "Better Homes and Gardens" isn't going to be hard to keep track of when he settles down ashore.

Eddie's easy-going nature has kept him in an air of athletic indifference. But take our advice and be careful not to rile that Scotch-Irish temper.

Whatever he does, wherever he goes . . . with his books, his love for good music, his assortment of pipes, his love of real fraternalism and human psychology . . . his new associates will find in him the same admirable, companionable qualities which have made him indispensable to us for the past four years.

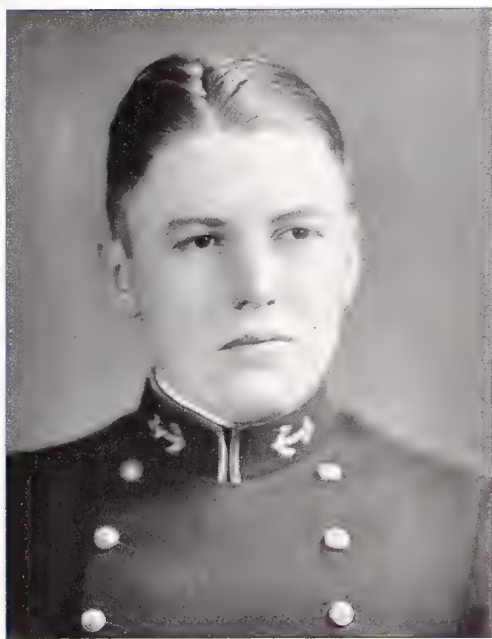
Radio Club 2, 1.

Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES MAURICE CLUTE
"Jimmy" "Pluto" "Flute"
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

FRESH from Curtis High and from Leonard's Prep in N. Y., Jimmy entered the Naval Academy with a vim. A long desired event had come to pass, for ever since he could remember he had wanted to be a Naval Officer. Jimmy combined a ready wit with a keen understanding of the humorous side of life, and during his four years here has lost none of that gift, although the humor has been grim at times.

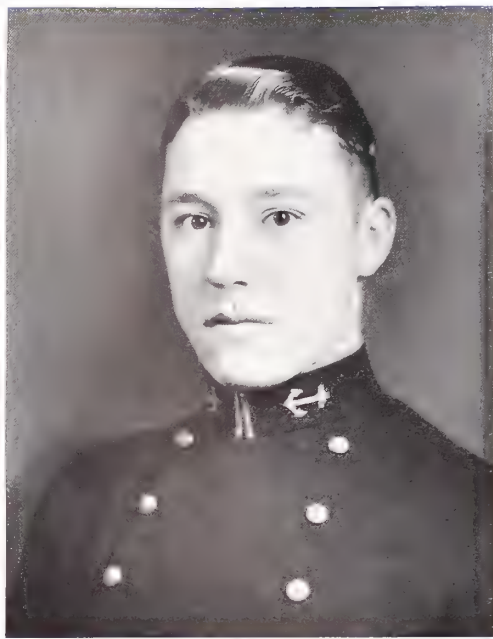
In his studies Jimmy had no serious trouble. He was a profound Dago and English savoir, and these talents, combined with the ability to "bat" an examination whenever he wanted to, have placed him well beyond the realms of those struggling for a passing mark. He took his work gracefully, and rode easily over the waves that have often swamped others.

His outside interests lay in cultural channels and in his one and only love, baseball. Good books and good music formed a definite part of his life at the Academy. With a favorite author, a chair, and a table to put his feet on he was perfectly content. He kept up with the events of the world, and made a study of the political situations. He will argue at any time about politics or International affairs.

We know his cheery disposition will be an asset to any ship, and we wish him the best of luck. He will go far in life, for he gets much out of it.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.



THOMAS BENJAMIN OAKLEY, JR.
"Ben" "Oak"
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

THE great Metropolis of New York never was so honored as when she offered this young man to the services of our country. Tall and rugged would be a good description. This plus a robust build and the boisterous swash-buckling air of the pirates of the Spanish main would have made him the hero of many a novel.

Any sport where one is required to be rough and tough is entirely to his liking. Thus we see his preference for football and water polo, dropping the first because of injuries and continuing the latter with high enthusiasm and marvelous success in the grand honor of being the left-back on Navy's 1933 Collegiate Team.

In his studies he does not tend toward brilliancy but he never has any worries over them which is a happy condition. However, in common sense, he is a match for any.

Ben intends staying in the Service and will, no doubt, make a good leader of men. He is well liked and a man who is readily followed through thick or thin. It would not be hazardous to wager that he will make a good officer since the odds are with him. He achieved his ambitions—an athlete and a clean sleever.

Good luck, Ben.

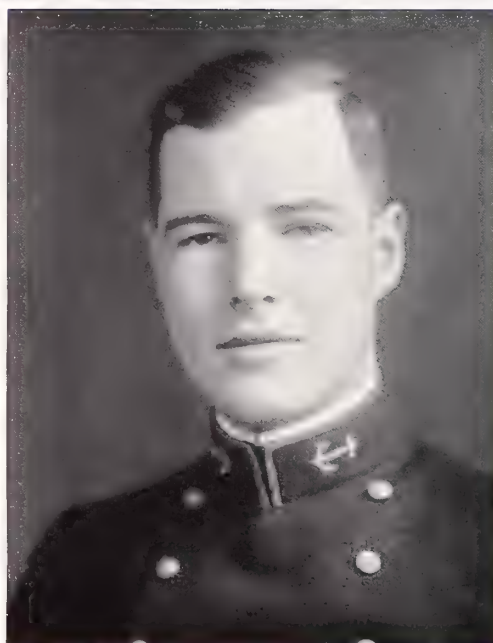
Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1.
Expert Rifleman

Cross Country 4.
Clean Sleeve
Black "N"

Football 4, 3.
"N."

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES WALTER BREWER

"Con Quien" "Charlie"

TULSA, OKLA.

DO you mind if we boast a little of Charlie? Of course, everyone else is being praised to the skies, too, but we hope we're just a little more sincere than the rest. Oklahoma reared him, but he's borne that remarkably well, and we wouldn't ask a better roommate. We admit his failings—we wouldn't be so proud of him as a paragon; but we also feel that a stock-taking of his good qualities would show a heavy credit balance. Charlie is enough of an athlete to keep him well away from the radiator, enough of a student to get good marks without (visible) effort, and enough of a lady's man to be a consistent dragger. He's the type of friend who will lend half his pay willingly and hate to remind you of it some months hence when he needs it returned. He can be clever without being noisy, and subtle without hurting feelings. His chief gripe is the Bull Tree. He can take things seriously, but we have yet to hear him called greasy. His greatest failing as a "B" room holler-out, is a strong tendency to after-taps tooth-brushing, but he makes up for that by being quickly swept out and off about his business in the mornings.

We would wish him success in his later life were it not for the fact that we are convinced that he has it in him to succeed,—and our space is used up.

Plebe Lacrosse. Hop Committee 3, 2, 1. Chairman 1.
Ring Dance Committee. "B" Squad. Basketball 2.
Two Stripes. Reception Committee.

JAMES STANLEY NUTT

"Stan" "Nert" "J. Stanley"

BROOKLINE, MASS.

STAN is not a middlewesterner's idea of a typical Bostonian. Occasionally impetuous, but consistently more than a shade lazy he has not, and probably will not set the world on fire. But in later years when men of '34 talk of the damned good men of their class Stan's name will have a place in their conversations.

Stan's education started at Mr. River's Open Air School for Boys where he caught the esquimo habit and he is still unable to sleep unless a gale is blowing through the room. Coming to "Bobby's" to coach for the entrance exams Stan met Johnny Sapp and started the everlasting argument as to which has the choicer surname. Here at the Academy Stan has achieved phenomenal success—by Youngster Year his locker door was covered with pictures, some rating as high as 2.8. Second Class Year on the Ring Dance Committee he showed his classmates that he could snip crepe paper and lug a sword belt with the best of them. By First Class Year the Executive Department recognized his leadership and consequently made him right guide of the first platoon of the first company in the first battalion.

Stan is especially gifted along literary lines. He stars every month in bull and putting this ability to good use he has edited the best news section the Log has seen in many years.

For the whole four year grind he has been a most satisfactory roommate.

Log Staff 4, 3, 2. Board 1. Trident Staff 3, 2. Lucky Bag Staff.
Class Football 2, 1. Class Lacrosse 4. Ring Dance Committee.
Class Supper Committee. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM BORN BROOKS

"Slim" "Bill" "Tiny"

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

ANIMALS can't hibernate in tropical climes: Perhaps this explains the reason for Slim Brooks leaving a good home among the grapefruit and orange groves,—he wanted to find some place to sleep, and exercise his natural ability for registering temperatures. From the Rio Grande Valley came this six-three by two hundred son of Texas at an early age to see if the Navy needed a good man. Just out of high school and being in no particular hurry, he stopped by Marion Institute on the way to pick up a little extra dope on the entrance examinations and football. Judging, however, from his academic and athletic records at the Academy this seems to have been an unnecessary precaution.

Slim gets a kick out of living. If he isn't carrying a smile on his face when you see him he is just clearing his physiognomy for a fresh one from a plenteous supply. He goes into a thing wholeheartedly, whether its a party, a football game, or "juice."

Sleeping facilities at the Naval Academy furnish the chief source of disharmony for our hero. The time and space allotted is too short. He would gladly do his bit by sacrificing part of his study hours for this purpose if the authorities would add about four inches to the length of his bed. In fact, to show his enthusiasm, he does more than his half, regardless.

As long as life is a game of give and take, Slim will continue to be a success.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1. Wrestling 3, 2, 1. Crew 4.
Company Representative 3. Three Stripes.

WILLIE MILLS DICKEY

"Bill" "Willie" "Snow-shoveler"

RUSK, TEXAS

BILL'S greatest ambition, that has not yet been realized, is to be universally called "Willie." If you ever want to please him or bring his magnetic influence over to your side, just call him "Willie," for that is the name he was known by back in the piney hills of East Texas.

On a bright June morning a freight train having numerous coal cars in tow slowed down at Marion Junction, Alabama, and out of one of them vaulted our almost unrecognizable Dickey. Bill was delivered at Marion Institute in a milk wagon along with the early morning milk. There he prepped, won his appointment in a competitive exam, and finally hiked it up to Annapolis in five days.

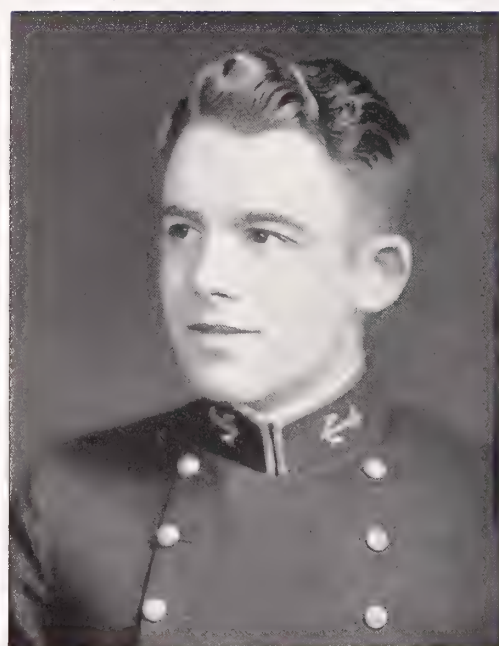
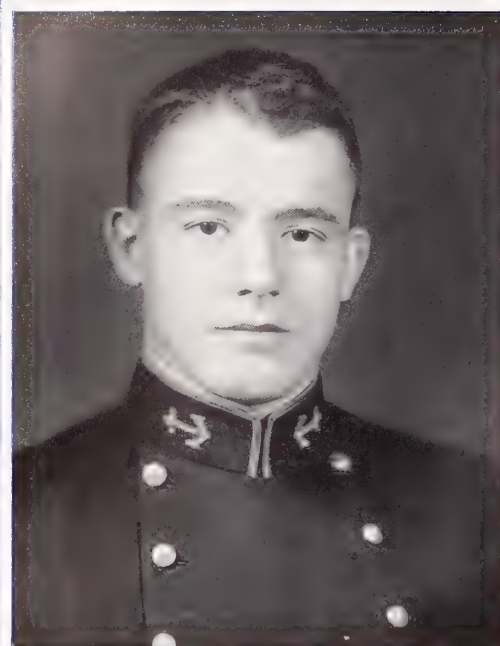
During Second Class Year, Dickey's courage and determination were evident when he soundly defeated the Navigation and Steam Departments in a stupendous battle. In that remarkable fight he won the admiration of us all. Such men are absolutely necessary to the Service.

We can now reveal that our Willie was once the pride of the Rusk Municipal Band, and that at Marion he unearthed a battered alto horn without a mouthpiece and with this veteran instrument he proudly served as first corporal of the Band. No obstacles, however big, are going to prevent him from obtaining his ambitions. He never complains of troubles and mistakes, and by this very nature and example Bill offers a soothing and natural influence to many a friend in trouble. He is truly the Good Samaritan.

Chairman Class Crest Committee. Black "N."
Class Lacrosse 4, 1. Class Football 2, 3. Class Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1.
Reception Committee. Ring Committee. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SAMUEL ROBBINS BROWN, JR.

"Sam" "Boozey"

OLD LYME, CONN.

AN Asiatic lad from the East, born in Chicago and educated in China, with a few finishing touches at Severn. We strongly suspect that Sam's real reason for coming to the Naval Academy was in an effort to find out what makes the Chinese Junks go. He can now "sketch" and describe a battleship but is still in the dark about the Junks.

Sam's pet aversions are the word paragon, women, and all sorts of dogs, especially, dachshunds and beagles. After hearing him grouch about dressing and undressing, watching him spend from ten to fifteen minutes trying to get out of bed in the morning, and hobbling to and from class, we would suggest that he add football to the above aversions.

Besides football Sam is a member of Coach Lynch's stable and during the winter months he can be found in the wrestling loft with the rest of the grunt and groan boys.

Excepting Spanish, with which subject he strove and swore at for three long years, the academics have held no terrors for Sam, and we believe that sessions with the "Cosmo," and "Red Book" have cost him many numbers.

In closing, we've had four years of fun and griping together and since Sam is determined to seek his fortune in other fields than the Navy, we wish him the best of luck and success in the life of his choice.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Wrestling 4, 3, 2 1. 2 P. O.

ROBERT ALEXANDER CHANDLER

"Bob"

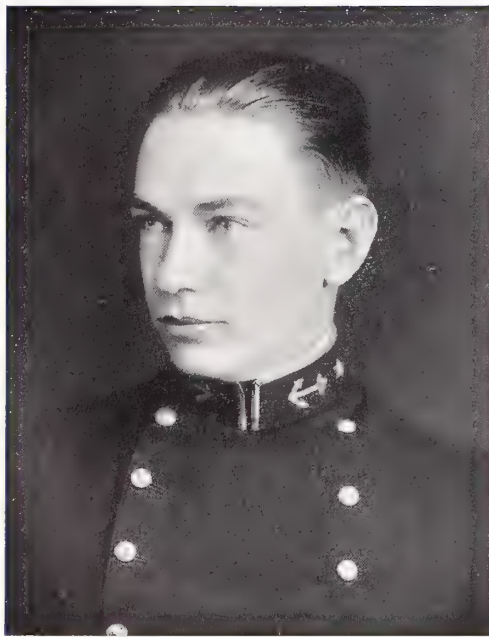
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.

BORN in a tiny hamlet in the heart of South Carolina, R. A. Chandler (the fo'teenth), after many exciting adventures, entered the Academy. His first summer proved rather uneventful, as he had little time to himself being busied with reading the U. S. N. A. R. and making laundry lists. Ac Year was another story, however, and our hero soon became well-known. Among other things, his genius was soon recognized in the Steam Department, and the originality of his drawings has startled many a sage prof. His career as an architect was, however, sadly hindered by the three practical Yankees with whom he roomed. These inconsiderate persons would not permit Bob (for that is what he is commonly termed) to devote much time to his drawings. He turned, therefore, to breaking hearts and soon became quite a favorite, or so we are led to believe. Bob's secret passion is the Civil War, and his most common practice is gliding to formation on his "wings." Although Bob's "wings" were a big advantage in the majority of cases, they were a great hindrance on the baseball field in that they often carried him completely over the bags when running bases. And finally but not least is our hero's voice. Bob is an accomplished singer and has greatly enhanced his tone quality during his career as a Midshipman, and it is with sorrow that we think of the future and no more songs.

Baseball 4, 2, 1. Class Football 3, 2. Wrestling 2, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES EDWARD HALLIGAN

"Hallie" "Otto" "Hooligan" "Eddie" "Happy"

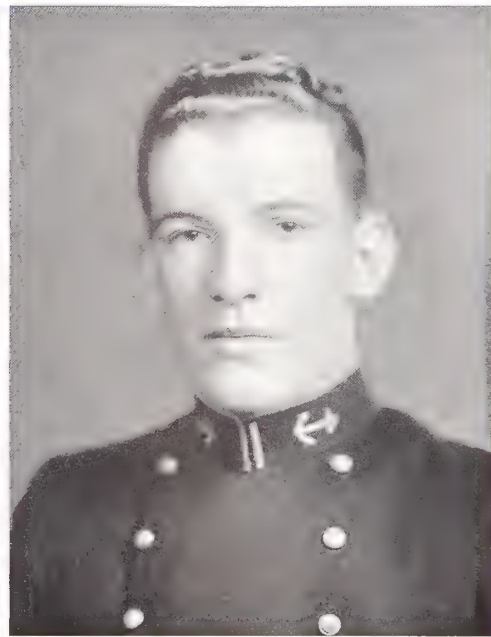
BOSTON, MASS.

THAT modest self-effacing smile, the drawl, the uncanny savviness may be all a Boston heritage but Hallie, himself, is a First Batt. institution. From German to steam Otto is an authority and his "Well, now, you see it's this way" have settled it from ground to fourth deck for unsat and star men alike. Greasoir, cutthroat and savoir have been often synonymous, but no better example of the savoir sans the other two can be found than Hap. Once Youngster Year they stirred him out of his easy-going way and before he could settle down to his nine o'clock taps again he had walked away with the Youngster prize.

The slow smile, the lack of pettiness, and his abstinence from the competitive spirit of number-jumping have marked Otto as a man apart, as has his humaneness, his non-regness and his interest in others made him liked and respected without exception.

With the greatest hope for success we see him leave, but knowing as Midshipmen or four star admiral he will always be the same—capable and the finest of classmates.

150 lb. Crew 4, 3. Star 4, 3, 2, 1. Two Stripes.



NELS CLARENCE JOHNSON

"Johnny" "Napoleon Caesar"

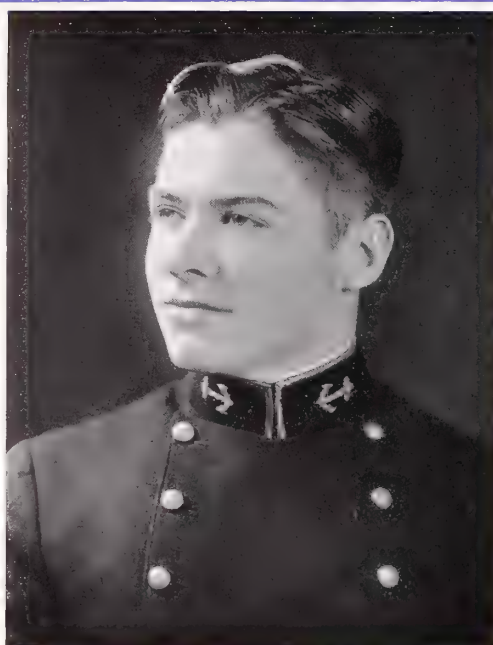
MANCHESTER, N. H.

NAPOLEON Caesar" Johnson, that big burly Swede from Manchester has just made a new all Navy record. We have awarded him with the cactus lined mattress for being the laziest mug that ever slept through four years here. He dreams not of a sleeve covered with gold but a life of joy and rest. His ideal is complete freedom from disturbing reveille bells and the even more disturbing D. O's who usually accompany the bells. But Johnny's laziness is overshadowed by his unsurpassed compassion for his fellow man. Nowhere could a better friend be found. The radiator club has found in him a staunch supporter. His activities in the club began rather late in his Naval Academy career, because as an underclassman their still lingered in him a spark of love for the more brutal sports of the outdoors. Through constant and diligent application, however, he has become one of Navy's outstanding all time bull throwers and recently has added the vices of Culbertson to his list. In spite of Johnny's easy going attitude and even his mildest dreams it is the general belief that he will find himself, not far in the future, one of the Navy's outstanding officers. In keeping with this nature he is skeptical about it and thinks he would make a darn good farmer, but now that he's in the Navy he can't help himself. Admiral Napoleon Caesar Johnson wouldn't sound so bad at that.

Football 4, 3. "B" Squad. Crew 4. Wrestling 4.
Track 2, 1. 2 P.O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLAYTON SMITH CLARK

"Bucko" "Admiral" "Clay"

CARBONDALE, PA.

IT IS from the small towns that the great men come. We are sure this statement will prove true with Clay. He has that excellent faculty of getting along with people, since he is well convinced that he wears the trousers in the family.

His technique and breath-taking ways have much endeared him to the fair sex. Clay is quite particular about the ladies, though. He prefers either blondes or brunettes, especially since red heads are so rare. Clay might try to give the impression of being a Red Mike, but every hop finds him present with a little gal on his arm. The practice he has obtained here in slinging a good line surely ought to help him sell the Brooklyn Bridge to Al Smith.

Clay has never been bothered seriously about academics, his greatest trouble lying in figuring how much he needs to get by, when the lazy months roll around. He usually keeps his word, but for three years he has been saying "I'll be leaving you boys in June," yet he is still here, hale and hearty.

It is really going to be hard to lose him, but he has bigger things to do in the world. We all join in wishing him the best of luck in his next adventure.

Radio Club. Reception Committee. Class Soccer 4.
2 P. O.

ROBERT HENRY MILBRATH

"Bucko" "Bob" "Milly"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

BOB, no doubt influenced by blue waters of Lake Michigan, heard the call of the sea and joined us on that fateful day in July, '30. Academics have given him little trouble and he has led a carefree life among us little concerned with what the next day might bring. Ever smiling and with a good sense of humor he was always ready to join a round table conversation. Although always eager to argue any point, he was ready to accept another's view if it was sound.

Hardly a week-end passed but Bob was to be found escorting one of the fair sex, giving her a line that would have done credit to the original snake. He possessed an excellent judgment but just couldn't say no to a sweet young thing.

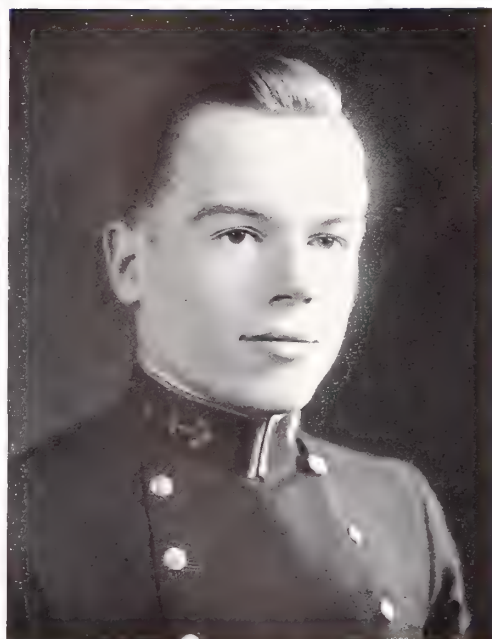
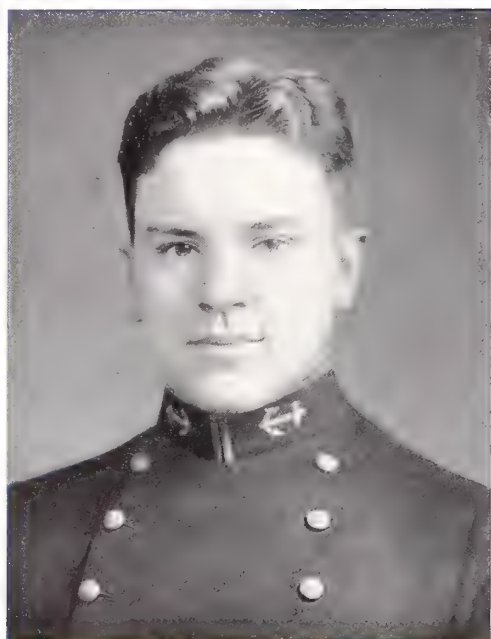
The water had a great attraction for Bob and he spent the greater part of his time during the fall and winter swimming, a sport in which he excelled.

Loyalty, friendliness, and a readiness to help others have attributed to his unrivaled personality. A gentleman, a friend, and a fine roommate. Au revoir and good luck to you, Bob.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. sNr. Track 2.
Reception Committee. Regimental Adjutant.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES RUSSELL NEET

"Jim" "Nit"

ROSEDALE, IND.

AS our minds wander back to June of '30, we can picture Jim as he takes one last look at Rosedale and the banks of the Wabash—his childhood home—and heads eastward to join us in the hard struggle to become "an officer and a gentleman." He had the edge on most of us, though, for he was a gentleman from the start. And let nary a man dispute the fact, for they will find Jim quite a tough chap to deal with on the wrestling mat up in the loft. Wrestling has always attracted Jim, and the Navy can be truly sorry that he liked his chow so well that he wouldn't train. In the spring his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of track—no, not love. Jim is, and always has been, the next thing to "Red Mike," but he has dragged blind a couple of times. And how he does like those robust damsels.

All his life he has been musically inclined, his worst means of torture being a draw between a trombone and his crooning. During his course here at the Academy he has formed the base of the N. A. Ten—and what a foundation it was.

As a wife he is perfect, for he can always be depended upon—yes, depended upon to always disagree and argue good naturedly in an attempt to get your goat. We will always fondly remember the four years we have spent with you, Jim.

Wrestling 4. Class Football. N. A. 10. Choir.
Musical Club. Reception Committee. Track 4.
Two Stripes.

CHESTER ASA SIVER

"Chet" "Si"

KENOSHA, WIS.

BACK in Kenosha where they manufacture Nashes and the fair sex is reputed to be a little fairer, there are many fond friends who have long known Chet would make good, but we had to find that out for ourselves since he has been here. And after four years of companionship with him we know that with his amiable grin, positive character, and active mind, he will find friends and success wherever he goes.

Although not a heavyweight he is a versatile athlete, and has upheld the athletic record of his class in several sports, both varsity and inter-class.

Being naturally a brilliant student, he has found academics a set up, and has easily won his star every year, and also has found time to lend a helping hand to shipmates in distress.

Had he not been so particular, we might accuse him of being a snake. Nevertheless, most of the hops found Chet on hand throwing out a line and keeping some particularly fortunate damsel well entertained.

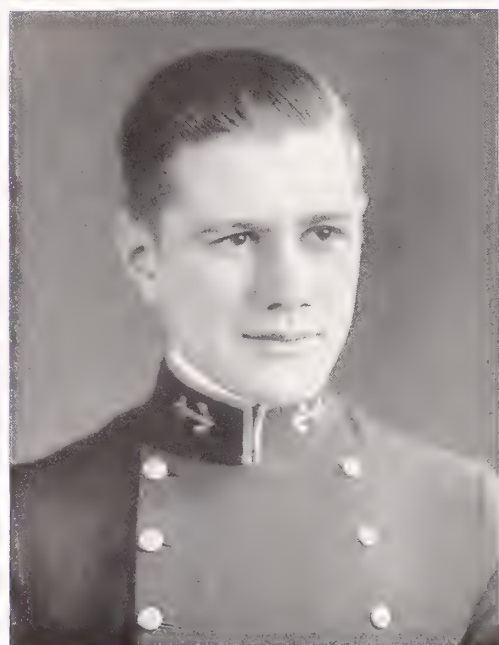
Temperate in all things, yet always ready for a scuffle, a bull contest, or what have you, Chet has been an excellent friend and companion. In Bancroft Hall, on a practice cruise, or on leave he has worked hard, and yet found time for recreation.

Here's a wish for that million dollar job, well gained happiness, and a future life worthy of the start made in old Bancroft Hall. I give you a man's man, a gentleman, a scholar, and a pal,—Chet.

Swimming 4, 3. Track 4, 2, 1. Class Swimming.
Class Track. Class Cross Country. Basketball.
Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Chapel Usber.
Star 4, 3, 2. Regimental Commissary Officer.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM MAGILL COLLINS, JR.

"Bill" "Willie"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE early years of Bill's life were spent in the wilds of Wisconsin but later on Bill came to Washington where he came under the influence of the Navy and soon afterward followed his decision to enter the Naval Academy. So we find him entering the gates of his future Alma Mater one sweltering summer's day four years ago. Bill was soon in the midst of Plebe Summer and was promptly initiated into the intricacies of a rifle and an oar. That summer found Bill's attention divided between baseball and football and frequent visits from the girls left behind in Washington—much to everyone's envy. Plebe Year saw a sudden cessation of feminine company and a tussle with academics and First Classmen, but the end of the year saw Bill on friendly terms with both. Youngster and Second Class Years saw his circle of friends increase and it was evident that success was to be his in his chosen profession.

His ability to play bridge has sometimes been questioned but he usually manages to win—with a good partner. His other qualities and virtues are an unfailing generosity and an ability to dance. His roommate has listened to Bill's accounts of his Sept. leaves several times but then not all of us have the privilege of meeting a blonde lady that is admired by thousands.

We all wish Bill good luck and are certain that he will be a decided addition to Uncle Sam's fleet.

Baseball 4. Class Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Musical Club Show 2, 1.
Choir 4, 3, 2. Cheer Leader 1. Glee Club 2, 1.
M. P. O.

JOHN CROYSDALE MARTIN

"Jack" "Ajax" "Superhuman"

CHICAGO, ILL.

ON June 17, 1930, a little zephyr from the windy city blew into our midst. From then on things started to happen, including an increase, by one member, of the extra duty squad.

The "acs" had little terror for him. Just to show 'em he went unsat for two terms in mathematics and then passed the re-exams.

During the fall months, he aided the class football team by always crashing the lines of the opponents for yardage. When spring of Second Class Year rolled around he gave birth to the happy idea that the track team needed his presence and accordingly started to heave the javelin around the field much to the consternation of friend and foe alike.

As a snake our Jack was one of the finest. Carvel Hall on Sundays was not conspicuous unless he was there, giving the drags a break, with his varying assortment of intricate steps. Ask the drags about it.

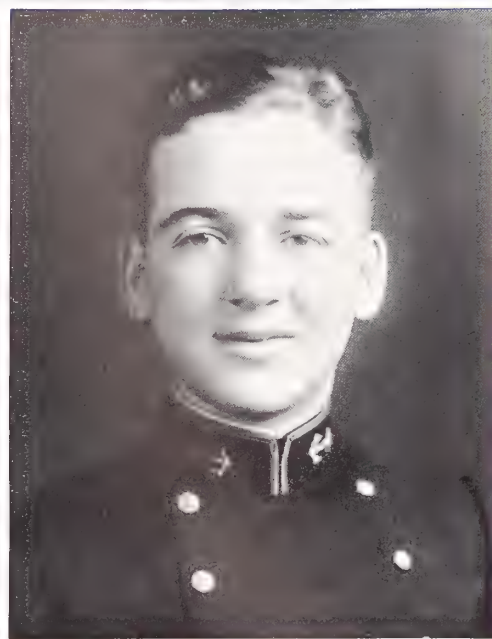
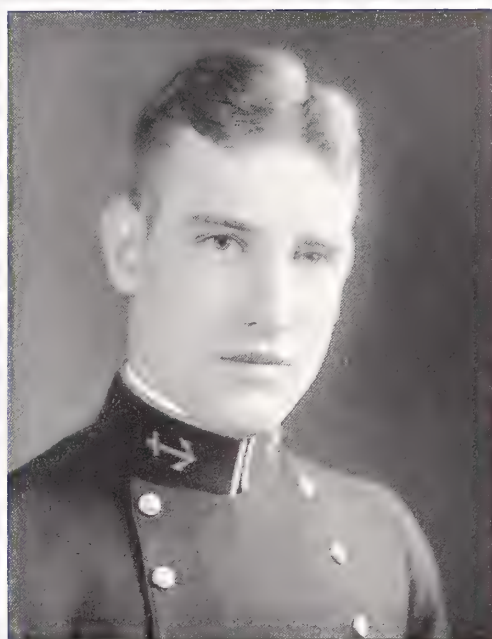
In addition to all these stirring qualities, his consummate skill at bridge has attracted attention far and wide although his partner has often wondered why he plays so feverishly for the opposition with his doubling on general principles.

All in all this ever-smiling piece of humanity is a true friend and pal. O. K. Chicago!

Class Football 4, 2, 1. Varsity Track 2, 1. Crew 4.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN WILLIAMS FLORENCE

"John" "Nightie" "Preacher"

ANTLERS, OKLA.

THIS dashing blade hails from the great state of Oklahoma. Great because it is close to Texas. He owes his superior intellect to Hall's War College, where he was taught the ways of the world.

Nightie is a confirmed Red Mike, but the general opinion is that he is pining for some Indian maid back in dear old Antlers. He learned how to throw the javelin from the old Indian Chief, Pushmataha, and he has kept the varsity track men in constant fear of losing their places on the training table. John goes into a tantrum when anyone mentions measles, for he only finished Second Class Year in time to catch the German measles, and had to spend Rest Week and part of June Week in the hospital. Although he always believes he is bilging everything, he always manages to stay on the safe side of 2.5. We know that Nightie has been a perfect wife, and it will be a lucky girl who gets him for a mate. Antlers should be proud of its contribution to the Navy.

"Hey, Nightie, wanta drag this week?"

Basketball.

2 P. O.

ROBERT NEAL ROBERTSON

"Bob" "Bobbie" "Robbie"

QUANAH, TEXAS

LIKE most hopefuls from the wide open spaces, Bob arrived on the W. B. & A. carrying a bag of clothes and books which he soon found were of no use to him. When he first went up to be examined his heart beat so fast that they told him to lie on the floor and calm down.

After that scare he calmed down and caught onto the run of things pretty quickly, complaining only the first few days that he thought it would be a good idea to put mail chutes in all battalions instead of only putting them by the main office.

Bob always gets his 2.5 and surplus velvet to go with it, so he has plenty of time to do his dragging. He keeps repeating that he will do no more dragging for a long time but he meets some girl and weakens long enough to ask her to a hop.

As a wife he is all there, never argues except when he thinks some one shifted the I. C. O. R. Sign on him when he wasn't looking.

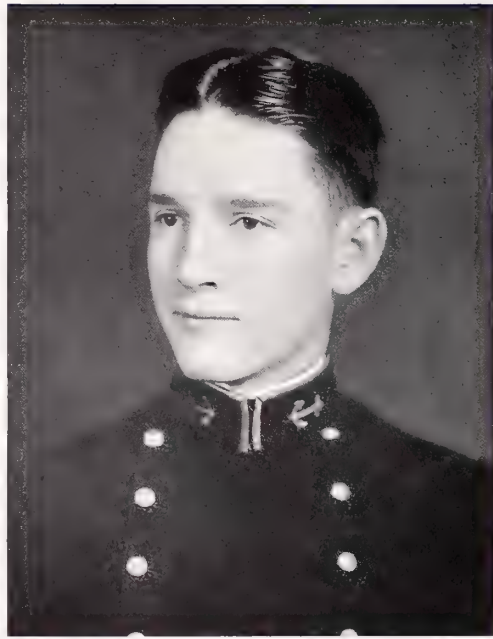
All things point to his getting on in the future and all hands wish him luck in trying it.

150 lb. Crew.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT HENRY DAVIES

"Bob" "Sleepy" "R. H."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

GOOD Lord, in the foothills, that's not formation, is it?" was heard in the shower a short time after the bell had rung. Yes, that's been a frequent occurrence but as yet Bob has never missed getting there, if it was a trifle late.

He is well versed in many sciences and usually can be found studying some theory entirely foreign to the regular assignment. "Say, do you know that a 14 inch gun develops 145,000,000 horsepower?"

In an argument he is anything but a yes man. He has a great many ideas sometimes radical but usually sound. Our tall brunette has never been claimed by the head lines to be a star athlete, but his aggressiveness has not made him an easy opponent when it comes to swimming or tennis.

Sleepy has a keen sense of humor and is always ready to take a hand; be it bridge, feminine or what not, preferably feminine. With one of someone else's Skags and the latest sweet nothings of love from the current Sweet things he spent many dreamy-eyed hours of reverie.

Bob is one who has a manner of meeting every situation with ease and positive results. With his ideals, intellect, individuality, interest and integrity, he should land safely in the port of success.

Swimming 4, 3, 2. Class Football 2, 1. 2 P. O.
Musical Clubs Show 1.

GEORGE DEWEY HOFFMAN

"Red" "Hoff"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TEARING himself away from the glittering social life of the Capital, George came to us as a Plebe. In spite of such a violent change in environment he enjoyed fully his first summer. He early showed a desire to join the ranks of that famous old corps, the *Carvel Cadets*. His first efforts were crowned not only with failure but with many jolly hours on the "Green bench."

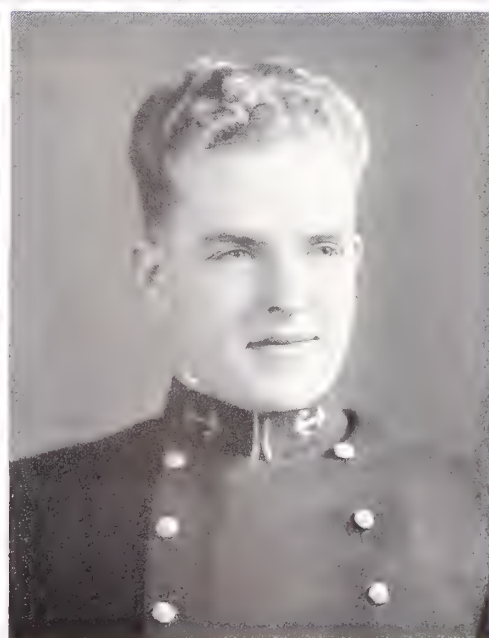
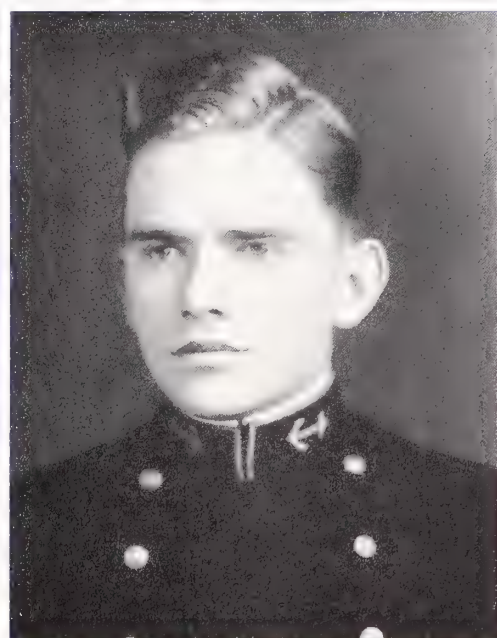
Not daunted however, George continued his conquest among the fair sex and many girlish hearts missed a beat at the sight of this suave handsome Midshipman and thrilled at the sound of his charming voice. Academics never worried him, he took them as they came. A charter member of the Radiator Club he exhibited their general characteristics. Easy going, friendly, blase and yet never too tired to engage in a controversy on any subject. He has a deep rooted love for the Service and is following in the footsteps of his father and older brother. A true classmate and a hail fellow well met; we predict for George a successful future in whatever walk of life he may choose to follow.

Expert Pistol.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM RANDOLPH PEELER

"Bill" "Spud"

MEXICO, MO.

THE door flies open with a bang and a sunshiny face bursts in with the latest scuttlebutt. Our Bill is always on the alert and interested in things around him. This fun-loving bundle of energy hails from the "show me" State, where he attended the State University for a year before the appeal of the wandering life of the sea overcame his inherent love of home and State.

Bill found the Dago Department rather unfriendly, but his perseverance and bull-dogged determination kept him relatively safe. In other fields he has more than maintained his own.

A great tennis enthusiast, he ranks relatively high in the Academy, but, as yet, just a little bit under those chosen few who carry the blue and gold against foreign invaders.

Ever cheerful bubbling over with enthusiasm, and animation, Bill refuses to allow anything to keep him down for long. He's particularly adept at cheering one with, "Oh, well, there are a lot more to come," after an especially hard Nav P. Work. He is even able to carry some of his cheerfulness over to a blue Monday after his week-end sojourns in Crab town. His industry and ready wit are sure to help him mount high whether he chooses the Navy or the great U. S. S. Outside on graduation.

Tennis 4, 3, 2.

Boxing 4.

Swimming 3, 1.

President 1.

Two Stripes.

Quarter-Deck Society 3, 2, 1.

MARSHALL WILLIAM WHITE

"Whitey" "Blanco" "M. W."

MONTGOMERY CITY, MO.

AFTER spending a year at Missouri University, Whitey decided for himself a naval career. To enter the four grey walls with all the sobriety that is attendant with the commencing of Plebe Year was not an easy job for Whitey loves a good time. With characteristic pluck Marshall came through the first wilderness, finding much enjoyment in certain phases of it after all, especially the days spent upon the river with the crew squad. Sunday afternoon now finds him a true fusser of the Old Navy; Carvel claims him as her own. As for the weaker sex his only worry is which one to drag. Although of a very fun loving nature, he is not without purpose and aim, as a few years hence will prove.

In parting, let us remark that ambition is his greatest virtue. With his frank manner and engaging personality Marshall will make hosts of friends wherever he goes.

Varsity Plebe Crew.

Youngster Year Crew.

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN KENNETH DAVIS

"Jake" "Ken"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

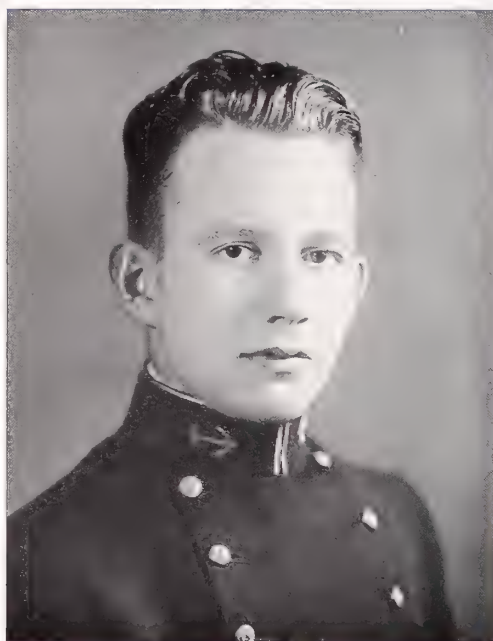
JAKE is what he is known by to his roommates and friends around the Academy, while Ken is the name the femmes use to designate their hero with the brass buttons.

Jake joined the Navy during the summer of 1929, to see the world. He soon decided he would prefer to see this great world on the end of a sextant instead of a swab, so November of that year found him in the Naval Academy Prep class at San Diego. In the old Navee Jake picked up his "non-reg" attitude. Oh, yes, he realizes there is a reg book, but he never bothers to read it or be guided by it, except to figure out how many hours of extra duty he will have to walk for his last encounter with the powers that be.

Any study-hours will find John either writing a letter to an address in St. Louis at which we are told a very sweet girl resides, or reading the latest magazine that is attainable on the deck. Academics have been the least of John's worries; but he is always willing to drop some pearls of wisdom to the ears of his not so savvy roommates.

Almost any evening John will tell us between puffs on his faithful old pipe what a swell guy he is. We have lived with him during our four years here and this is the only statement on which we have all agreed.

Plebe Track. Class Track 3. M.P.O. Class Football 1.



ROBERT MATTHEWS LEE

"Pon-Shea" "General" "Bob"

SAINT PETERSBURG, FLA.

SOMEONE hits the drop lamp up the corridor. The metallic clang rings out in the study-hour. Silence. There's a scuffle as a chair topples over down the hall, the snorting of a baby hippo, a wild pounding on the deck—and then silence again.

Pon-Shea emerges from his room, red-faced. He staggers up the corridor. "What round," he mutters to himself, "what round."

But it's all a game to this Florida tornado for behind that honest face of serious and noble intent lies the old carefree nature of our Bobby. "You greasoir, studying, and sat!"

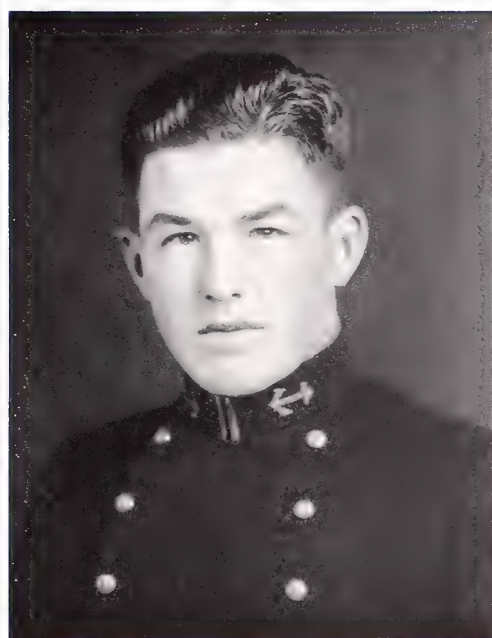
This long, lean son of palms, sunshine and grapefruit is Navy's sole exponent of the knee cap punch and is always willing to smilingly oblige with a demonstration. "Come here, Kid, want to tell you something."

The General is in his element in the ring. With a great right and the courage made memorable in the famous Moran fight of Youngster Year, Bob measures up to any Navy standard of fight. The General, always ready with a smile, a playful punch and his happy-go-lucky inconsequential line, has made a host of loyal friends—to whom as shipmates or just former classmates he will be the one and only Pon-Shea. "Get it, Kid, d'ya get it!"

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 3. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



NORMAN PRICE HENDRICK

"Dan" "Pierre" "N. P."

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

THE "Missy," late in June 1930, sent our hero to the Naval Academy one of the select group called Southern Gentlemen. The ship still holds an interest in Dan's mind as often he will pull up his chair, light his pipe, and give us, his unsuspecting roommates a sea tale "now when I was a fire controlman, etc."

Dan was so imbued with the non-reg and easy-going attitude of the Navy that during the four years of his life here he has been the particular despair of the stripers and a constant source of amusement and pleasure to his friends.

Although he never distinguished himself as a scholar, he has a keen practical mind which he will use on occasion to prove himself equal to the obstacles set forth by the Academic Departments. He refuses to exert himself unnecessarily; consequently, he may usually be found in the anchor sections and by the radiator.

Dan is in a class by himself; we think he is the best man here.

Plebe Wrestling.

Class Football 2, 1.

KENNETH GUY PEARCE

"Ken" "Cage"

BAKER, MONT.

JUST as you have turned in to get a good night's rest and have dozed off comfortably you suddenly have a sensation that the world is falling on you or that the overhead has given in to the force of gravity, but "snapping out of it" you find it is only Kenneth coming around to bid you goodnight.

His method is unique, in that he starts from across the room at a run, makes a hop, skip, and jump, and makes a perfect two-point landing with his knees in the center of your back, doing little more than temporarily paralyzing you. This is only one of his repertoire of funny tricks, all of which liven the day for his roommates. "To obey the regulations is to admit that you're losing your grip and that you haven't the intelligence to get around them." This seems to be Kenneth's code, and you can be sure that a highly interesting tale is forthcoming when he starts out: "I sure got away with it today . . .," and his two roommates are properly awed at his daring.

He has the faculty of sitting for long periods puffing on one of his pipes, which, by the way, smells like an incinerator on a trial run. A gleam may come into his eye and he will glance locker doorward and chant, "Boys, she's a sweet girl."

About the most we can say for him, he's very easy to live with.

Baseball 4.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DUNCAN PATTERSON DIXON, JR.

"Dixie" "Dunc"

TALLADEGA, ALA.

HERE'S a man for you. To know Duncan is to realize that and to instill a desire to cultivate his friendship. You can't help but like him and to admire his character. All of the qualities which make for success are found in this product of Alabama—perseverance, ability and tact along with good common sense. Hard work is what he likes, and he tackles it with all he's got. Although he'll tell you he loves to be lazy it's only after work and play are over. His loyalty, strong personality and courage stand him high in the esteem of his classmates. We predict a pleasant and profitable career for him marked with the never ending addition of true friends.

Swimming is his sport and every winter you'll find Dixie in the Natatorium keeping up with the best of them. He's a great asset to a good swimming team. He claims to be a Red Mike but don't you believe it—although he's far from a snake and somewhat backward about attending hops. Academics present no obstacles to him as he stands well above the middle of the class.

Living a day both cheerful and serious, always doing his best to help others, makes him a real companion and pal. His perpetual smile and genuine laugh are contagious. He's a roommate without equal.

Lucky Bag Staff. *Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1.* *M. P. O.*

EDGAR SAMUEL POWELL, JR.

"Eddie" "Sam'l"

DULUTH, MINN.

SOME candidates for entrance to the Naval Academy have the advantage of being sent to high priced, high powered Prep schools, that boast that they can send a man to the Academy without a hitch. Others enter through their own honest efforts, and with no other help. If you think this method easy, ask Eddie, and learn the real truth. During his four years as a Midshipman, Eddie worked with this same independent spirit. Although he tries to create the impression that he is one to shun work, he is as hard a worker as any, never doing the job by halves, and never satisfied with just a two five.

Possibly, the reason he did not star may be due to a very generous nature, often carried to extremes. Many an evening study period has been spent by Eddie explaining "Juice" or "Nav" to a less Savvy classmate, at the same time neglecting subjects that should have been studied.

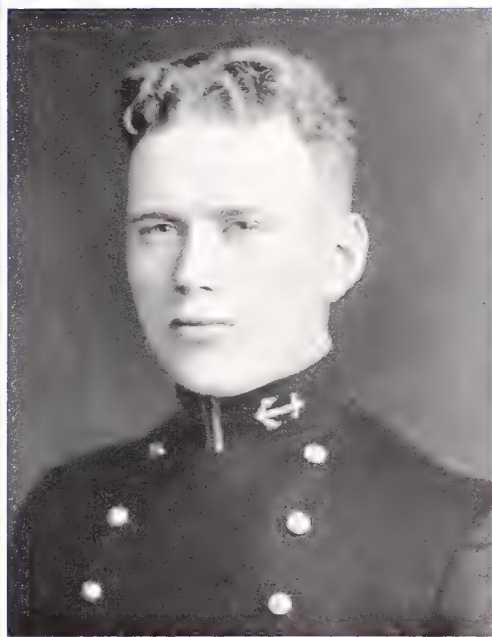
Eddie has not had much success in the line of athletics, and it would be false to say that his lack of success was caused by indifference toward sports, or lack of exertion in athletics. During the winter of Plebe Year Eddie certainly did his share in conditioning the plebe boxing team, meaning a black eye more than once.

Everyone has his faults, and sorry to say Eddie has one—an exaggerated modesty. However, Eddie is one of whom it can be said that he is a fine shipmate and trusted friend.

Boxing 4. *Glee Club 3, 2.* *1 P. O.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM CONRAD HEMBURY

"Bill" "Whitey" "Hem"

BABYLON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

FOUR years ago this raw product from New York greeted us with a smile, a knowing one. Was he not backed up by years of "Sea-faring" at divers Long Island watering places? Whitey has since acquired a suavity of a man of the world, although he still retains a very ready blush, in spite of indignant denials, the original "Red Mike" is now turned quite away from former vows. He is generally among those present and the time has not yet come when he has not helped up the hop "average."

But these are hardly all of the angles of the case. Whitey has succeeded in filling a well rounded out circle of activities. Winter afternoons will find him in the pool knocking off a couple thousand yards, or whatever the swimmers days work is. In between times he lets off steam swinging a lacrosse stick in the interclass jousts, or tackling anybody who looks as though they might be carrying a football. Besides this, Whitey may often be found fiddling around with the orchestra or perhaps answering fan mail.

Some say he is rather close when it comes to information about himself, but we prefer to call it modesty. Trying to keep things somewhere along the straight and narrow his roommates may well regard him as the "Gyro" of the room. We need a step ladder for this next Halo Bill, but "you can take it"—on land or sea it's good to know you're one of us.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1.

Class Football 3, 1.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.

Class Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1.

Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

PAUL VAN LEUNEN, JR.

"Van" "Prime Vertical" "Bobu"

CINCINNATI, OHIO

CINCINNATI? Sure, that's where they make Ivory Soap and valves." Van graduated from Withrow High School one week-end and the next found himself a Plebe. Since then, he says that Academy life is just one week-end after another, with educational interludes and a few leaves thrown in.

As a wife, Van was sufficient, for one never needed to call in an outsider for an argument. He would argue anything arguable, winning half the time and accepting defeat with a smile the other half. Ofttimes he has been rated as one of the forty percent, but his grades indicate the opposite. Van likes the cultural subjects more than the practical ones, and exults in ignoring details, in order to stress the underlying fundamentals. His primarily analytical mind should carry him far in the Service. There never was an unsat or tree climber he wouldn't help.

Van's savviness is coupled with a happy smile and a cheerful nature that never tolerates the blues. His optimism is his most well-known characteristic.

As regards the fair ones, Van is an enigma. He attended all the hops, and dragged a fair percentage of the time, but we still can't discover that he has ever fallen. First Class Year, his locker door which a year before had been fairly well decorated, was as barren as the radiators are of heat on a cold Maryland morning. He believes in the old pedestal idea.

"Know that barber in the corner? Look what he did to my hair!"

Lucky Bag Staff.

Musical Clubs 2, 1.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLARENCE THOMAS DOSS, JR.

"Dukie" "One Too" "Duke"

COTTON PLANT, ARK.

DUKIE is one of these quiet souls who is never bothered by the bustle and hustle of academic strife. His chief occupations consist of wheedling two fives from the profs, working out in the gym, hounding the radiator, discoursing at lengths on any and many subjects, chasing la femme, swearing off chasing la femme, and dreaming of dear old metropolis. His battle of 2.5 has been a memorable one. Many a time he looked as if he were going down for the last time, but every time he poked his chin above the low water mark and treaded water until a new term saved him. After hours he has donned his gym clothes and got in some good licks working on weights. As often as not, though, he has stuck in the room, gathered some cronies, and started a glorified bull session. His great passion for snowing under the fair sex has led him to use his southern technique to its full extent, and how he has fooled them!

In spite of his narrow academic escapes, and his sundry other harrowing experiences, Dukie graduates almost untouched by the dread asiaticus. A few more months and he would probably have succumbed but as is, he is going out unscathed, almost. If he settles down in Cotton Plant look him up, he'll show you a good time. Here's how, Duxsy, Wuxsy!

*Glee Club 2. 1 P. O. Musical Club.
Class Water Polo 1. Cast 1.*

DEWEY GEORGE JOHNSTON

"Dewey" "Johnny" "Frankie"

AMBER, OKLA.

HE said, "write me a biography, neither slapstick nor eulogy."

Dewey is a rare combination of common sense, understanding and tact, tolerant (as he must have been living with me) yet, possessing withal a tenacity of purpose instilled fighting the "acs." He is the politician of the family obtaining with his understanding of people things that words beget not. He has never made an enemy and his genuine interest in people is the kind of flattery devoid of hypocrisy.

His drags are legend—and a legend "What, you didn't like her? Her dad's got lots of money!"

The same fight with academics has made it difficult for Dewey to show what a hundred and seventy pounds of dynamite and speed can do, but this Lewis Firpo of the ring always manages to cinch a seat on the training table with an occasional Sunday workout. Each Spring Dewey can be seen showing up two hundred pound visitors in the shot put, until Johnston, Navy five points have blended into one. But he is in his own element when he takes to the water. "Johnston, step up and swim a width. Now watch carefully, everybody." And the whole room is proud of the "ah's" and "oh's" he receives as he churns up the water.

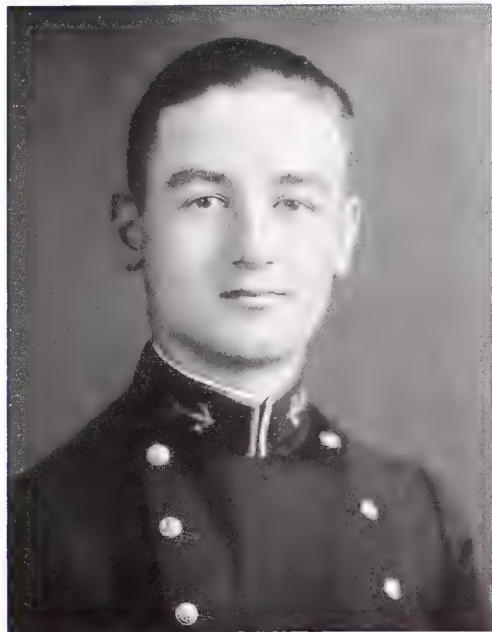
Few people have seen the Academy in its many phases as has Dewey—and fewer still have left it with more genuine friends.

"Hey, Collie, have you seen my slipstick? No, it's not in the wastebasket. How about your laundry bag?"

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Sub Squad 4, 3, 2. Boxing 3, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EARL WILLIAM LOGSDON

"Log" "Percy"

LAS ANIMAS, COLO.

HERE he is, folks, a real broncho-bursting, cow-puncher from the Far West. He is "Percy the Great," the "Pride of Las Animas." Percy joined the ranks of the Admirals in June, 1930. Plebe Year found him "toting Miss Springfield."

As far as academics were concerned he wasn't exactly "savvy," but he had what was needed to crash through with a 2.5 or better. Youngster Year he fought a hard battle with mathematics, but was finally given the decision. Many afternoons found him practising with the subsquad for the "Olympics." He was neither "greasy," "non-reg," nor "reg," but just a happy "medium."

Getting down to the romantic side of Percy we find that he possessed that something which we all call "it." Girls, here's your chance, Apollo and all of his romantic technique was no comparison with this "answer to a maiden's prayer." So aim at his heart, that is his weakest spot.

His activities, aside from women, found him managing the freebooters First Class Year, playing in the orchestra, and managing the business side of the Log. If Percy follows the sea as a life occupation, the Navy will truly acquire a great asset. So, Percy, may your ever winning smile and your happy disposition carry you through to a successful landing wherever you go whether it be on land or on sea.

Soccer Asst. Manager 4, 3, 2. Manager 1. Log Business Manager.
Reception Committee. Orchestra. Sub-Squad 4, 3, 2.
2 P. O.

WILLIAM WELDON STARK, JR.

"Willie" "Amos" "Wilhelm" "Bill"

COMMERCE, GA.

YOU are right, girls, this is Amos, but you are not the first to fall for that appealing and humorous, yet innocent gaze. For some reason this "sentimental gentleman from Georgia" has the uncanny knack of talking femmes into a trance from which they never completely return. He has more girl friends than Solomon had wives. Apparently he was "born to love" and is still susceptible.

His favorite topics for conversation are women, women, and women; and he talks of them most of the time. His methods of self-expression are effective, though occasionally a trifle violent. He can see humor in almost anything and usually does.

Academics? Well, he had an overtime skirmish with the Skinny Department Plebe Year from which perseverance brought him forth victorious. But it was in the Bull Department where he had to show the most fight to stay on top. He can talk long and fluently but when it comes to writing he uses styles that don't exactly please the profs.

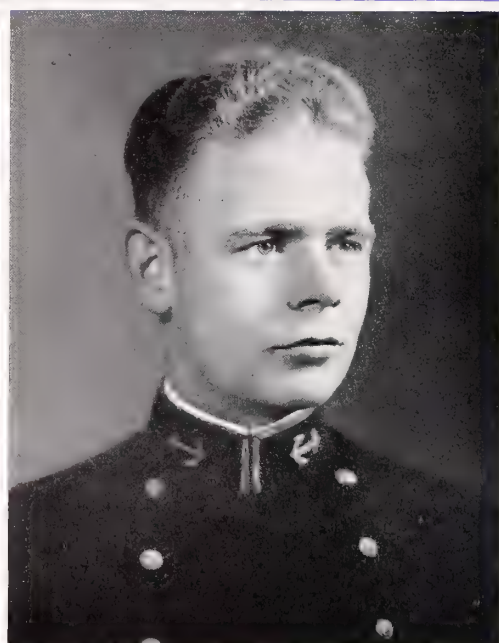
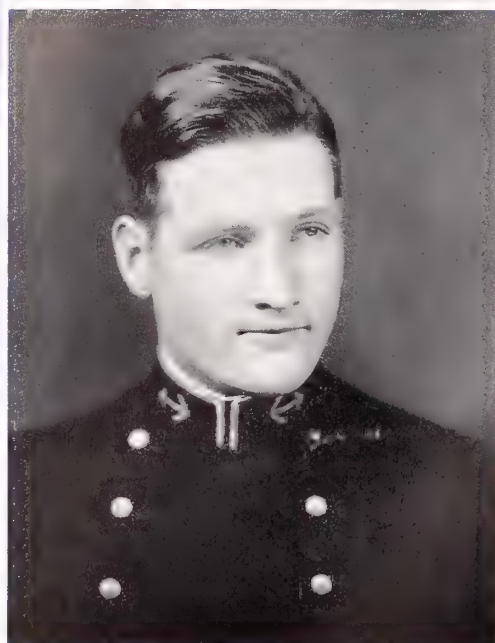
His future does not worry us a great deal. He may follow the sea and yet he may return to dear old Commerce for, as men of the Navy never ask questions, we have never learned the reasons for his departure from the land of the peach blossom. But afloat or ashore, we may expect anything from this Georgia cracker and believe he will always be found sailing his ship safely through all rocks and shoals. Happy landing, Bill!

Class Track 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN LEE FOSTER

"Gadge" "John"

HAMBURG, N. Y.

ABELLOW like a fog horn, a whistle like the Twentieth Century Limited, and a story better than Munchausen's best; there is our very own John. Roaring and roistering, he travels from room to room, leaving a trail of splintered chairs, skag stubs on the deck, and hilarious friends. From the double bottoms of the good ship Wyoming to the third deck of Bancroft Hall we've followed him, laughing with him and trying to be even more insane than his masterful efforts.

His interests travel as far as he himself does—Iraq and Afghanistan being his loves; his quick intelligence drags a hidden glamor from the driest of travel books and makes strange lands as fascinating as his own stories of them.

Never allowing himself to be perturbed by the academics, he has nevertheless remained far enough ahead of them to be sat at the end of the term. Make no mistake about it, he's not wooden; he just isn't offered anything worthy of his efforts.

Those of us who have been associated with him these four years feel that we owe him a great debt, for he has added a rare enjoyment to many otherwise dull hours. Predicting his future is a futile task, but whatever he does, he'll do it in a way that it's never been done before.

2 P. O.

JOSEPH WILEY STIVERS

"Wile" "Stivo" "Joe"

PIEDMONT, MO.

FROM the metropolis of the Ozarks, Piedmont, came that sage of the wilderness, one Stivers who has endeared himself to us by means of his ready wit and clever repartee.

He often remarks that it seems different being able to wear shoes and sit at a table. In private life he follows the course of least resistance but since the advent of his Naval career he has proved himself a very worthy member of the suicide squad and other branches of human endeavor, such as the radiator club. Aided by his carefree nature and happy-go-lucky tendencies he has spent a very happy existence within these walls. From Plebe Year to this day he has been noted for his philanthropy and his charitable inclinations which have made him honored and respected in many circles.

He can always be counted on for his generous support of any worthy cause. He cannot be considered as a Red Mike in the true sense but if the term could be modified to that of a conservative "hotch" (cha), we should be able to use this terminology to great advantage. He started at the bottom of the ladder when very young, we shall say at the tender age of zero and has been mounting upwards ever since both in stature and ability.

In conclusion we may add that in his companionship and close association we all have benefited considerably.

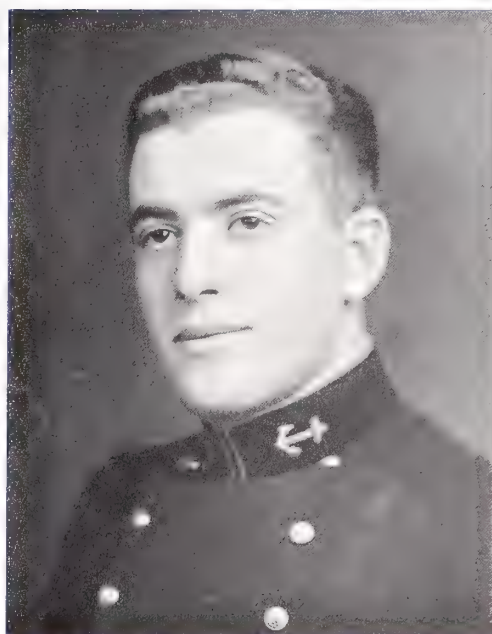
Class Swimming.

Water Polo.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LEWIS FREEDMAN
"Benny" "Prince"
JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

GOOD-NATURED, a bit fog bound at times, yet game to the last is Benny Freedman. Benny is the original punster. We have tried everything from drowning to rat poison but he won't be discouraged. He is addicted to golf, tennis, no-trump bids at bridge, and swan-diving off his horse, but otherwise he is harmless.

He is really quite a golfer. He swings a determined mashie, and is deadly on the greens. His drives may not be very professional, but boy, when he connects the old pill lights out for the next county.

Benny is one of the unfortunate few who elected to study German, and his secret ambition is to go back to Germany and show the Deutschers how he has improved since Youngster Cruise. He was one of those, by the way, who acquitted himself so nobly at the battle of the Haus Vaterland, not to mention the Wintergarten Bar, while in Berlin.

In spite of the fact that he is totally tone deaf, and has a voice which sounds like somebody tearing up a chart of the West Indies, he just loves to sing, and insists on taking the harmony at that. The result is seldom melodious, but we rather enjoy it anyway.

He is a worthy classmate, an ideal shipmate, and a good man to have along, no matter what the occasion may be. We are proud to be his friends, for he is loyal, cheerful, likeable, a true friend and a gentleman.

Class Football 2.

Company Basketball 4, 3, 2.

Company Soccer 4, 3.

2 P. O.



RICHARD LESLIE MANN
"Horace" "Hombre" "Dick"
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO most of us our Alma Mater has offered a new field of rather extensive traveling. However, Dick, being a Navy Junior proved to be one of those few exceptions, entering not as a Texas cowboy or the son of a flat-footed New York policeman, but as an already well-traveled salt. Few of us could have boasted of having talked "Pidgin-English" in China; Japanese in Japan, or of having gone swimming with the hula-hula girls (with real grass skirts, so he says) at Waikiki, and of having exchanged views with the Panama Canal.

Dick hopes not only to follow the profession of his father as a line officer, but also to obtain his wings. He can easily be classed in that select group known as savours and delights in sketching bull profs at lectures and in drawing Goldberg contrivances.

Four four long years he has been raving about the merits of a certain femme (a cold 4.O, according to him) and we wouldn't be surprised to find him plunging into the sea of matrimony as soon as the Navy will let him. Well, here's luck!

It has been a real pleasure to have been in close association with Dick these past four years and experience has taught us that, in spite of his reservedness, he is a friend when needed.

Plebe Wrestling.

Class Water Polo.

Swimming.

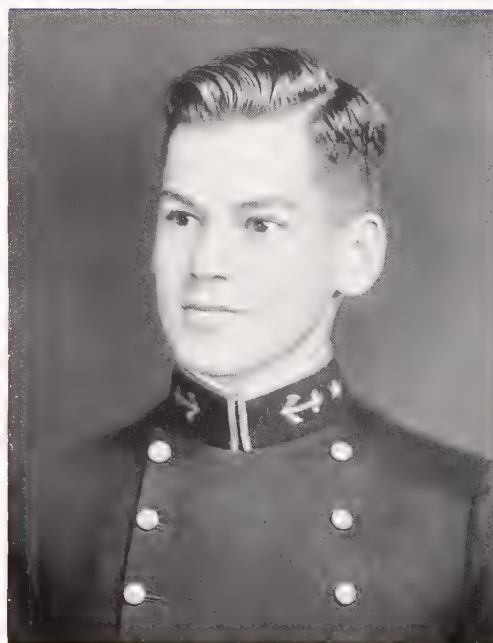
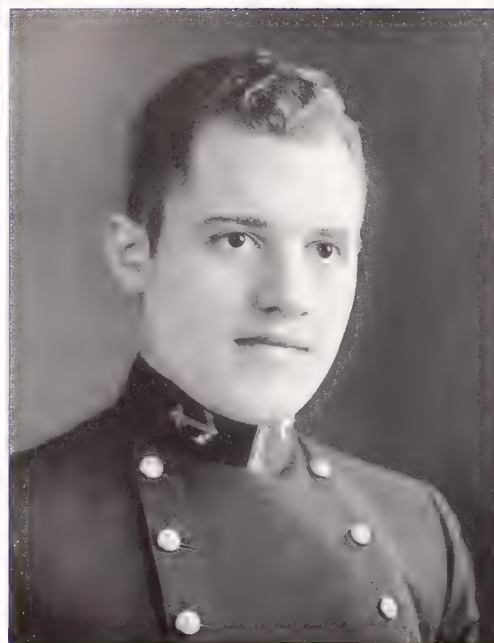
Class Football.

Class Gym.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOSEPH PAUL FUCHS

"Pooch" "Joe"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOME of us went far afield before we heard the call to rally on the shores of the Severn. After riding astride a "plug" in the field artillery, Joe decided that the Navy held better prospects. But lest you get him wrong, his first, and shall we say, only love, is the Field Artillery.

Ever since he was nick-named "Smilin' Joe," back in Plebe Year, he has had to "wipe it off," but still he has been rolling along on his sunny disposition. His outward calm and joviality is scarcely fazed by such small things as a few hours of extra duty, or the lesson he hasn't boned. While he does not wear his heart in his sleeve, he's been in love, and out of it, on and off, in spite of the fact that he rarely drags. Joe's greatest weakness is shooting. When he isn't over at the range, doing his bit for Navy, he is tinkering with some old gun that came over on the Mayflower, to judge from appearances. One with less determination would throw the wreck away, but Pooch won't give up until he has made the damn thing work.

The Marines are going to get a real shipmate when Joe joins their outfit. They might object to his "oil-burning," but we, who have seen him stand by us, through thick and thin, wish he'd change his mind, and stand his watches in the "Old Navee." Fair winds and a following sea, you old "chow-hound."

Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. Expert Rifle. Expert Pistol. 2 P. O.

ARTHUR ROBERT GRALLA

"Arturo" "Gorilla" "Art"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BROOKLYN'S contribution to the irresistible call of the sea is an "old salt." He served his apprenticeship on board a freighter of the Bull Line. There he learned how to keep his sea-legs, which accomplishment was very useful to him while he was at Cadiz. Just ask some of the motorboat crews when we had "liberty but no boats."

Just a natural born savoir who always stands at the head of his class in everything but grease. Always willing and ready to work a prob for anybody. One of his greatest achievements is his ability to work a math prob while getting dressed for formation or brushing his teeth.

If you ever want to discuss "the high cost of eggs in Siberia" or "Technocracy" come around and see Art. He is known as a natural sea lawyer. For further information see "Squashooter" the worst pal '34 ever had and his famous last minute words, "this is a clearly defined case of sea lawyering." Art's ability to make out statements is astounding.

He never misses a hop and has a weakness for dragging blind. He likes to be surprised and one of these days he will be when he gets a 2.5. When he is not dragging, one will always be able to find him over at the crew shed or helping send those graceful shells scudding over the waves.

He will be an asset to any ship and the best shipmate anybody can have.

150 lb. Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 4, 3. Masqueraders 4.
Star 4, 3, 2, 1. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DONALD ALBERT NIENSTEDT

"Uncle Don" "Dan" "Insted"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUR Uncle Don decided on a naval career, when as a small boy, he saw his home in Arizona inundated by a flood and thought that having a ship handy might not be so bad. Soon thereafter he migrated to California and grew up as a native son. After a year in Uncle Sam's Navy in San Diego, he came to our beautiful Maryland shore to be a "a spoiled and pampered pet."

A wealth of practical knowledge and a stolid determination have kept him well out of the clutches of the Academic Departments. His athletic endeavors have been directed to the gym team for which he has put out many a weary erg (urge?).

He has always taken time for the fair sex and has found much of interest in the local talent. Women are captivated by his winning smile and naive manner. They adore trying to rumple his dark wavy locks.

His mechanical ability and experience have given him good cause to spend many hours in Isherwood Hall and with gratifying results. Often his genius runs to all manner of inventions. Those which have never been developed range from a super underwater projectile to an automatic navigating machine which will solve all ills. This natural bent for things mechanical bodes well for a future brilliant engineering officer. And he's not so slow at navigation or seamanship either. We all wish him the best of good fortune.

Plebe Summer Crew.

Plebe Gym.

Youngster Gym.

2 P. O.

LESTER ROBERT SCHULZ

"Bob" "Chulz" "Amee"

DENVER, COLO.

BOB left his land of Columbines to answer the stern call of the deep before he had any idea just where that Will-o-the-wisp might lead him. He felt not quite at ease on being introduced almost immediately to Miss Springfield; but that soon wore off. His greatest yearning for the past four years has been to crash out of the sand blowers and into the third platoon. Being a studious young man, and having once earned a scholarship on account of his ability to putter about with chemicals, he had no trouble in getting his star Plebe Year. His unending efforts to manage the baseball team into an intercollegiate championship have been of great value during the past four years. Bob has developed quite a weakness for Navy Juniors, but his heart is still true to his sweetheart in the Rockies. His greatest hobby is the study of the New York stock market. We all hope that he can tame it into putting him on easy street some day. His quiet demeanor and efficient manner have made him an excellent comrade in times of study, cruise, and leave. These characteristics will do much to keep him off the shoals and give him a pleasant journey while on this great long cruise called life.

Juice Gang 4, 3.

Asst. Baseball Mgr. 4, 3, 2.

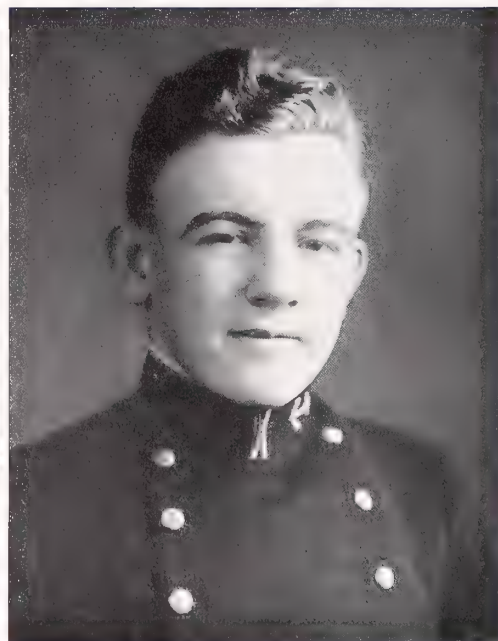
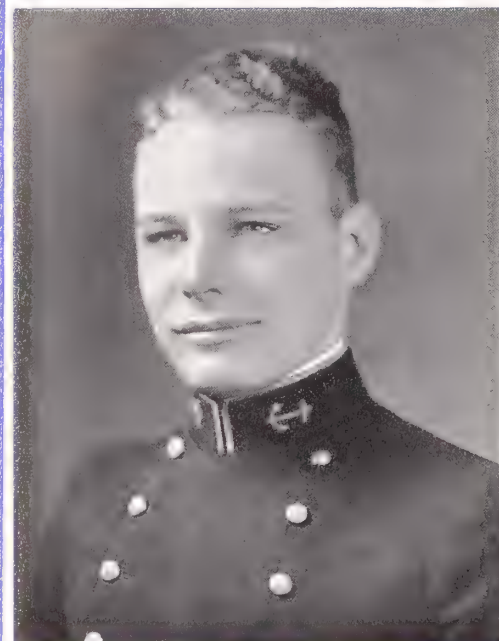
Reception Committee 3, 1.

Star 4.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HAROLD DOUGLAS FULLER

"Doug"

MADISON, WIS.

A BRIGHT and cheerful countenance which reflected an anticipation of future events immediately attracted our attention the first day of Plebe Summer. From that day to this, his happy-go-lucky attitude and light-hearted outlook have aided us considerably in overlooking the trials and tribulations common to all Midshipmen.

Doug developed a natural talent early in his career; his "gift for gals" needed only the necessary introductions which were not long delayed, and now he is well acquainted with ladies from the north, south, east, and west. However he is no firm advocate of the motto "there is safety in numbers," for within these wide limits he has always found one and one alone, who has merited his entire attention for at least a couple of months.

His literary fame and ability have led him to be one of the leading exponents of the A. B. C's. Class football has occupied most of his time during the fall months, and his fight talks on "the good old class of '34" have been the cause of many a bull session in his room; indeed, his domain has become the club house for half the members of the first company.

What the future holds in store for him, even a Midshipman could not definitely forecast, though we may rest assured that wherever he goes, happiness, good times, and success will be his companions. To have spent four years with him has been a privilege and a pleasure. Certainly, reminiscence will have ample food for thought, when, later, we recollect our sojourn within these walls.

Masqueraders 4.

Class Football 4, 2.

2 P. O.

LESLIE HARRISON SCHOFIELD

"Penrod" "Scho"

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

IN order to see if the sea were any saltier than his own native Salt Lake, Penrod came to us from the land of the Mormons. We have found him to be an exceptionally good ambassador and ideal wife, and a comrade in a million. His chief charm is his knack for friendliness, for making and keeping friends that will stand by him as he will stand by them. When we first saw him on the train wrestling with the strangeness of a new world, we knew he was a good guy; four years with him have only strengthened that impression.

His interests have been varied and quite diversified, ranging from serious work on the *Log* to the equally serious acquisition of a past to be proud of. Always ready to help a friend by dragging the famous "I-know-you'll-like-her-she-has-a-wonderful-personality" girl, he has preserved his illusions and still swears by the flowers that grow where the desert blossoms like a rose. Judging from the outside of his mail, his confidence is not misplaced.

Although his future is unsettled, a natural talent for oratory and love for argument would seem to foreshadow a career in the halls of government. But whatever path he pursues, he will be followed by our esteem and the esteem of all others whom he meets. A good brain, a sound character, and a vast humanness, ensure his success in the future as they have here at the Academy.

Boxing 4, 3. Lacrosse Manager 4, 3. Log Staff 3, 2, 1.

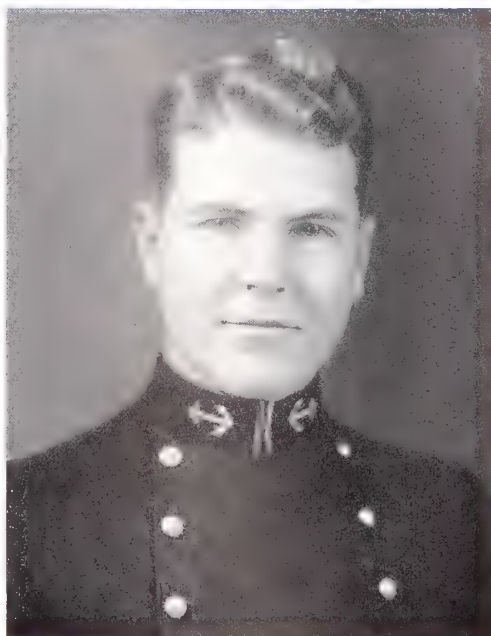
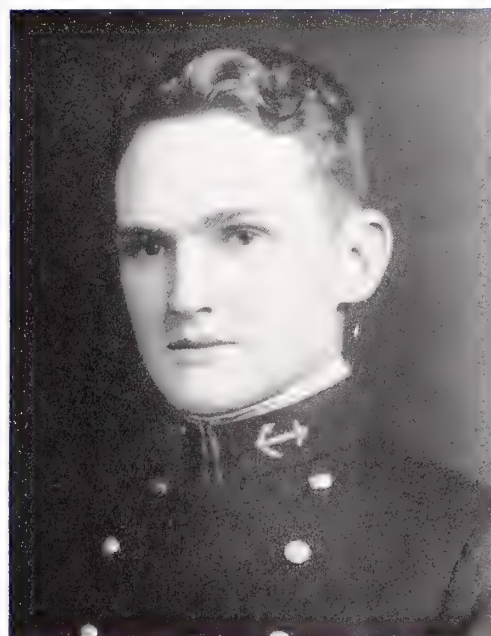
Christmas Card Committee 2, 1. Class Football 3.

2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RUDOLPH ANDREW TURRENTINE

"Turp" "Drew"

HOUSTON, TEXAS

FROM the land of Sam Houston came Turp, and a proud son of Texas he has proven himself to be. He claims the South alone produces 4.o's, and for that reason has been a devout Red Mike during his years here at the Academy. Outward appearances mark him as being quiet and regulation, but an inner devilishness makes him the instigator of many schemes of doubtful propriety. Any slur upon the honor of his native state or city arouses immediate and valiant defense of their virtues.

Though not particularly a savoir, he does his work efficiently and conscientiously. While the Steam Department (one instructor in particular) has scored a few decided victories over him, he has always come out on top in the long run, and the accounts of his difficulties are always more humorous than tragic.

Baseball and swimming are Drew's favorite sports. Very few winter afternoons pass without his splashing in the pool, and every spring reawakens his love for baseball either as a player or a rabid Navy fan. His seamanship is especially noteworthy, for while on duty as a lookout during Youngster Cruise he sang out "Iceberg Ho" upon sighting the coast of Ireland in the distance.

Although he expects to enter civilian life on graduation, we who are going to stay in the Service wish he were with us, for four years friendship with him has proven a delightful and valuable experience, one that will be hard and unpleasant to terminate.

Baseball 4.

1 P. O.

ROLLIN EVERTON WESTHOLM

"Westy"

MOOSE LAKE, MINN.

WESTY left the land of ten thousand lakes to come East and join us. Little did he realize the nature of the summer days along the Severn until he became a member of the first extra duty squad and suffered under the hot sun. He made only slight contact with the special squads, and at the beginning of Plebe Academic Year he settled down to the task of solving all puzzles, problems, or exams that came before him.

He encountered little difficulty with the executive department and none at all with the academic department. Assignments for him demanded about half the time allotted for study, and "caulking off" on his bunk occupied the remaining half. He cracked and socked every exam the profs shot at him and put out during the exam only.

Youngster Cruise found him on the high seas with a serious expression on his face and writing material in hand, engaged in writing to someone back in the States. He composed several "books" but allowed only one person to read and treasure them.

Westy liked sports of all sorts, and he had many tales of camping and canoeing in the Gopher State. Football and baseball occupied the greater part of his spare afternoons.

He can start and finish an argument with little effort. One never minds coming out on the negative end with him, because it is only a hobby and a pleasure with him.

We enjoyed having Westy with us, and we wish him luck.

Class Football 3 1.

1 P. O.

1934

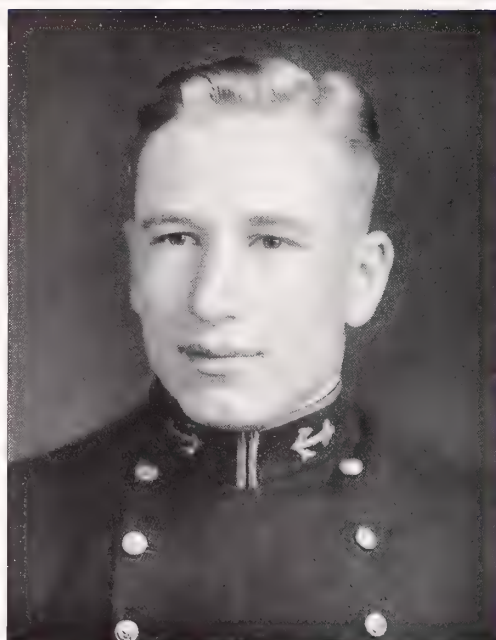
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HARRY HOLT GREER, JR.
"Harry" "Gobby" "Ike"
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AWRIGHT, let's start some scuttlebutt about that" or "I'm gonna check up on that"—thus does one know that Gobby has arrived upon the scene of action. He is a full-fledged Quaker having passed the initiations with flying colors—there, now we know he's from the wild, raging hills of Philly; and from other devious sources we find that he was a member of that famous and hard-riding organization, the U. S. Naval Reserve. He became dissatisfied with being merely a reservist, so he entered that distinguished institution of higher learning, Severn School, and as a result finally ended up in an institution of higher highest learning—you know, like the lower of the mean lower low waters, etc. Mr. Greer, as the Plebes unpresumptuously call him, is one of the most versatile connoisseur of radiators in the history of the Academy; he can tell the difference between two radiators by merely sitting on one of them—one may be hot and the other cold, but yet he could tell the difference; that is how he came to be Sec.-Treas. of the Radiator Club. Academics, that old ogre, certainly gave Harry a bad scare Plebe Year; but the Dago Department lost its grip and now he is getting by on the little English he knows. However, Harry is original—you'd think so anyway to hear some of his jokes—so we think that whatever the circumstances, he will revert to the aboriginal, and pull himself out of any hole. Don't run that Sub of yours aground, old Boy!

Football 4, 3. Class Crest Committee. Boxing Manager 4.
First Battalion Belly Robber. Chapel Usher.



ROBERT FREDERICK SELLARS
"Mike" "Bob" "M. A."
PORTLAND, ORE.

UP on the lofty summits of Oregon's mountain majesties the docile (mountain goats) mournfully munch choice bits of Elderberries for one of their best friends has left to come East where there are no mountains to climb. But their impression is false. Bob left the ranks of amateur Alpines when he came east and became one of the best obstacle "over-comers" we have with us.

As we know Bob after living with him for four years there seems to be nothing he can't do, and do well. His parents made a mistake when they gave him Frederick for a middle name. It should have been Versatile. His athletic prowess can only be praised, his cartoons are to be found in every *Log*, and the only reason he stopped his musical activities were because the football coach called him sissy. Many a night we've seen him drop everything and go to work drawing posters for this show or that play and never expect one bit of gratitude.

Surely Youngster Year Bob suffered an accident; he was wounded, fatally. Cupid got a direct hit, a pinwheel bull in the heart. Unlike most men in love Mike did not sink into a blissful state of unconsciousness, but instead, redoubled his efforts to the tune of jumping numbers like a first section man in the anchor section. The only thing we can say about Bob is what we feel deep down in our hearts, and that is, what Oregon has lost we have gained and M. A. will gain.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Basketball 4, 3, 1. Track 3, 2.
Chairman Class Crest and Ring Committee.
Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1. Black N***** Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



PHILIP HUSTON TORREY, JR.

"Phil" "Flip"

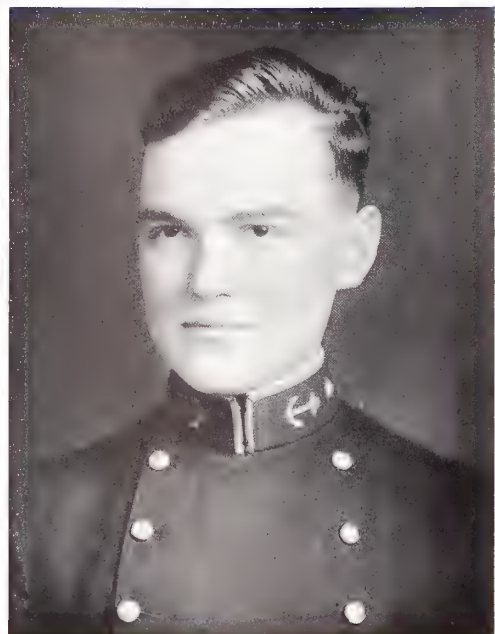
QUANTICO, VA.

IF you should be so misinformed as to think that Virginia has been bereft of dangerous game these many years permit our fair haired youth to correct this erroneous credence. From one of the popular Annual Leaves of the Boys at the Naval School, Flip emerged a mighty hunter. It is sincerely believed that he is the only teddy-bear collector that the Academy has ever known. At least one highly prized bear was added to his collection somewhere in Virginia. We are not allowed to say that he is a snake. Snakes crawl; they are repulsive; yet they are fascinating creatures. No one has ever found Philip repulsive; no one has ever seen him crawl; he doesn't eat mice or lizards; and to the best of our knowledge he doesn't rob birds' nests. However ever since matriculation he has been the outstanding breast-stroker of this locality.

It is not definitely established, but rumors have it that at least one instructor was treated for serious shock after finding him working during one of the justly famous practical works of his Alma Mater.

Herein have been extolled a few of Flip's virtues. If at any time in the years to come we find it necessary to identify him it will be necessary only to set before him and a group of friends a very large meal. The man eating last, long after all others have eaten their fill will be the inimitable Flip.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club.
Captain 1. Lucky Bag Staff. 2 P. O.



GEORGE CALVIN WELLS

"George" "G. C."

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

GEORGE became dissatisfied with college life so after surviving the feuds of the Kentucky Hills he decided to try his hand at the Navy. How well he has succeeded may be seen from the star on his collar and that savvy gleam in the eyes. From the very first he loved his place among the savoires and has been a constant source of information, both good and bad, to all, especially his three "wooden" wives. Many heated arguments result from our trying to prove him wrong, but George usually crashes through. True, he has his faults such as standing inspection with his suspenders hanging down, and is to our knowledge the first to visit the Academic Department dressed in both service and white works, but we pardon him because "he is a first section man." He never misses a bull session, doesn't overwork—being the subject of our disgust during exam weeks when "us wooden" boys are crying to Tecumseh for recognition only to hear snores mingled with a "bird" every now and then from him—and does his bit for dear old Navy in the way of rifle.

And there you have our hero, always ready to shove off with the gang in Crabtown as on the cruise, but don't mention women or he will run. The real "Red Mike"—but some day—And then will we laugh.

Here's hoping we all meet again soon, then you'll hear those old familiar strains, "Hey, George, how does this damn gadget work. I don't get this stuff so well."

Star 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. Small Bore 4, 3, 2. Outdoor 4, 3.
Lucky Bag Staff. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARTHUR JOHN JOSEPH HAGEL

"Snarky" "The Snark" "Don Quick Shot"

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SNARKY came to us from the wilds of Kentucky where the horses are beautiful, the grass is blue, and the natives, so 'tis said, tend their stills in the pastures of the hills. That's almost poetry; but one glimpse of the big brown eyes and dark wavy hair of our hero has made more than one fair maiden wax poetical. He has never missed a hop intentionally and is usually found at Carvel on Saturday and Sunday dunking his corn pone in some femme's tea.

The Don has a special penchant for Dago; but none of the academics have ever worried him much. Most of his learning is done in the R. H. I. P. room. He says the quiet atmosphere is very conducive to study.

He successfully concealed his athletic abilities until Second Class Year when he broke forth with a bang on the boxing squad. He can do things with a pair of gloves, ask his teammates.

Snarky is a bit undecided as to whether he will go back where the moon shines on the moonshine or stick to the salt water, but there's no doubt that he'll get along wherever he is.

Here's to you boy, may you live long and prosper.

Cross Country. Swimming. Boxing. Midshipman.
2 P. O.

STUART PAUL MILLER

"Stu" "Sam" "Moli"

OVERBROOK, PHILA., PA.

IT was late in August of '30 that Moli first made his appearance at Gate Three. A late arrival, coupled with an unfortunate injury, made Stu a stranger to many of us during those far away days of Plebe Summer. Academic Year had not been long underway however before we had made his acquaintance and had learned to like his quiet unassuming ways.

A childhood spent on the banks of the Ohio seem to have inspired this inlander to follow that great river to its final outlet—the sea. A true lover of deep water—Stu came among us no dry land sailor, but rather one who could explain such jargon as dolphin striker, jetsam, or Plimsoll mark.

During the four years of academics, Sam was never one to be found with his nose continually between the pages of some text. After all—one can only learn so much and then "if you don't know it now, you never will." His serene outlook on life could not be shaken by mere quizzes or examinations.

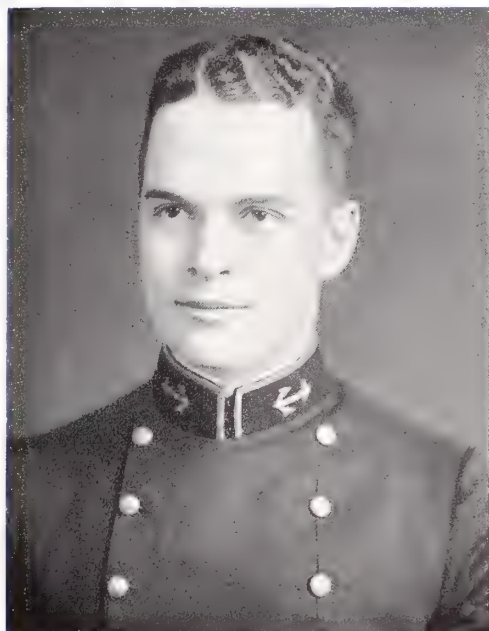
In regard to femmes, Stu's shield of calmness and nonchalance stood him in good stead—save once—when he was badly hit below the water line.

In the four years spent together with this Pennsylvanian it has been impossible that his ever present good nature, coolness and even temper go unnoticed—he will always hold a high place in our esteem—May good luck always follow in your wake, Stu.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT JAMES HARDY

"Bob" "Laurel"

CRAFTON, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ON a bright day in June of '30 a denizen of the Smoky City left the banks of the Monongahela to try his luck in Uncle Sam's Navy. Since he has been with us he has shown his natural ability to understand the strange ways of a strange life. His intense interest in things nautical has many times been brought to our attention. A ready brain coupled with two years of training at Carnegie Tech soon set him at ease with the Academic Department and made him a staunch believer in the advantages of turning in early.

We have learned to appreciate the easy-going nature and ready wit of this son of "Wensulvania" and have come to know him as one who can be relied on—whether it be for help on a prob., or just taking the opposite side of an argument.

His innate quietness has kept him clear of trouble and yet who's to say that he has been a model of virtue. Never much of an athlete—and yet never known to have worn out a radiator—with fifty pound crew and a trip to the Henley as his one ambition. Never much of a snake either, and yet never one to be classed as a woman-hater.

Whether staying in the Service or taking his chances on the Outside, we are certain that this classmate of ours will make his way with the same old steadiness and serenity as has always been his mark among us.

Lightweight Crew.

Reception Committee.

1 P. O.

GEORGE PEARSON WALKER

"Jarge" "Gee Pee" "Gyp"

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

FROM a land famous for its sand dunes and mosquitoes, its strange pronunciations and its Jersey Lightnin' comes George. Although living in proximity to Army's stronghold, the influence of the Point had small effect on Gyp unless perhaps it was to drive him south to the Severn. Pearson readily fell in with the life at the Hall—having wanted to be a pampered pet ever since he was knee high to a duck.

At heart, Gyp is a true lover of sail—witness his interest in sailing craft from knockabout to full-rigged ship.

Not a savoir—yet he has managed to steer clear of the Ac reefs with a little activity necessary now and then when one loomed ahead a little too close for comfort.

While George's part in athletics at the Academy has been small, still his interest in them has never lagged. Fifty pound crew has taken most of his time since Plebe Summer.

A rare frequenter of Dahlgren Hall—quiet and yet always ready for a rough house—a trifle reserved and yet not unfriendly—sometimes gloomy but more often cheerful—and perhaps we have a sketchy outline of Jarge.

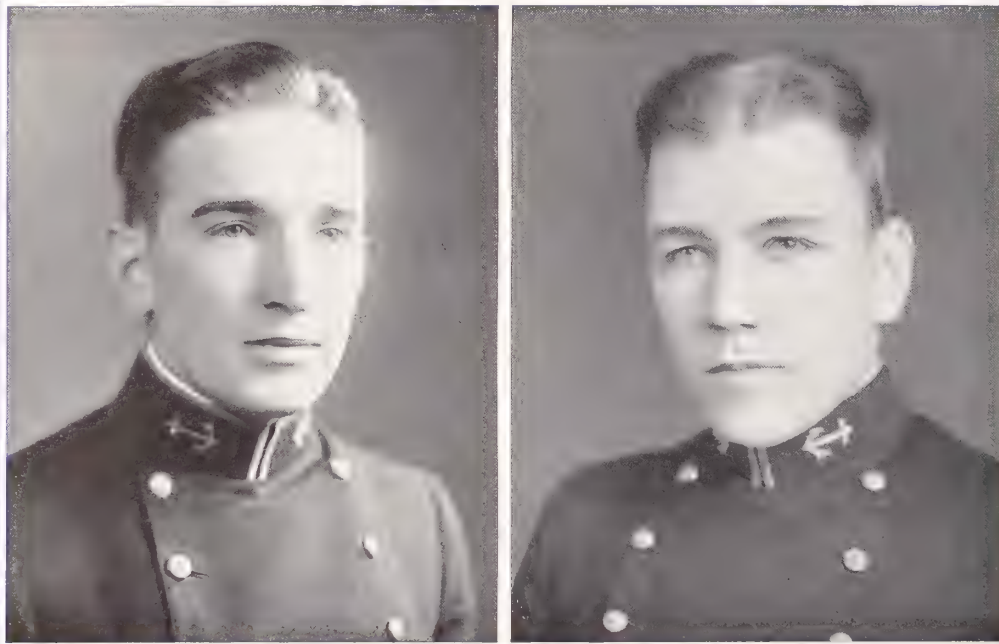
Lightweight Crew.

1 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HERBERT DUDLEY HILL
"Hiram" "Dud" "Blutz"
 SULLIGENT, ALA.

FINDING High School very easy Dudley determined to try the higher levels of learning. He chose the Naval Academy as a fitting test of his ability. After prepping at Marion Institute he donned, in the summer of '30, the oversized white works so characteristic of new Plebes.

The academics have not troubled Dud much. He takes things as they come and seldom worries about leaving sufficient velvet. His favorite recreation is baseball although that is not his only athletic interest. He is often seen on the courts, in the pool, or in the gym.

No one can accuse him of being a snake, but the women do seem to go for him in a big way. He can always get a drag when the occasion demands. And you should see the pictures on his locker door! Don't think Dud is purely a ladies' man, though. He has plenty of male friends who enjoy his company and consider him a true and loyal friend.

There can be no doubt but what Dud will succeed in whatever he chooses to follow. He is well endowed with that elusive quality called common sense, which so many people lack. We're pulling for you, kid.

Baseball 4, 2, 1. Reception Committee. Lucky Bag Staff.
 Hop Committee. 2 P. O.

ROBERT HENRY MENGES
"Dutchy" "Bob" "Trip"
 St. Louis, Mo.

IN a group of four there is always a Dutchman, and St. Louis has sent its pride and joy to be the representative in this case as Bob is a native son of that city. St. Louis going off the beer standard sent him wandering into new fields. Bob became another one who arrived at Annapolis to wear the Navy Blue and found the uniform was white works.

After an uneventful summer spent on the gold-brick squad, for which he was not responsible, Plebe Year Academics attacked him, but he mastered them without a great deal of difficulty, displaying an ability for speaking Dago. Youngster Year proved a little harder than the preceding one but after a count of nine in the Steam Dept. our hero proved that the old Rock of Gibraltar could still take it and was declared the winner. During this year he shone in the athletic world also, holding down a varsity outfield berth during the latter part of the season. Second Class Summer and the following year were spent successfully fooling two Depts., the Executive Dept. during the summer and the Steam Dept. during the winter, and his worries seem to be over now.

As a roommate Bob has always been willing to help as much as he could from reading the Dago lesson to dragging blind. Possessing a friendly disposition, a cheery good nature, and having no worse fault than making bad puns at times, Bob will go far in whatever walk of life he chooses.

Football 4, 3. Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1. Boxing 4. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANK ERNEST JOHNSON

"Frankie and Johnny"

WARREN, ARIZ.

HERE'S a Viking, born in Mexico, and reared in America. Inherited a liking for engineering from his father and a desire to join the Navy from watching Mexican Revolutions.

Frankie started school in Arizona because it was customary, and, after finishing in California, he returned to the University of Arizona's school of Engineering. After a taste of Co-ed life, Frankie decided he would like to spend some time at sea in one of Uncle Sam's ships which he had seen and heard so much about.

So we met a fellow with the hospitality of a westerner, a good swapper of yarns, and possessing all the characteristics which make many friends. He decided he would rather sleep than walk extra duty Plebe Summer, and Youngster Cruise he only woke up long enough to tour the Scandinavian countries returning more conceited than ever about his Viking decent.

The end of Math found Johnny a man of leisure. Oh, yes, he was always ready to conduct a 4.0 through the raptures of an Annapolis week-end. Whether he returns to civilian life, or obtains the coveted commission, his ready smile and ambitious nature should carry him through life with "plenty of velvet" to spare.

Wrestling.

Class Football.

2 P. O.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WALKUP

"Bennie" "Boatboom"

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

OUR big, blonde, Hoosier was born, raised and educated (to a certain extent) in Indiana, and is rather proud of it. Bennie lived a colorful life before entering the Academy and has not let the Navy cramp his style. He has been around, knows the score, and supports his original ideas with a powerful frame.

After establishing an athletic record at Crawfordsville and Wabash, attending Culver, and falling in love, Ben slowed down long enough to try an entrance exam for Annapolis. He thought his troubles over when he stowed the "cits" but the extra duty squad and Dago soon convinced him that life still had its bitter moments. He was not long, however, in finding out that he could still play football in spite of books and Springfields.

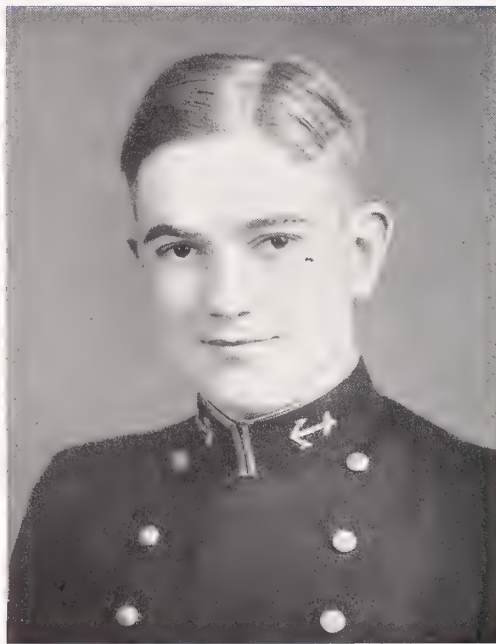
Ben's striking personality, easy going manner, and athletic ability has made him a friend of many friends, and he finds it necessary to decline more invitations than he can accept. He is always ready to swap yarns and he never tells the same story more than twice (we won't let him). He claims women don't bother him, but the delay of a certain letter seems to worry him considerably. Bones Colliers and Liberty regularly, but has to have a text book in order to get to sleep. Sleeping in class and at drills is his specialty and he knows the finer points of the game.

Whether its Navy or civilian life Bennie will surely reap his share of life's happiness and success.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4. Wrestling 1. Lacrosse 2, 1.
"N" Club. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT HUGH HOPKINS

"Hop" "Punchy"

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

IN this corner Midshipman Hopkins of Navy. That has been Hop's ambition ever since entering the Navy, and he reached his goal as a Second Classman. He failed to win his letter due to an injured nose, but was undaunted and said he would give the rest of the hundred and forty-five pounders a run for their money next year.

Bob hails from Sunny California and when he can find nothing better to gripe about he starts comparing Maryland and California with special regard to weather and girls. Not exactly a Romeo, he always has an eye for a pretty girl and can often be seen gazing longingly out of the window at the many fair visitors that pass by each day.

Punchy is also very fond of music but unfortunately for us who room with him his taste never changes and he plays the same "old favorites" over and over until some loving soul breaks them. He always takes time out to listen to the band during the morning study periods hoping they'll find time to play one of these old favorites of his.

Though not a savant Hop does not have to study so much that he isn't always ready for a bull session on any subject that suggests itself. The Navy got a nice break when Hop signed away his life and became a "boot," and will find him hard to replace should he resign on graduation as he has often threatened to do.

2 P. O.

HOMER HOWARD NIELSEN

"Homer"

KANSAS CITY, MO.

TO start with our brave young lad from Kansas City, Missouri, joined the Navy to see the world and to get an education as a sideline. After seeing his share of the world and learning the ways of the sea for a year, Homer was shipped to the Naval Academy in order to become an officer and a gentleman. With a good coat of salt and sea-faring knowledge already acquired, our doughty youth soon had everything well in hand.

A most disconcerting wife was Homer Zilch. While we struggled over Nav., Math and other less interesting subjects the Savvy Swede pored over the latest editions of Cosmos, Colliers, and Red Books, informing us of the high spots of the stories.

Although Homer could not be accused of being a "Carvel Charlie," our flaxen haired youngster could be found on many a Sunday afternoon at that haven of the romantic-minded, Carvel Hall.

As an athlete, Zilch is a jack-of-all-trades. His efforts have been directed at them all at some time or the other during his career as a Midshipman; the entertainment of the sport being his impelling motive for participating in it.

Because of his easy going nature it is extremely difficult to take a dislike to the lad and consequently he has many friends and no enemies. Whether he elects to stay in the Navy or pursue a new course on the U. S. S. Outside, we feel sure that our Homer will go a long ways.

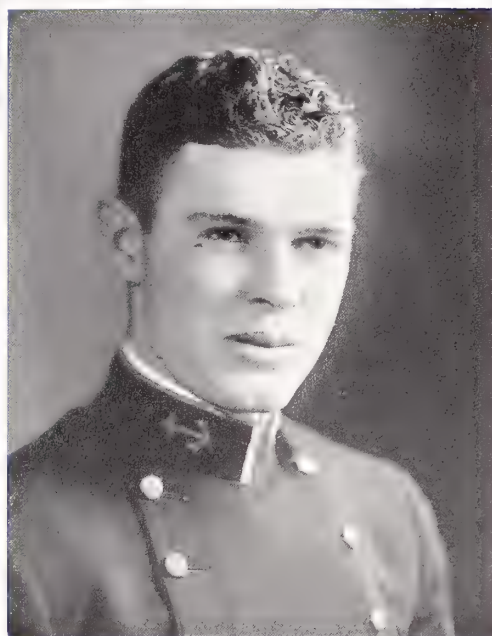
Lucky Bag Staff.

1 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SILAS DAVID RANDOLPH

"Si"

WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.

YES, folks this is Si Randolph of Navy. Gather 'round closely young fellows and listen to this throbbing story of how you too can become a success if you just have a little of that Dave Darrin determination that Si possesses.

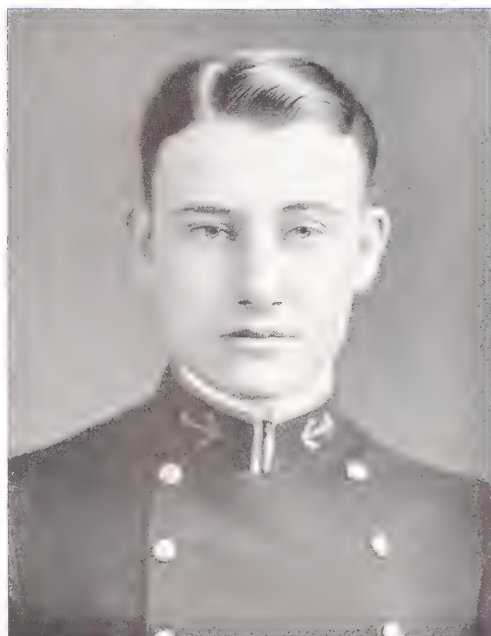
Back in the days when Si was still a pink cheeked, blushing sophomore in High School he decided he had two ambitions; one was to come to the Naval Academy and the other was to play basketball.

He went to Chicago to begin his career and after many exciting and hair-raising experiences he landed at the Prep Class in San Diego, then to the Academy.

Si makes many friends everywhere he goes and his marked geniality and happy-go-lucky ways have always made him a welcome member of any group. He is also an excellent roommate, calling everything "ours," whether it belongs to him or not. As all great people do, he has his idiosyncrasies and weaknesses. Academics has never held any terrors for our Silas and he is always ready to lend a helping hand to the less fortunate.

Si has always done his bit in the way of athletics, his two best being track and basketball, and has the honor of being chosen to Captain one of Navy's basketball teams. Si has all the attributes of a great "guy" even though he belongs to that school who still reach for the brass rail, and great things can be expected of our boy Silas.

Track N. Basketball. N*. Captain 1. 2 P. O.



JAMES ALEXANDER RECTOR

"Jim"

LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

KANSAS deported Jim to the Navy. From the West Coast they shipped him here and he has defeated all of their attempts to move him out. He proves that you don't have to come from the South to be perpetually tired. The Radiator Club has always had a strange fascination for J. Alexander and any afternoon that there was no sailing you could find James resting on his bed reading some high toned book on politics or finances.

Every study hour you could hear the Kid say "has anyone an assignment sheet" and soon after that a big, tough growl "how's for you fellows to pipe down and give a gentleman a chance who doesn't study at odd times."

During the last month of every term you could see little Jimmie adding up marks to see just how much "velvet" he had to ride on. He was not a star but he always came through when necessary.

He was never unsat in academics or drags by the simple process of never hitting the same tree or dragging the same brick twice.

Plebe Summer he made a short cruise on the Reina and he repeated it Youngster Year so he is really an old salt, though you would never suspect the fact, since he entered the Navy at a very tender age and still has an innocent appearance that is most deceiving.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CURTIS HOWELL HUTCHINGS

"Oswald" "Curt" "Hutch"

DeLAND, FLA.

UPON graduating from high school, our hero, true to his lazy and nonchalant nature, after a somewhat lengthy reflection upon what career he should pursue, finally chose one which he had heard required very little work—the Navy. So away from the bright town life of gay DeLand Curt was drawn. From the sunny South, Hutch brought with him a cheery smile and the ability to make friends wherever he may go. Academics have given him no trouble; in fact, Math is one of his hobbies.

Curt's love for argument on any and all imaginable subjects—from the Civil War to the beauties and virtues of Florida—is his true field. In no field is he more at home than when he is extolling to some friends North of the Mason-Dixon Line the superior qualities of the various Southern generals, or pointing out to some Californian the more salubrious climate and better fruit of his native Florida.

Oswald swears that he is a Red Mike, but he can usually be seen entertaining some member of the fair sex in Dahlgren Hall. Furthermore, the many rose-tinted letters that he receives make us suspect just the opposite. In addition to cauliflower ears acquired in wrestling, Hutch's claim to fame is his extensive knowledge of relativity, astronomy, and Cosmo.

Hutch has been a real wife and friend to those who have known him, and it can be safely predicted that his genial personality and ability to see another's viewpoint will win for him success and many more lasting friends.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1.

Baseball 4.

2 P. O.

JAMES EVERETT JOHNSON

"Jim" "Johnny" "Oscar"

RICHTON, MISS.

JOHNNY spent his early days in Mississippi, and became thoroughly indoctrinated with the ideals of the sunny South. After having two brothers enter the Naval Academy and point out to him the advantages of the Service, Oscar made up his mind that he too would embark on a nautical career. He graduated from Richton High School in 1929, and resolved that he could and would accomplish what his brothers had accomplished. Well, he did just that, and entered the academy the following June.

Plebe Year he was a promising basketball prospect, but decided to drop the sport in preference for the rougher game of wrestling. Johnny is most proficient, however, in his favorite pastime, tennis.

Jim's favorite occupation is sleeping. Whether in Bancroft Hall or on the Cruise, he can frequently be found turned in his bunk or peacefully slumbering in the hammock nettings.

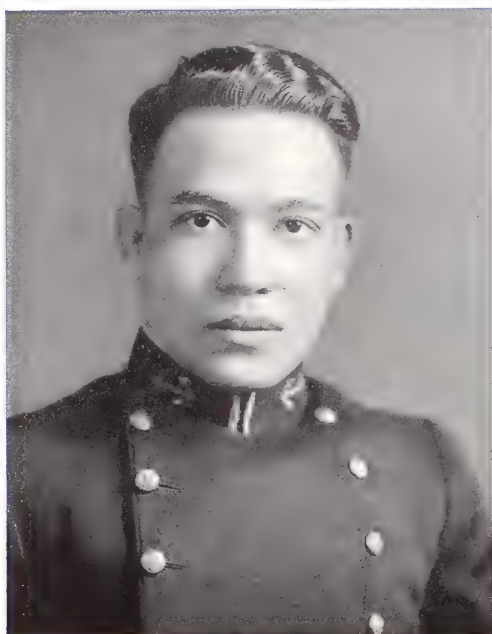
He professes, never to have affairs of the heart, but from the evidence of the numerous boxes of candy he receives from his feminine admirers we have concluded that the opposite is the case.

Jim is quiet and dependable. When he believes something is right he sticks to his guns. Not that he doesn't change his mind occasionally. He does, but first he must be convinced and thoroughly so. He has a pleasing personality which has won for him many friends. Whether the Navy gains our hero's services or he chooses to follow a civilian profession we are sure success will be his.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ENRIQUE LOPEZ JURADO

"Henry" "Hank" "Tito"

LUCENA, TAYABAS, P. I.

BORN with a restless spirit Tito Jurado began very early pondering over geography books. More far-sighted than other boys he decided to join the Navy to see the world. Thus started the Midshipman career of another one of our proteges from the Philippines.

He took very active interest in sports and virtually tried all of them. Trying to discover his talent—so he says. One after another, boxing, soccer and wrestling took his time but he soon gave up the first two. Boxing was too unrefined, soccer too easy to get ones ankles twisted so finally he got settled to wrestling.

Sleeping is his greatest hobby and to see him propped up comfortably in his chair during a lecture is a familiar sight. Having great capacity for making friends and easy going to the last degree, nevertheless, his life at times must have been lonely. To hear him talk of his "tropics" seems as if he missed them and meant to return there. Wherever you may be, may luck and success attend you, Enrique Lopez!

(Happy thought)—Were there any cracks on the pavements of Bethlehem?

Soccer 4. Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. 2 P. O.



CLIFFORD MAXWELL ROHR

"Rip" "Admiral" "Grrrr"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IF you see somebody walking around with a pap sheet, he'll be looking for Rip. The ratiest of our ratey Plebes is a distinction he has earned because he never knows when he's licked. Ask somebody how he defied a Battalion of Youngsters on graduation day and you'll begin to understand.

You'll like Rip—we all do—you'll find him with a perpetual grin, a sympathetic ear, and a heart that's as big as any in the Navy. Four years of Academy life has mellowed the original from New York—even as a wife, he is now a gentleman, and you'll agree if you can get close enough to see through the fog! "What fog?"

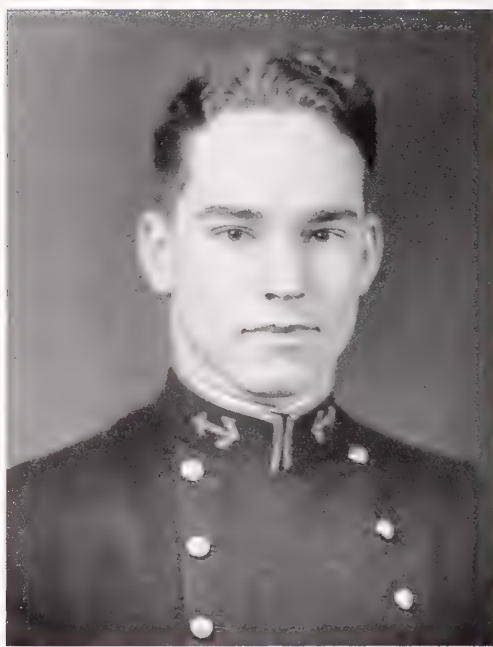
With the femmes Rip is an old smoothie. His drags stay well above 3.0—his fan mail is enormous. We don't know what it is but there seems to be a certain quiet charm that gets 'em. Tell us if we're wrong, we'd like to know.

Academics are fruit—anything he tries, he does well—life is easy, no matter how hard, and he loves it. No matter where he finds his way we know he'll carve himself a hunk of success, whether it be the deck of a battle-wagon or the great outside. Here's to you Rip, you've got what it takes and we wish you luck.

Baseball 4, 3. Handball 4, 3, 2, 1. Soccer 2, 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE WILLIAM LAUTRUP, JR.

"George" "Trup"
YONKERS, N. Y.

A TALL Norseman from the old country who followed the footsteps of his Viking forefathers and became Captain of the lightweight crew. No ladies' man, unsentimental, even phlegmatic until one day First Class Sep leave when he went at it as only a stalwart son of the ice floes could. A fine brain that can and has laid the Academic Departments in the aisles, and a disposition that makes his friendship something we shall always cherish.

Lightweight Crew Captain 1. Soccer. 1 P. O.

FRANCIS WORTH SCANLAND, JR.

"Worth"
AT LARGE

HIS home is anywhere between Washington, D. C. and Timbuctoo, but his heart is sturdily planted in the "Capital City." Started out as five-striper Plebe Summer and ended up as a 2 P. O. First Class Year, but he was the five-stripenest 2 P. O. in the Regiment. His pet hobby is arguing—he'll argue with anyone from plebe to Superintendent. Learned to swim from the sharks in Coco-Solo and is going to teach the world how to handle a submarine when he graduates.

Quiet and suave, and unruffled when the going is hardest. We have come to depend on his friendship, and will always remember that dimpled smile.

Lightweight Crew. Class Council. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES HAROLD NEWELL

"Sonny"

ATLANTA, GA.

VERY quiet, unassuming, and inoffensive; that's how Jimmie tells you he's from the Southland where gentlemen are bred. Has always had his "gal down home" and spends all his time either reading her letters or writing to her. Always talks to you from the side of his mouth, complaining that the system needs reconstruction, but will probably return as Superintendent and prescribe collars another inch higher. A fine friend and a better pal.

2 P. O.

ARDEN PACKARD

"Ardy"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WAS already an old sea dog when we found him and now fairly drips tar from his pores. Walks with a roll and loves to brag about the fruit trees back home. Comes back from every leave with a new love, but finds himself a good time at every hop. Will leave his roommates when he goes back to his West Coast, but will never leave their memories as a real pal.

Masqueraders.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM McMILLAN

"Mac" "Bill"

ARLINGTON, WIS.

HEY Mac, how do you work this Math prob?" or "How does that gadget work?" Such are the cries for help which are always heard when Mac is around. And he is always ready to lend a helping hand. Having spent three years at the University of Wisconsin (about which he is always ready and anxious to talk) prior to embarking on a naval career, the Ac Departments worried him but little. About the only time he spends studying is when helping someone else. That is, in everything but Dago. He had a very serious encounter with that department Plebe Year but he learned his lesson and hasn't been bothered much since.

Athletically, Mac was a star member of the Sub Squad. That highly esteemed organization claimed his attention for three years. There are no first classmen on the Sub Squad or he would have been on it for four. However, his athletic aspirations were not mainly in the field of participation. Being Chairman of the Reception Committee, to him fell the lot of receiving and entertaining all visiting athletic teams.

Socially, Mac is a well-known specimen of that species of reptiles commonly known as snakes. The question asked him is not "Are you dragging?" but "Who are you dragging?" The former is always taken for granted.

All in all, Mac is a good roommate and a wonderful friend. We are sure that the same high measure of success which has been his while he has been with us will continue with him after he leaves us.

Reception Committee 3, 2.

Lucky Bag Staff.

Chairman 1.

Hop Committee 1.

Business Gang 4.

Three Stripes.

ROBERT JOHNSON OVROM

"Bob"

WAUPACA, WIS.

ONE sunny day in the summer of 1930, Bob left the backwoods of Wisconsin to come to Annapolis to follow in the footsteps of his big brother. Days and months have effected him little; he still likes best to navigate the waters of the Waupaca lakes, in a canoe, with the moon overhead.

Bob is not a snake. Neither has he an aversion to the company of the ladies. For light diversion he likes nothing better than tennis, baseball, basketball, brunettes, or a free-for-all bull session. His favorite pastime is counting the days until leave begins, and his only fault is occasionally making horrible noises on a clarinet.

In spite of all this, Bob is an ideal roommate. Four years—playing with him, working with him, and griping with him—were pleasant and seem to have been too short, and the troubles incidental to learning the fundamentals of the career of a naval officer have been far outweighed by the pleasant memories of those four years. His characteristic and everlasting ambition will undoubtedly take him to any goal which he sets for himself, and we can expect to see him, in the not-very-distant future, wearing his wings and showing us how a plane should be flown.

When Bob is graduated, the Navy will have acquired a fine officer, a gentleman, and a real man. Those who know him well will always remember him as a true friend. Lots of luck and success, Bob.

Orchestra 4. Reception Committee 2, 1. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FLOYD BRUCE PARKS

"Red"

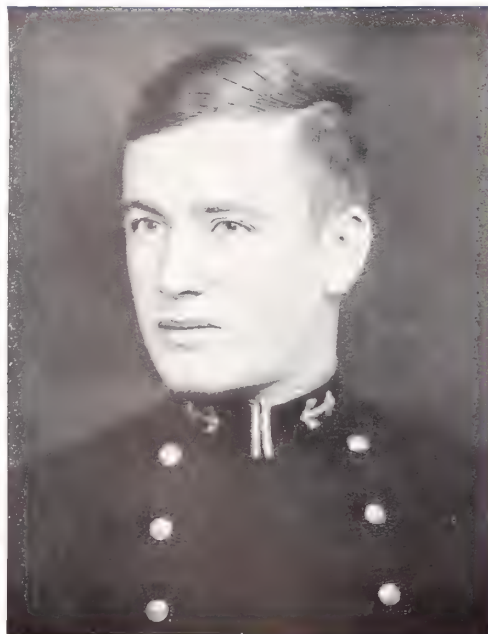
SALISBURY, MO.

SEVERAL years ago this carefree young Missourian took departure from Salisbury with destination unknown. After a couple of years in Uncle Sam's destroyers Red decided that he might do well to try the Navy as a profession so he arrived at the Naval Academy during the summer of 1930 to begin a four year cruise. After quite a battle with the Academic Depts. which got the first hold-down right at the start, he managed to survive Plebe Year and has been taking things easy ever since. In fact, he has always been far more worried over who he would drag to the next hop and why than he has been over the lesson for the next day.

Colliers and the Saturday Evening Post take precedence over Red's studies and his drags take precedence over them. He's a true snake and even a Carvel Charlie at times. He has been known to get into jams but his ready wit and cheerful energy always furnish him with a means of locomotion whenever he gets up that well-known creek.

Possessing a charming personality and an ability to make friends with everyone Red will go far in whatever career he may choose, as an officer or as a civilian. He will be as welcome in foreign countries as he is in his own home for his good humor and likable nature will always make a place for him. A true friend and loyal shipmate, we wish him luck.

Water Polo. Class Football. Choir. Class Swimming.
Black N*****. 2 P. O.



GEORGE CHAMPION RUFFIN

"Ruff"

HOPEWELL, VA.

HOPEWELL, Virginia has the honor of being Ruff's home town and scene of early exploits. After absorbing what knowledge was available in Hopewell, Ruff took a short course at Cochran-Bryan Prep School as preparation for the entrance exams to the Naval Academy which he passed quite easily, and in June 1930 donned the Navy uniform.

Ruff possesses all the attributes of a Southern gentleman, including a great affinity for rest. Most of his time is spent in dreaming of what he'd like to do and not in what he should be doing. He spends most of his study hours either reading, writing letters, or sleeping—mostly sleeping.

A cheerful, vivacious and good humored personality easily enables Ruff to be liked upon first appearances, while a longer acquaintance produces frank admiration. His nature carried him along smoothly thru four years, strengthening friendship more each day, while his infectious humor and steadfast loyalty helped many a classmate from some unpleasant rout.

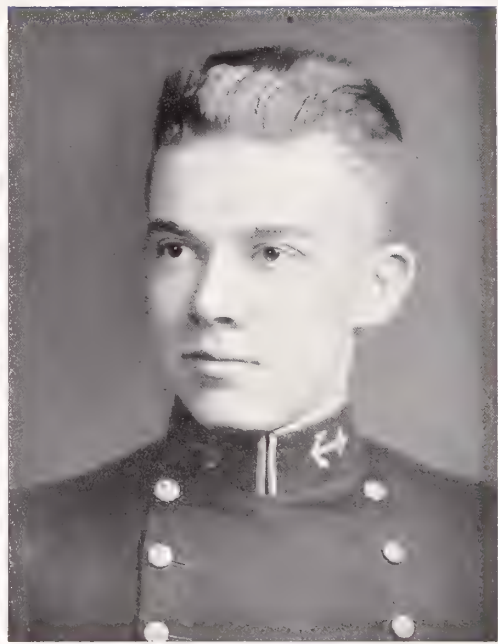
His athletics have been confined mostly to football along with a somewhat sketchy career in company basketball, but should one wish a few fast sets of tennis, George is a willing companion.

Easy going, he hasn't a care in the world; at least, if he has, he keeps it well hidden. He doesn't worry about anything, but just takes the hand that life deals him and stands pat—a truly happy way to live. His absence at the Academy will be keenly felt.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Wrestling 4, 3. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOE MCKNITT ALEXANDER

"Joe" "Alex"

HUNTERSVILLE, N. C.

MOST staunch Rebels come from the sunny South and this Tarheel is no exception. Following the example of all true Carolinians, Joe spent a year at the University of North Carolina trying to decide to become an engineer. After this, a year of farming convinced him that maybe there was even more future in the Navy (believe it or not). Thus a fine roommate and pal entered the portals of Bancroft.

Joe has never been too much absorbed by mere academics. Since they present to him no formidable barrier, he gives a fair portion of his time to the contemplation of the more interesting things of life. However, it cannot be said that many of them are traceable to the fairer sex.

Alex is one of the few sandblowers with no trace of the midgerman complex. His greatest love is a good argument and usually he can clearly convince you that you are wrong when you know you are right. Happily, this habit always takes a humorous turn so that the final rebuttal convinces you that the time has been well spent.

Whether Joe stays in the Navy, or returns to the soil, he will make a success of his chosen profession. With his application to any field in which he is interested, his broad sense of humor, and his natural adaptability, he will never be far from the top. Here's hoping he attains all the success that is due to a good wife.

2 P. O.

JAMES EDWARD SMITH

"Smitty" "Dave" "Jimmy"

COLUMBUS, GA.

SMITTY is a "sentimental gentleman from Georgia," from whence he came to us after spending a year in engineering at Georgia Tech. He was the lowliest of sandblowers when we first saw him, being one of the youngest of our class, but he was endowed with a will to better himself, and we now find him the second platoon and four years older.

A good portion of natural ability and an inclination to apply himself have kept Jimmy sat and gotten him that coveted commission. His versatile nature has caused him to answer the call of many athletic activities. Although the fact that he has never specialized in any sport has kept him from heading most of the lists, Smith has kept plugging away with a tenacity that would not be denied. His favorite sports have been tennis, basketball and wrestling.

Looking at Dave from the coldly distant viewpoint of a wife, he has not been such a bad wife, if one cares to overlook some very loud snoring, an exceptional ability to make noise upon entering at night, a desire to eat noisily during study periods, an amazing ability to borrow money from his wife, and . . . Oh, what's the use? It is all over now, anyway, and it has been a swell time. Smith is going to be a great addition to some ward room out in the fleet. Here's wishing you luck, old man, but you will not need it.

Class Tennis 4, 3.

Basketball 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARTHUR LEWIS BENEDICT, JR.

"Benny"

VANCOUVER, WASH.

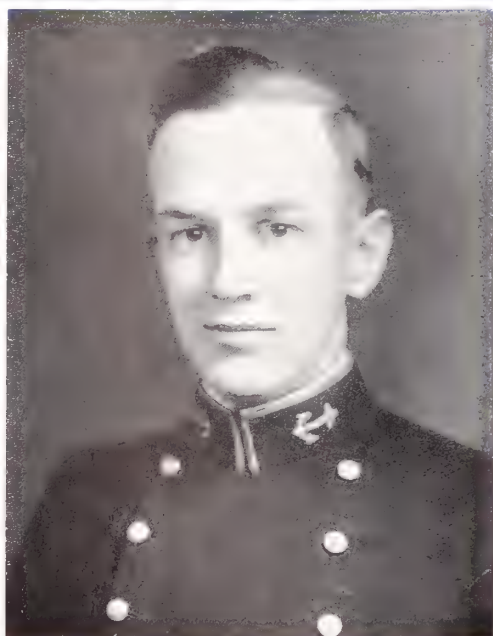
BENNY comes to us from the State of Washington, but this is only his adopted home, as he has traveled extensively during his eventful life. He has lived in Georgia, Illinois, the West Coast, and even the Far East. But, since this life as an army Junior did not offer him the outlet to travel that he wished, he enrolled in the Class of Thirty-Four.

Although a member of the "Sandblowers," Benny has gone far in his accomplishments. His musical ability early manifested itself, and he has been indispensable to the Academy ever since Thirty-Four's Plebe Choir was formed. The Musical Clubs found him very useful as an accompanist, and after three years he found himself leader of the Glee Club. In his spare time Benny plays bridge. To say that he is an expert is not at all too complimentary, and we often wonder how it is he makes his grand slams, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable.

Although lucky at cards, Benny also has a large following of girls from Coast to Coast. His ability to correspond is immense, as is his ability to drag. He does not confine himself to one girl but more often drags two or three with the help, of course, of his willing friends.

With his knowledge of the world and music, coupled with his thoughtfulness and consideration of other people, Benny cannot help going far and accomplishing much when he joins the Fleet.

*Glee Club Leader 1. Business Manager Trident 1.
N. A. 10-3. Orchestra 3, 2. Choir 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.
Accompanist: Glee Club and N. A. C. A. 2*



GEORGE MOORE CLIFFORD

"Dave" "George" "Cliff"

OATLANDS, VA.

FROM way down south in old Virginia came Cliff with noble aspirations and an innocent twinkle in his eyes. Whether it was the term "pampered pets" or the lure of the sea that finally got him here has not been ascertained as yet. But here he is—and every inch a true Virginia Gentleman. Just mention the Civil War to him and you'll find that out soon enough.

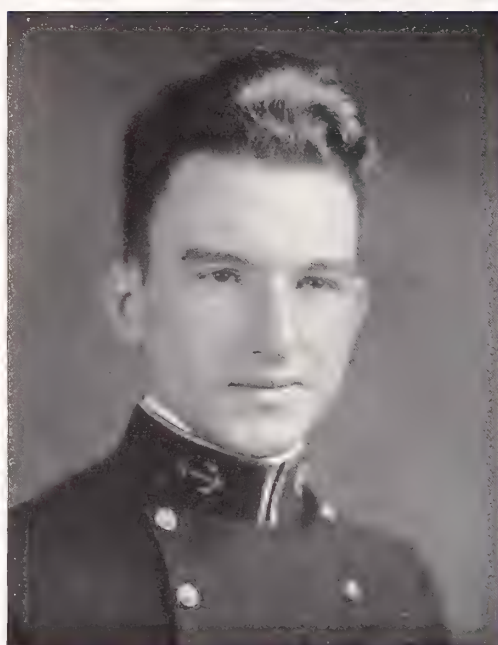
Plebe Year found Cliff a little bewildered by it all, but it didn't take him long to catch on—especially after his trip to Berlin. He still grabs his books on first thought and he still lets out an exclamation of glee when he discovers how some new nautical contraption works. When it comes to sports, there is hardly a one of them that Cliff doesn't tackle before its season is over. And he usually gets the upper hand on each of them before he changes to another sport.

Perhaps its because of his English ancestors that Cliff finds it a little hard to catch on to the "travelling salesman" type of story. You can't help liking the innumerable stories he tells, because he puts them over with the most likeable personality you've ever met. As is the way with most Virginia Gentlemen Cliff makes a host of friends wherever he goes and when he leaves—ah! what a string of the fairer sex with broken hearts. We all know that with his likeable and friendly nature, Cliff can't help but be a success when he gets out in the Fleet with that big half-inch stripe on his sleeve.

Wrestling 4, 3. Glee Club 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RUSSELL BOWES ALLEN

"Russ" "Russelby"

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

RUSSELL, Great Barrington's contribution to the nation's welfare, has become one of the Academy land-marks, approaching Tecumseh in antiquity, and the corridor boys in indolence.

During his occasional spurts of activity, he has ornamented a variety of our athletic teams. Versatile rather than industrious, the boxing, wrestling, and gym squads saw him on alternate nights; his athletic endeavors being more balanced than specialized. During the week-ends the monotony of this physical furore was counterbalanced by the lighter pursuits; and there we have him at his best. No hop complete without him, no day passing without his quota of mail (his correspondence embraces the Atlantic Seaboard, his affairs the League of Nations). Yet he claims constancy as one of his merits; perhaps, but the boys suspect a trace of Mormon in his ancestry.

Scholastically—Well there's little romance in a turbine and why should the fighting poet concern himself with anything so prosaic as a reciprocating engine. Aptitude for the Service is another thing; here Russ has consistently been among the leaders, the Executive Department recognizes his worth despite the blindness of the academics.

In summary Russ is one of the boys, good hearted and easy going, but with a will and a personality of his own, amiable yet decisive; a man on his way to a definite goal and possessing the qualities for its successful achievement.

Boxing 4, 2, 1.

Class Football 1.

2 P. O.

JOHN CAWLEY GREEN

"El Greco" "Honest John"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HEY, do you know Green?" "Honest John"—sure he lives in . . . So it is John has acquired more friends than demerits. And he practically excelled in the latter. In fact the first week of Plebe Summer had not passed before John's name graced the first report and he commenced his intermittent Midshipman career between Bancroft Hall and the Reina.

But his accumulation of black stars is only one of his numerous accomplishments. To pull-sat during the last month when it was really necessary, to complete the Second Class Summer English course in one night, to write acceptable statements for anybody in trouble, or to rush in during the last quarter and pull the lacrosse team out of a slump on a Sunday afternoon—John was equal to them all.

John's south-paw skill might have earned him a place on most any athletic team but he was more devoted to an easy chair and a book. At times though, when his ambition swelled—and the sub-squad could spare him—he engaged in diverse sports. Inclined toward variety he nevertheless favored lacrosse.

Conversation was never a lost art when John was in the room. There was no topic of conversation which he could not supplement and no repartee in which he did not hold his own.

He did not believe in taking the Navy too seriously and although the academics bothered him they brought no worry.

Indolent perhaps, but enjoying life to its utmost John has the ability to succeed.

Company Representative 4. Lacrosse 4, 3. Class Lacrosse 2, 1.

Class Baseball 4. Class Soccer 4. Black N 20 Stars.

2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDWARD NOE BLAKELY

"Eddie" "Enoe" "Blake"

NORRISTOWN, PA.

THIS specimen of manhood hails from the world's largest borough—Norristown, Pennsylvania. What! never heard of it? Ask him its chief industry. Eddie has the regular faults as far as toothpaste, shirts, socks, etc. are concerned; but (thank Heavens) he does not take his wife's scags! However he can be relied up every Thursday morning to borrow the last pair of skivvies.

This man has a certain little way all of his own of getting along—Blondes, Brunettes, Rebels, and Yankees. But Blake has stronger stuff in him. Yes indeed, he isn't afraid to turn in before a term exam. He gets along alright with the Ac Departments and goes slumming in the anchor section or rubs noses with the intelligencia. Variety is the spice of life, says he.

He saunters out with those pet disci of his occasionally and flings them at two stripers. Sometimes he gets up at midnight to practice form and it immediately recalls the home town industry. He has a few other passions too. Ask him how many windows he broke Youngster Year, and if he says ten he is just being modest.

But when all's said and done, you can't get another wife like him. That cheery disposition, even in the teeth of a Monday Morning, is something to talk about. Yes sir, he is a good wife and just a little ray of sunshine. Three cheers from the common people for Blake!

*Plebe Football. Track. Varsity Track 3, 2, 1.
Pep Committee. Reception Committee. 2 P. O.*



GEORGE HASTINGS BOND

"Beppo" "Bevo" "George"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

QUITTING the sunny clime of Pennsylvania to "join the Navy" Bevo donned his trusty twelves and joined us.

During Plebe Summer he appeared in the guise of the Big Bad Wolf, but we gradually penetrated his serious mien and found him to be only human. Take that from one who made liberties with him in Europe. It must have been his fierce scowl that early crowned his efforts in the pursuit of the fair sex. Bevo was the first in our class to announce his future intentions. I reckon he is the lucky one of the two. It made history in the Second Batt when Bevo's plebe sang with such fervor "On Pennsylvania" followed by Ye Good Old Vassar Cheer.

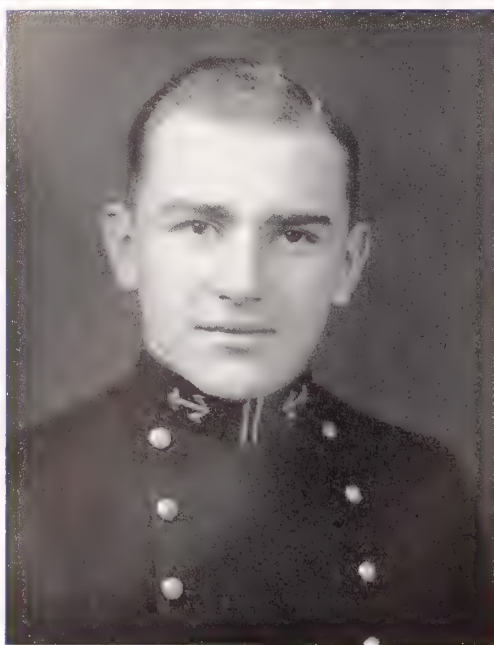
The academics have never troubled Bevo. If he could go to sleep at night with an engine in his arms and thoughts of B.T.U.'s and cross-sections of battleships in his mind, he would be blissfully happy. His inventive qualities have promise of future greatness. To date his only failure was the gadget he invented for the Glasgow Bus Company, that cost him a pretty shilling.

A characteristic pose of his is sitting down, smoking a skag, reading some choice literature, and listening to Leopold Stokowski on our Philco. He does possess a keen mind and a rare sense of humor. Although not meticulous, he does not like the country attitude. He is an easy person to live with, pleasant to pass the time with, and very helpful when you are unsat.

Football 4. Boxing 4. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES ANTONIAK

"Tony"

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

WAY back before the depression a happy thought struck a young high school sight-seer in Crabtown; and as a result the garden spot of New York decreased in population and the Navy acquired another aspirant. Nor did Tony take the path of least resistance to reach those golden heights. He wanted to see what the top looked like from the bottom and what the bottom looked like from the top when he got there. So on the eve of his graduation from Mynderse Academy he left the town flat and set his gyro "Navy True." Twice he came home as a salty gob. People doubted; but as man bows before gold so they were convinced when that lowly Plebe paraded those buttons on that glorious Christmas Leave in thirty-one.

The pistol took his fancy; and if you don't think he made anything of that fancy recall the Youngster Hop in thirty-two and the chest that sported the expert pistol medal. Women mean nothing to him except perhaps as patient listeners to his many-sided philosophy; but he did fall in love with B squad football and wrestling for these represented to him legalized slaughter and a path for his playful moods to follow.

All the above is a picture of an active mind and body; but as a companion, an understanding, considerate friend, and a roommate Tony is unbeatable. There are too few such men everywhere.

Wrestling. B Squad. Football. M. P. O.

ARTHUR LESTER NEWMAN

"Art" "Al"

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

FROM the plow to the tiller, that in short, is the story of this young, energetic, bushy-haired, blond middle who decided somewhat extemporaneously upon his graduation from Mynderse Academy that he would don the blue and gold.

Al hails from Seneca Falls and the fact that there were no appointments did not phase this would be "salt" in the least; for as an alternative, he enlisted with the bluejackets and entered the Naval Academy under a Navy quota, sailing free with flying colors after having spent one year in the Service.

From Plebe Summer till now our impressions of him have not changed in the least. One might always find him greeting his many friends with a broad cheerful smile, displaying a large set of teeth.

Although athletically inclined he was forced to take a back seat because of an operation which gave him a late start; nevertheless, he is no radiator hound and we find him working out with the boxing team most winter afternoons. He has become very clever with his dukes.

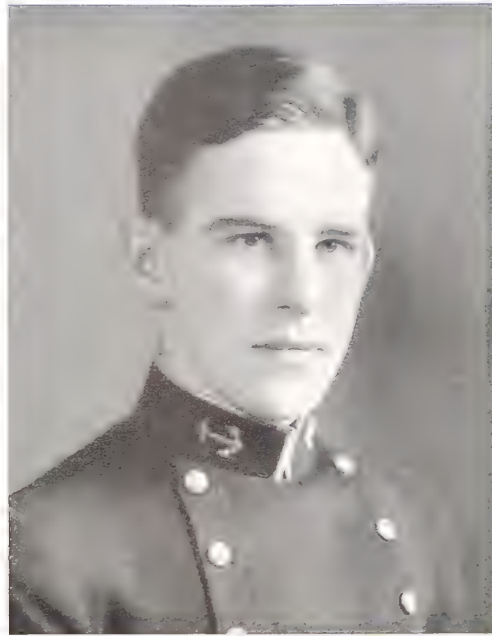
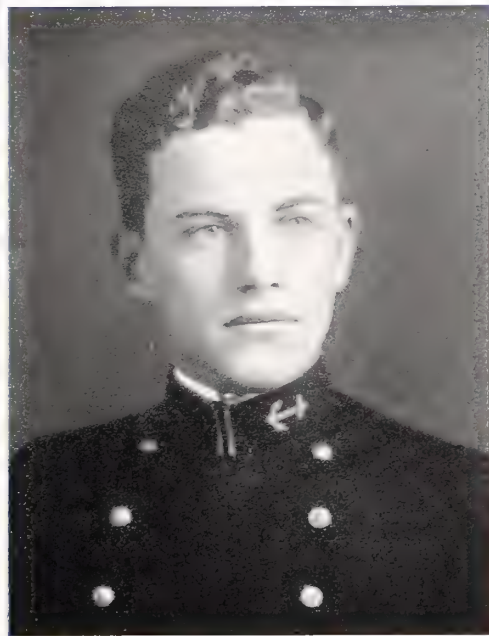
He has found fun where no one else seems to,—that is to say, Crabtown. On most any liberty he can be found on Prince George Street.

He has succeeded in finding a warm spot in the hearts of his classmates. His high ideals combined with many noble characteristics cannot but help to place him far in his chosen career and incidentally will also give to the Navy a fine gentleman and an excellent officer.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM MORGAN McCORMICK

"Mac" "Bill" "Morg"

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

EAGLE 48?" "Oh yes—that's the ship our Mac started on!" Don't be surprised if you hear that from some high source one of these days for it's a long way from Eagle boats Mac will travel. Not a guess, you can see it now: standing high in academics, pounding them down in his chosen sport, the ring and well esteemed by all who work with him—sure inspires of future as bright as the present.

Mac came to us from New Jersey, the land of H. P. mosquitoes, fair ladies, savvy gentlemen and Rutgers.

The future wife would gasp could she see the room of her coming consort. Never a misplaced article; not a sock dares stir from its rank, and while others rush madly about before formation for collar buttons he is calm and ready.

Naval life does not engross him to the exclusion of a well rounded personality. He will air his knowledge of the world to no one, but if you engage him in a talk you will receive some quiet answers on almost any subject.

Give him an intricate math problem, an afternoon on horseback or sailing, a chance to help a friend or just some trifle to worry over with his pipe in hand and he is happy. Could you ask for more? These qualities will go a long way in the fleet and to it he brings the added qualification of being a man in every sense of the word.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 4, 3, 2. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Three Stripes.

ARTHUR CHESTER SMITH

"Chet" "Ahab" "Smitty" "The Beagler"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

IT would indeed be foolish to spend time in setting down herein the minor failings and foibles of the co-sharer of shaving cream, stamps, and razor blades, when there are so many qualities to be dwelt upon, and for which we will all remember him, long after the little things have faded into insignificance.

Some mention should, however, be given to the fact that he uncannily gets "results" without, seemingly, ever "getting the news." Never has he listened to an order at formation, never has he known whether the uniform of the day was white works or full-dress, never has he had clean gloves or a white cap cover when he needed them—but he was always where he should be, when he should be, doing what he should—albeit with somewhat of a dazed expression and wearing one of his favorite caps which would have brought tears to the eyes of a Baltimore tug-boat Captain.

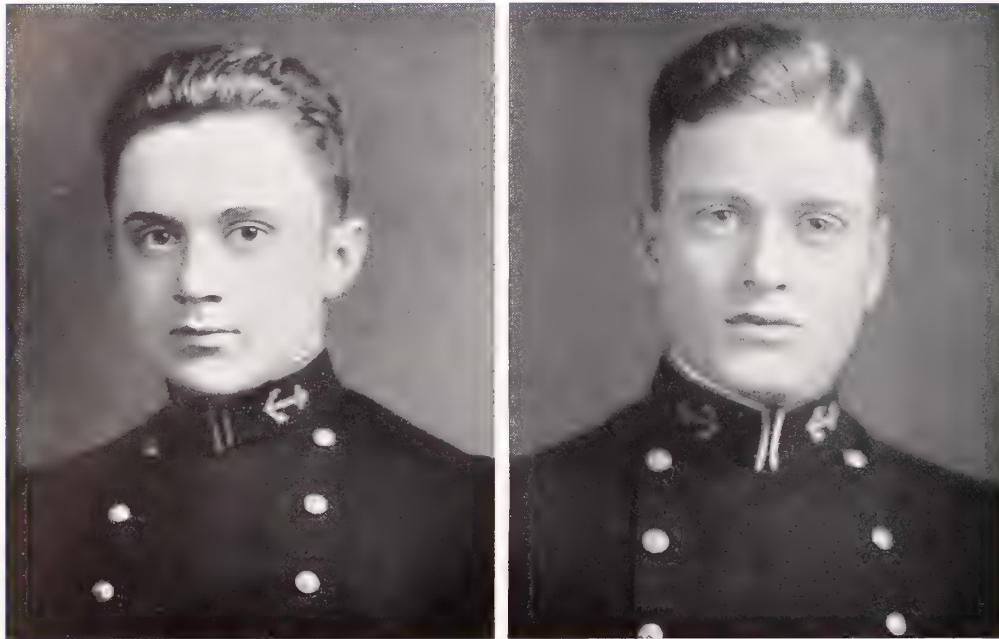
As a boxer he has displayed no mean talent, and could always be depended upon methodically to make his opponent wonder where all the gloves were coming from; and some of them never did find out until it was too late.

All in all, he is a wholly satisfactory individual from any viewpoint, and deserves the best that living holds for him. Whether he stays in the Service or not it can be expected that his work will be done thoroughly, cheerfully—and what is most important—done well.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. Log Board 4, 3, 2, 1. Trident Society 4, 3, 2, 1. Vice-Pres. Editor Trident 1. Lucky Bag Staff. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANK WILLARD AULD

"Neewah" "Frankie"

BALTIMORE, MD.

ANOTHER Baltimorean felt the lure of the uniform when Frank came to us. Of course the predominating influence to which he subsided was a desire for the education to be derived from the institution on the Severn.

That he has distinguished himself among the intelligentsia cannot be denied. Following along the well ingrained foundation afforded at Baltimore's Polytechnic, Frankie has achieved a most commendable standing in the academic field. With comparative ease he has managed to keep within the enviable first hundred of his class.

From the above, one might be inclined to believe Neewah to be one of the charter members of the so-called Radiator Club. Whereupon, the following is sufficient to render the very thought negative. From Plebe Year, the gridiron held a particular attraction for him. However, injuries have kept him from a possible claim to fame. Yet we are proud to say that Frankie still worked on with increased endeavor as a member of the "B" Squad.

As we prepare to leave Frankie, there are several characteristics which have stood out most noticeably during four years together,—concentration and adaptability along with earnestness. These will prove of inestimable value to whatever branch of business or activity which he will choose to follow. And, coupled with the willing hand, which he has offered to many of his less fortunate classmates when academics proved beyond their ability, will make him not only a valuable, but a most agreeable associate. May success reward your every endeavor.

"B" Squad Football 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

JAMES ENGLISH SCHWARTZ

"Jimmy" "Iggy" "Romeo"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

THROUGH the smoke and haze of his home town there emerged upon us this smiling confident young man. Following in the footsteps of an older brother never deterred him. A girl's pleadings were not strong enough to keep him from completing an objective having once decided upon it. His goal was four successful years at the Naval Academy. And he has had these.

Jimmy has an untold number of good points—the disagreeable ones are few. First, last and always he has an appreciation of the value of common sense. Next in importance as a predominating characteristic is a peculiar combination of earnestness, perseverance and persistence. Many obstacles have bowed before this trait which can be taken as a criterion of the kind of man he is.

In athletics Jimmy has confined his varsity attempts to soccer and during the fall games one could always see his hardened frame protecting the Navy goal from the intrusions of a rival team. His abilities in the line of sports however, extended beyond this varsity soccer—he was always welcomed into any game whatsoever because of his unusual versatility.

As a member of the "N. A." Ten this young man has helped furnish all of us with many melodious Friday evenings.

With a pleasing personality and a ruthless tenaciousness he is eminently fitted to be a good officer or to carry on successfully in civilian life.

We regretfully say "Good bye" to a true friend, an officer, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

N. A. 10 4, 3, 2.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1.

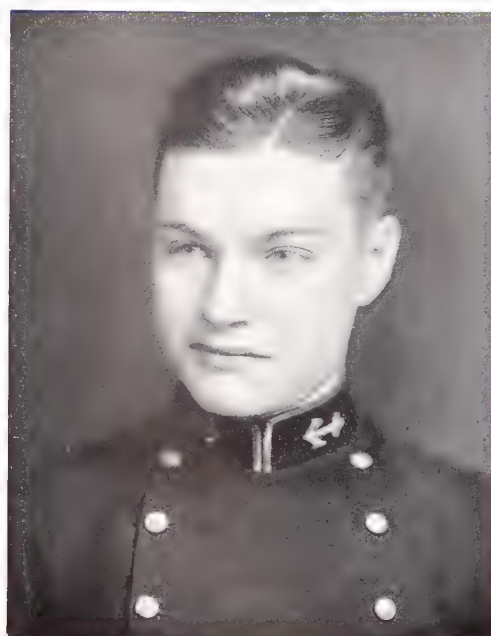
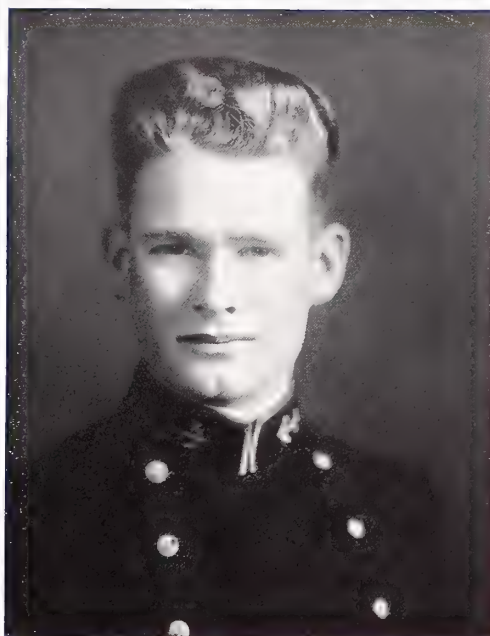
Musical Club Shows 4, 3, 2.

aNf.

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALLEN WILLIS MOORE

"Al" "Scarface"

QUEEN ANNE, MD.

THE Eastern Shore, perhaps better known as the Sportsman's Paradise, lost a good sport when Al ferried across the Bay to be sworn in as a Midshipman.

From the captain and star of the Caroline High School soccer team, Al has developed into one of the mainstays of the Navy's Varsity team. He thoroughly enjoys the game, and even when out of season, we see him kicking a ball around Farragut Field, or in the corridors of Bancroft Hall. He also has a weakness for baseball, and an intimate and exact knowledge of all players in the Big League.

Al has seldom dragged, probably because he just hasn't decided to give the women a break. Nevertheless he claims to be a connoisseur of women, and his rosy cheeks and wavy hair have doubtless attracted the eyes of many Navy drags.

His ambitions are indeterminate and somewhat beyond the scope of this book, but to attain a high class standing is not among them. He despises tea fights, but is right at home in a bull session.

Al's career at the Naval Academy has been four years of good times. Exams, regulations, or what have you, mean little in his young life. Nothing can make him lose his cheerful smile, his sense of humor, nor his desire for a little "hoss-play." That's why he makes an ideal roommate and a good shipmate, and that's why he's made many friends who all wish him the utmost success in life.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. Baseball 2. 2 P. O.

JAMES ELLIOTT OWERS

"Jim" "Superbear"

MANCHESTER, CONN.

WHILE a junior in High School, Jim decided that the life of a Midshipman would be to his liking. By a slight amount of extra boning he easily passed the entrance exams and became one of the youngest members of the Class of '34. During the months of Plebe Summer Jim learned most of the Bancroft Hall tricks and as a result he made quite a reputation for himself as a plebe during Ac year. We can get a good picture of Jim's life as a Midshipman by stating that, as a Plebe he made a good Youngster, and as a Youngster, he made a good First Classman.

Jim's chief diversion is swimming and most any afternoon he can be seen stroking smoothly up and down the pool. His athletic activities are not restricted to the pool, however, for he can give a good account of himself on either the lacrosse field or the track.

This fair haired lad has also cut quite a figure among the fair sex and he has been guilty of breaking more than one femme's heart; but at this writing we believe that he has at last found the one girl of his dreams.

Jim will always be remembered as a fine roommate, and we all know that he will have a successful career in whatever field of endeavor he chooses.

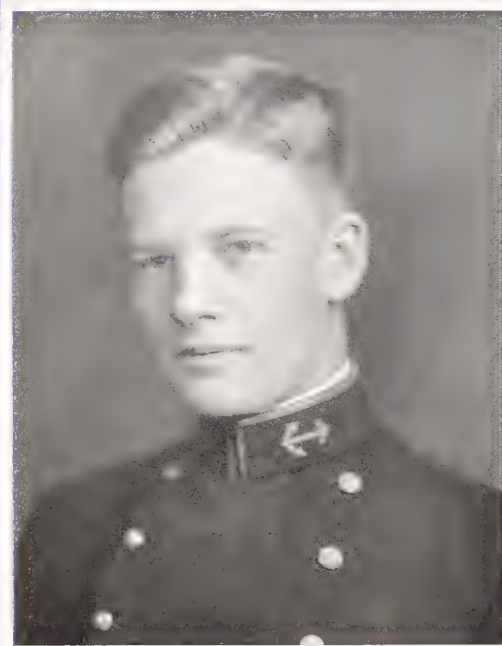
Cross Country 4, 1.
Swimming 2.

Lacrosse 4.
Track 1.

Football 3, 2.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DONALD HOLMAN AYER

"Don"

BANGOR, ME.

DON came to us fresh from the cold north and . . . naturally academics had no worries for him, and his class standing has since proved this. After we came to know him we found that he liked dogs, chess and strawberry sundaes. A good book would always keep him quiet for a while.

Although Don has not made a name for himself in athletics, he is rarely found on the radiator. If it were not a week-end he could usually be found on the tennis or handball courts or in the wrestling loft. During week-ends he usually can be found dragging, a snakish habit of which he quite approves. He has a penchant for Army Juniors.

All who know him, know of his ready wit and conversations. He doesn't say much about himself, but on any other topic is convincing and informing. He also has original ideas. Although the Exec. Department wouldn't let him decorate his room according to his own imagination, he's conceived the idea of little Frances Arabella Holman which ticks away the hours.

We are glad and consider ourselves lucky to have had Don for a classmate. His companionship and willingness to go out of his way to help one have won him many friends both at the Academy and in the neighboring cities.

Reception Committee.

Class Wrestling.

P. O.

FRANK CUNNINGTON THARIN

"Frank"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HE hails from Washington, but we soon learned that he was a true Southern Gentleman and no "Damned Yankee." Frank joined us Plebe Summer with a merry laugh and a wealth of good humor, and no one needed to ask why he came. His presence was sufficient in itself. He soon discovered that the Academy wasn't the picnic he expected, but with the minimum of effort he carried on through the four years.

In sports there is nothing Frank hasn't touched, but as soon as he was catching onto one—another attracted his attention. The result was not a worldly success but it attested of a will to learn and a lack of a radiator hound in his blood. When not otherwise occupied he is to be found on the Property Gang helping the Masqueraders along.

Women have always held a big place in his heart, and we suspect that more than one of them has held a like place open for him, but he has never specialized in the subject.

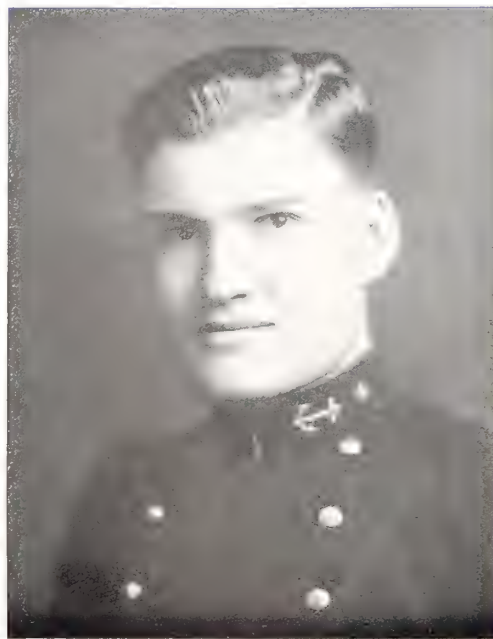
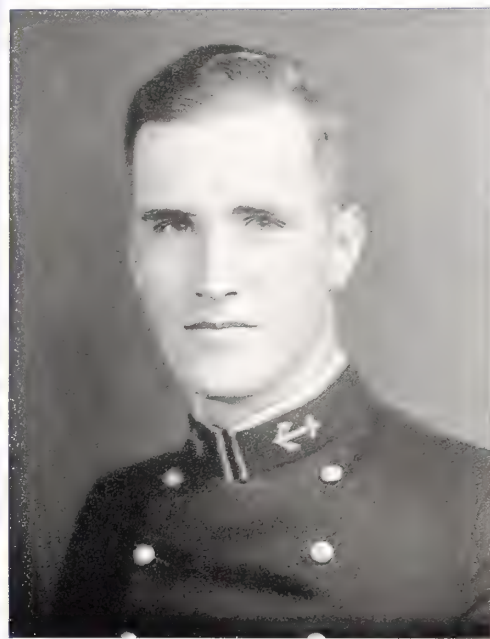
Close association with Frank has but little altered our Plebe Summer impression. Happy-go-lucky combined with a streak of seriousness make him a man suited for any mood or place. Generous to a fault he is always ready to share his little and more. He is not lazy, but he never lets a lesson come between him and a game of chess or a good book. He has a large forbearance of other's faults and is always ready to see their side of the question.

He is a fit shipmate on any voyage to anywhere.

Reception Committee. Glee Club. Prop. Gang. One Stripe.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN FREDERICK SHRIVER

"Chowhound" "Harry" "John"

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

JOHN acquired the name chow hound during Plebe Summer because of the large Watertown appetite which he brought with him. Everything about Watertown is large—just ask him. Anyway, he was a growing boy then but now he has reached his full growth or at least we hope so. And now that he has grown up, his eye has turned from something to eat to the weaker sex, at least he considers them weaker. Carvel Hall and his locker door bear mute evidence of his many conquests, and though not always successful, his average is above the average.

But underneath the gallant's cloak we find a very sincere and serious young man whose ambition knows no bounds. Though boundless, it is very definitely directed along engineering lines whether it be in the Navy or on the outside. And he is sure to go far in his desires because of his lively interest in things technical. He is one of the few we know who is interested in juice or steam for their own sake. However, this interest of his extends to all phases of life with equal vitality.

But to return to the future, we feel that John's ambitions are colored by visions of a little cottage for two whether it be in Atlanta, Chicago, Bethesda, Kansas City, or even in dear old Watertown. But we will be sorry to see him take the plunge because thereby we will lose the comradeship of a classmate, good and true.

Crew 4, 3.

Class Football 2.

2 P. O.

JOHN PRESTON WILEY

"John" "Punchy"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUNCH came to us from Central High School, Washington D. C. and also from the High School Kaydets which supply so many of our outstanding Midshipmen. He was early marked in respect to his academic abilities and has maintained his high standard past all the pitfalls which catch so many.

At first he thought little of the weaker sex but as soon as he discovered that they really were weaker, he became as enthusiastic as the best of them. And so everything went along fine until he became suddenly aware that all lambs are not woolly. But that is another story. He'll be glad to tell you about it. Just ask him.

His interest in athletics was more than casual but two years of lacrosse satisfied his desire for active participation and so he turned to another field of development, namely, books. One could invariably find him deep in the realms of the great masters of literature with an insatiable desire for developing his mind. And so his classmates came to look up to him as a friend to whom they could go for help when the academics became difficult or when one was earnestly striving to pull sat. His ready assistance and cheery advice will long be remembered by all his friends.

We predict and expect great things from John in whatever profession he may choose to enter and the best wishes of his classmates will follow him through his career which has started so brilliantly.

Star 4, 3, 2, 1.

Plebe Wrestling.

Class Lacrosse.

Co. C. P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES DUNNINGTON BABB

"Von" "Jim" "Babbo"

PHILIPPI, W. VA.

AFTER several years of wandering through the mountains of West Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky, Jim decided to try the seashore so he came to the banks of the Chesapeake for his first indoctrination. A glimpse at his demerit record, which is as spotless as a Skipper's Inspection collar, will show that the change has certainly agreed with him.

A good book, a good pipe, and a bunk, and Jim is at peace with the world. Lessons and exams are unimportant and subordinate to the task at hand for Jim—which might be a cleverly executed pen sketch, a short story which may someday win him fame, a poem (which, we hope for his sake, may not), a book of essays, or, more commonly, *The Post*. Versatile, he is possessed of the happy faculty of accomplishing the maximum with effort at a minimum.

Although quiet by nature, he has a genial and friendly disposition. He has made an ideal roommate, for his modest temperament has been a check on a temperamental wife. A vivid imagination which leads him to far-away places and strange lands has made endurable for him the military life to which he has never been partial. That same imagination and carefree nature will carry him through a promising future.

A gentleman, in truth and not by Act of Congress, a connoisseur of the arts, and a lover of the aesthetic, Jim will always be a good friend and shipmate.

150 lb. Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

WALTER HARLEN BAUMBERGER

"Red" "Bambo"

GLENDAL, W. VA.

SO he picked up the sandblower, and took him under the shower." The sandblower was a Youngster, after white cap covers and Bambo was a Plebe, but he did it in such a nice way that the Youngster didn't mind—very much.

He was that way most of Plebe Year, and with the added handicap of a broken leg, which took a long while to heal, and a naturally independent disposition, it was quite a year.

Youngster Year was better, mainly because of football. Bambo's favorite outdoor sport is football, in spite of all the attendant hardships, broken bones, and black eyes, and he has done very well at it. His favorite indoor sport is bridge, and his favorite flower is certainly not the lily.

As to his likes and dislikes, tea fights, crooners, and alternating current might be listed under the latter, while blonde movie actresses, plenty of good chow, and sleep come under the former. Women, fan-mail and poetry are not important enough to be considered.

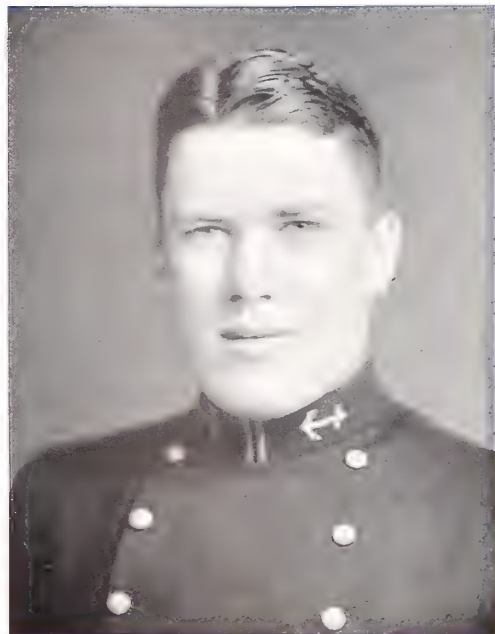
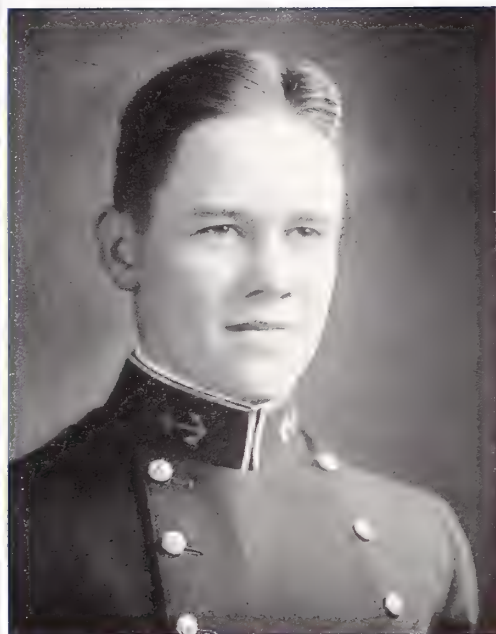
His personal character is excellent. He is kind to his Plebes—except after a morning of juice—, tolerant of his roommate, and loses gracefully at poker. He likes and appreciates good books, good music, and good shows, and has an excellent artistic taste.

His ambitions are modest, and he pretends to be a cynic but he'll probably get along very well.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. Track 4, 3. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN AIKEN HORTON, JR.

"Johnny" "Hortense"

BELTON, S. C.

FOLLOWING a year of military life at the Citadel, Johnny found the call of the waves much stronger than his fondness for militarism, and, stopping long enough to pick up one of Bobbie's best war courses enroute, this tried and true son of the South became an integral part of the Naval Service on June 30, 1930.

Forever a Democrat, a firm believer in the superiority of the land below the Mason-Dixon Line, always willing to lend a helping hand to a dejected brother—this is Hortense. Although claiming true Southern gentility, he possessed a knack of doing even more than his share of the work; a quality which made him a most ideal roommate.

He has no specific hobby to speak of, but takes an interest in various athletic and social activities, which, added to his liking for a good story, fill in his spare moments. Equally adept in affairs of the heart with the fair sex, Hortense's date list has long been the envy of his many fellow smoothies, while his Carvel Hall manners are above reproach. A happy faculty for keeping about three jumps ahead of the academic departments has saved Johnny the necessity of offering alms to the great god Tecumseh's memory.

One could not ask for a more generous companion or unswerving friend. His energetic nature and thirst for knowledge predict for him a happy and successful future, no matter what seas he chooses to sail.

Two Stripes.

HUGH QUIN MURRAY

"Fid" "Ellie"

NEWNAN, GA.

QUALITY—and six feet two, one hundred and ninety pounds of quantity. Possessing an abundance of natural athletic ability, a strong likeable personality, a sparkling sense of humor, and a heart of gold, Fid came to us.

Leading an exceptionally well rounded life, athletics is his long suit. He is best pictured on the football field where he is more at home than in his native haunts in Newnan. A hard and consistent player he neither asks nor gives quarter. Plebe Summer he rowed in the company boat, but failed to continue his activities in this line, devoting his time to basketball and spring football. Golf and lacrosse fill his spare moments when he takes a day off from the regular schedule of events.

Though not a fanatic on the subject of femmes, he is usually found at the hops and occasionally at Carvel Hall giving a select few a break. Never going in for quantity, quality is his motto in this line, for when he drags 'tis of the fairest of the fair, whether she be one of his native "peaches" or a "damnyankee."

To him academics have proved a bore, yet surrounded by his flotilla of magazines he has succeeded in accomplishing much with little study. "Why worry about anything" is his policy.

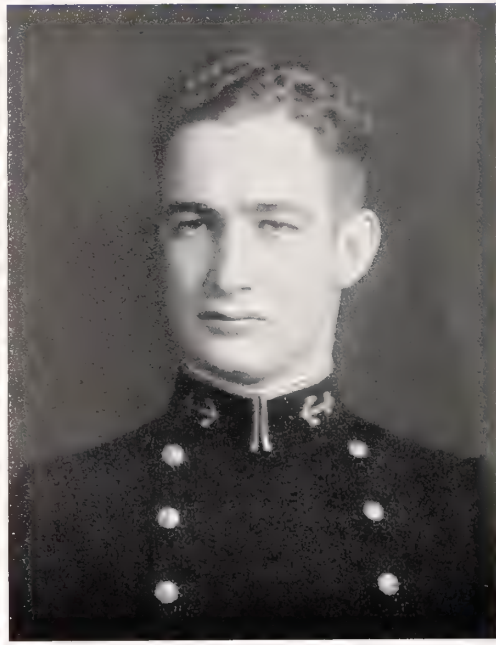
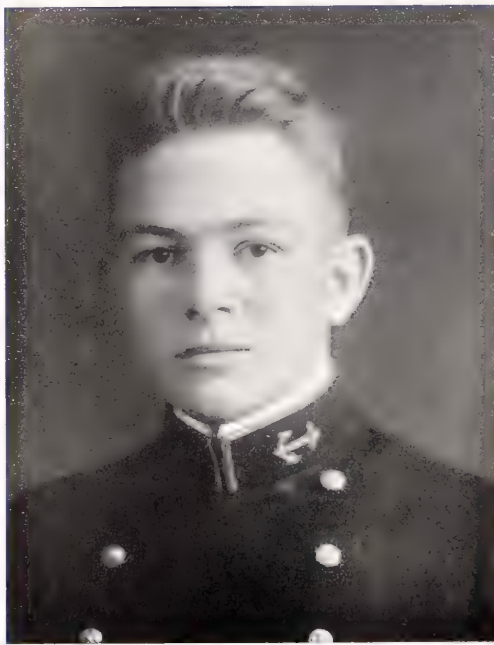
Admired and respected by his classmates to the extent of holding numerous elective positions, not the least among which being captain of the football team, Fid should always come through with flying colors.

*Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Capt. 1. "N." Class Sec.-Treas. 2.
Ring Committee. Three Stripes.*

Lacrosse 2 1.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ERIC LLOYD BARR
"Mike" "Buddha"
NEW LONDON, CONN.

TRUE to the character of his Viking name, Eric has followed the sea from the time he was able to tell port from starboard, in everything from a rowboat to the Wyoming. Even submarines are no mystery to him.

The son of Naval Officer, he has lived on both coasts, and his friends extend from ocean to ocean not only by virtue of that fact, but because he is the sort of person who makes friends, and keeps them, wherever he goes.

His athletic career has been well rounded, for he has been a member of nearly every squad at the Academy except the radiator squad. Wrestling, boxing, track, crew, and soccer have been his principal sports, with a tennis game now and then and a try at the flying rings for diversion.

Besides all these accomplishments, Eric is a valiant trencherman and a worthy companion of many feasts, both intellectual and physical. It is practically impossible to snow him under, either in conversation or deeds, no doubt, partly due to the fact that he was once a resident of California and still has a warm spot in his heart for that state.

Above all, however, he is a good shipmate in the best sense that that word stands for, afloat or ashore.

Soccer 4, 3. Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. Reception Committee.
Radio Club. Tennis 4. 1 P. O. 150 lb. Crew 2.

CLARENCE EARLE DICKINSON, JR.
"Dick"
WILMINGTON, N. C.

IT did not take us long to find out Plebe Summer that Dick was in our midst, and that he is not one of those people who sit quietly by and let things take their own course. He must always voice his opinion; and what a voice.

Plebe Year offered no easy sailing for Dick because he could never convince the upper classes that these opinions of his were right, since however, he has had little trouble with the under classes.

Dick began his Youngster Year in a true serpentine manner, but before the year was finished he met his nemesis and for a time his song was "The One Girl." Dick weathered this gale in spite of losing his anchors and since then he has been "sailing free."

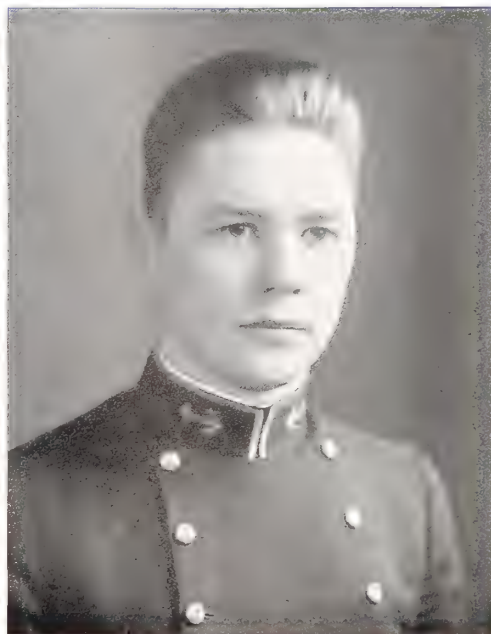
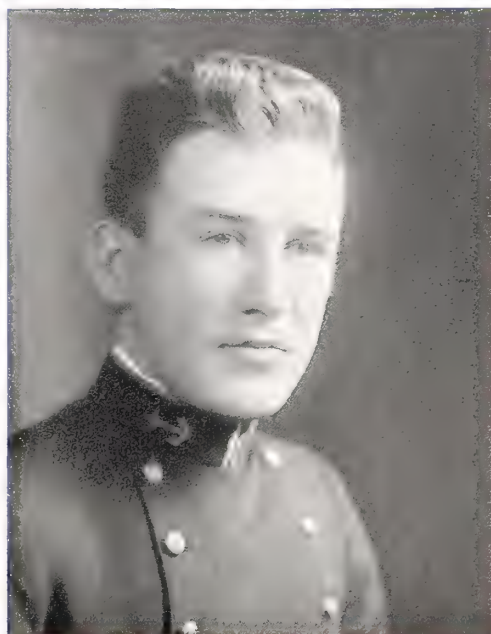
Athletics have played a small part in Dick's life, and he is usually found around the radiator (in someone else's room) where "raise you five" is accompanied by the tinkle of chips.

Did someone mention "The War"? Never do that unless it is desired to start something because Dick is a rebel and is ready any time, and all the time to fight any or all of it out again.

In telling something about Dick, First Class Cruise cannot be omitted, because he displayed during that time energy hitherto unknown to his classmates. And, there is no doubt but that this vitality will carry him a long way in his career whether it be in the Service or elsewhere.

Reception Committee. Wrestling 4. Radio Club. Crew 4.
Lucky Bag Staff. 2 P. O.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



KEITH EIKENBERRY TAYLOR

"Keith" "Ike"

RICHMOND, IND.

KEITH is from Indiana where even rowboats are few and far between but he needed no previous experience to develop himself to be a good sailor and an exceptional shipmate.

Ike always has a smile. He does not gush, but it's there, and it's likeable and handy to have around. The academics, after a few rather vicious rounds with Italian and math, hold no terrors for him, and if some non-savoir needs a little assistance he'll give it, and enjoy it, just for the sake of doing a favor.

He's an all around sport, not a star athlete, but a man who can hold up his end of any game anywhere. He likes to go places and do things and be it a trip to town, a football game (he's the guy with the foghorn voice), a liberty party, or a day on leave, Keith is a good man to be with because something is doing and it is worth while to be among those present.

When Keith first came to Annapolis he knew no one in or around the town but now his friends are many and he is a friend to many more. Indiana crashed through in a big way when Keith came East, and he certainly has made his place at the Academy as he will continue to do in the fleet. Good luck to you, fellow, and good hunting.

Reception Committee.

Pep Committee.

2 P. O.

EDWARD HICKS WORTHINGTON

"Ned" "Ed"

BALTIMORE, MD.

HAVING come to us from Baltimore the Naval Academy held no terrors for him. At least not until he was firmly planted inside the grey walls. Since then he has been struggling with that ancient foe, the Academic Dept. A terrible foe to have on the opposing side but it seldom had him down to the place where he could be persuaded to give up a good magazine for a dry Juice book, or one of Math.

Ned would probably have had an envious athletic record by now if he had not met with a regrettable accident while boxing his Plebe Year and which has since kept him from participating in sports more strenuous than bridge. Bridge is, by the way, his favorite pastime.

He has endeavored to make us believe that those of the fair sex are farthest from his mind but, in spite of this aversion, one can always find him at every hop with one of the finest on his arm.

All in all, Ned is one of Uncle Sam's finest and one could want no better as a friend and comrade. Four years with such a man only lead us to wish that we had known him always and to realize that wherever our various paths may lead in the future, he will be with us always.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES MARRINER BERTHOLF

"Bert" "Burp"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE Ancient Mariner can be seen any Sunday at Carvel Hall when the strains of Tiger Rag are most unrestrained. It was in California that he killed the albatross, thereby causing himself to be becalmed for four years on the treacherous academic seas, whose perils most of us know so well.

Naturally he considers such new fangled subjects as Juice and Steam a total loss, or worse! but in the time honored study, Navigation, he is proficient. However, he threw the latter department into consternation, seriously disrupting some of their theories, by making in class one day the startling assertion that the sun always shines in California.

He has never missed a hop except on those few regrettable occasions when having been a naughty boy, he was excluded from those portals which guard two thousand muskets. He excels when the orchestra puts on forced draft and amid a terrible din of straining brass and superheated syncopations he forces up the R P M's to a point which discourages the less hardy.

Burp is an amiable companion and roommate and seldom does 2004 echo to the sounds of internal strife. Among his bad points are a propensity to flood the whole room when washing his face, a horror of scrubbing the soap dish and an inclination to scorn dust in bed springs.

"Marriner's" jovial smile and witty repartee combined with an ability to meet life's major issues and to ignore it's little tragedies will enable him to succeed, and to enjoy life to the full.

Hop Committee 2, 1.

Color Guard.
Black N****.

2 P. O.

WILLIAM TENNEY DUTTON

"El" "Trout" "General" "Willyam"

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

A LITTLE over twenty-one years ago, Annapolis "pointed with pride" to the birth of a fine baby boy, christened, William Tenney Dutton. Little did he know then, of the complexities that the Naval Academy held in store for him.

Who is there in the second battalion who hasn't heard the familiar shout of "Dutton, you're in section 209 not 204, and where is your necktie?" El has done practically everything from attempting to dance with overshoes on to forgetting his family's address. Although, ever since becoming a Midshipman, he has staunchly maintained that he is "terribly discouraged," he has batted one thousand as far as drags are concerned and his athletic record shows four years on the lacrosse and football squads.

To a peanut, El is a most dangerous enemy, and those who have failed to see him deplete a bag full have missed a really delicate operation. He likes to shave with his cap on and refuses to two block his tie even for skipper's inspection. Letters, regardless from whom they come, seem to hold a greater fascination if they are put away and not read for a day or two.

Physically, mentally and morally El is a man. He is straight forward and has the courage of his own convictions. In his relations with other human beings he is over-considerate and is never one to abuse a fellow man. His character and backbone would make anyone proud to be his roommate and friend.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club.
2 P. O. Black N*****.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN POMEROY CONDON
"Johnny" "Chippewa" "Ogpu"
HOUGHTON, MICH.

FROM the icy land of furs, copper and Paul Bunyan phantasmagoria comes the black haired John Pomeroy Condon. Deserting his tribesmen, he donned his snowshoes and set out on the long trek to the Naval College.

A versatile athlete, he has reached the acme of his desire, that of captaining the lacrosse team. The beautiful legged Apollo can be seen any afternoon, mesmerized by the copper faced god, Lacrosse, grunting, sweating and pirouetting with a grace which would have inspired the envy of the Chippewa who must have been his very close neighbors.

Coming from the *Ancien Nobless* of the Upper Peninsula he has the persuasive charm of a Chesterfield which gives him ready access to the hearts of Gynocracy the world over. Of late he has become more or less monogynous, but, as far as we know, he has not yet been bound by the *vinculum matrimonii*.

Aside from all the verbage, Johnny has the respect, admiration and friendship of his classmates. He is a true friend and has a smile for everyone. *Honi soit qui mal lui pense*.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. Captain 1. Football 4.
G. P. O.

THOMAS HODGKIN DU BOIS
"Tom"
AT LARGE

BORN in Shanghai of American parents, under the flag of Great Britain—that's how complicated matters were for Tommy when he first entered this world. Establishing during the summer of '32 an all-time all-Academy record for "Late Formation" his motto has since become "En retard mais jamais absent"—he always got there.

From the very first week of Plebe Year, Prince Henry has been at it with the Academic Department tooth and nail, garnering the above monicker from the Navigation campaign of 32-33. He worked on a regular schedule which consisted of the following: October, re-adaptation to Academy surroundings (2.1 in Math, Nav. and Bull); November: sudden awakening and realization that annual drive for Christmas Leave was on (2.3 in Math, Nav, and Bull); December (2.7 in Math, Nav, and Bull)—It's not so bad around here, fellas—s'long; January: grim determination coupled with abnormal amounts of studying (2.9 in Math, Nav and Bull). And so the vicious cycle repeated itself twice each year with the old maestro coming through each time—"Fruit!" says he.

T. H. is not without brain power by a long shot, as evidenced by his exciting dealings in Wall Street. He has amassed a considerable "fortune" by careful investment. His secret ambition is to become a big shot on the street with a seat on the Exchange an' everything.

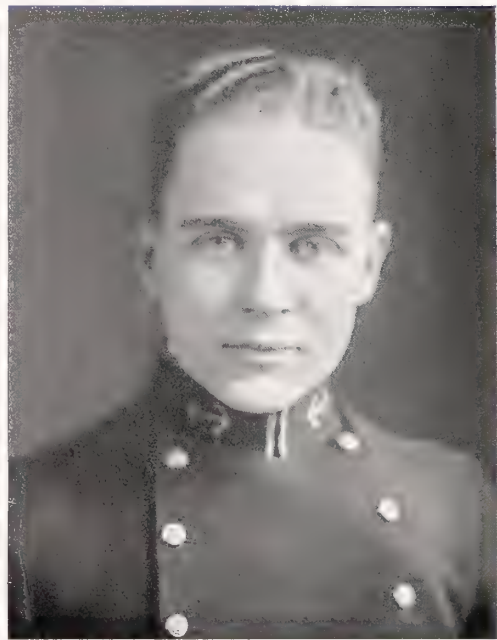
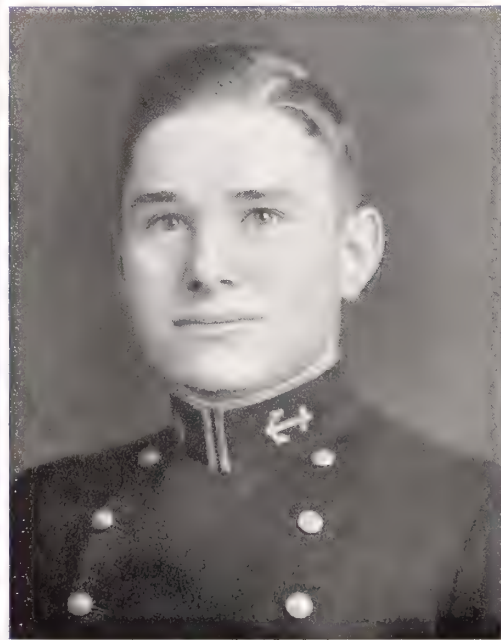
Always good company, the Prince, with his carefree outlook and jovial manner, was not misnamed. He will get along wherever he goes. We'll miss ya, son.

Good luck!

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD ROOME BOUTELLE

"Dick" "Railroad" "Bottle"

CHESTER, PA.

JUST outside Chester is a large sign advertising to one and all that "What Chester Makes, Makes Chester." This boast of beneficial reciprocity has been justified if Dick is an example of Chester's product. Dick's sunny smile seems to permeate the place and is always present shining impartially on every person. Academics to him are just a pastime; he is always willing to waste the study hour admitting modestly that he is pretty good or just reading over his fan mail. When he is seen gazing with starry eyes out the window, no one thinks he is worrying about studies; it is common knowledge that a goodly portion of his time is spent figuring out . . . till the next mail and the next meal.

Dick is an inveterate sportsman, plays everything and keeps gear on hand to outfit any kind of a team, which has given some of his friends the idea that he lives in the athletic store-room. He is a real old Navy fighter in field and stand and his enthusiasm is unquenchable if noisy.

R. R.'s love of sport is closely rivaled by his love of rest and he has never been able to study facing the bed. Never can he reconcile himself to the fact that 2000 beds remain unused throughout the entire day. He is never so happy as when he can turn in and take an equal strain on all parts. Friend, humorist, and sportsman, we wish you luck!

Soccer 4. Lacrosse 4. Class Lacrosse 3. 1 P. O.

JOHN WILLIAM HOWARD

"Jack" "Rollo" "Pete"

HILLSBORO, TEXAS

PETE hails from the plains of Texas, and would have come to the Naval Academy astride a wild-eyed pinto pony, only his legs weren't long enough to ride one. Anyhow he came, and because he was well equipped mentally and physically, Uncle Sam hired another sailor. Since then he has taken life with his usual calm disposition, remaining serenely indifferent to work.

In the way of athletics, he likes soccer and baseball, but an excess of monkey instinct (or something) has led him to favor the gym team, and he has developed real ability in that line. While naturally savvy, "Cosmo," other heavy literature, and a good mattress (he claims he combed B. H. for it Plebe Year) agree with him quite a lot, but he can still give any star man a good battle. Pete holds his own at all the hops—also wears the oldest pair of shoes in active service in the regiment. He receives lots of letters, writes less, and judging from ravings about campaigns on leave, and first hand experience at listening, we think he must slay them quite easily.

Jack makes the ideal wife, always disagreeing, either for the sake of argument or for downright orneriness. However, his genuine laugh and ready story win him an entrance to any "session." His easily made friendships will always last. In the meanwhile, he spends a good deal of time on his bunk blandly awaiting the moment when he can throw his cap (with an egg in it) into the air and give three cheers for the many friends he leaves behind him.

Soccer 4. Baseball 4, 3. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN WILLIAM KEARNS

"Jack"

CRAFTON, PA.

A TALL, dark Irishman from the old Dutch colony of Pennsylvania came to us in the summer of '30 fresh from wearing the Scotch plaid of Carnegie Tech. One might think that with a League of Nations history like that behind him, Jack should have been a diplomat, but one of his most outstanding characteristics is his faculty for doing things no one ever expects of him.

One of Jack's favorite hobbies is reading books on subjects ranging from the study of dead languages to the Theory of the Universe, and as a result he knows a little about a lot. A pajama blou bearing his name in Sanskrit letters is sufficient proof of that.

However, books aren't the only thing in Jack's life. He has the uncanny ability to almost photograph a printed page in his mind by just glancing at it for a few seconds, and so has plenty of time for other interests. Sentimental ditties and crooners drive him into a rage, and there possibly is no greater enjoyment he could get out of life than to gleefully smash all the Lombardo and Vallee records he could lay his hands on. He lays strong claim to being the biggest Red Mike in this great institution, and if anyone wants to hear something funny, just listen to Jack and Rollo Rotter arguing over which of the two stands one in the ranks of the non-draggers.

M. P. O.

JOSEPH SEAMAN LEWIS

"Sea" "Smootie" "Duke"

CRAFTON, PA.

WHAT it is about the Navy which attracts men from regions where all the water is kept in bathtubs, no one will ever know. That it does, however, is a well-known fact, to prove which we have Seaman. The fabled lure of the brass and blue dragged him away from the doubtful joys of college life at Carnegie Tech and started him on his way to the career which his name seemed to forecast.

Once settled in his new home, baseball claimed his attention and time, but with the beginning of the academic year it was supplanted by the less pleasant, but more important academics. Throughout the two ensuing years the academic department pursued him relentlessly, but Seaman managed to stay two or three steps ahead of it and still find time for music, dragging, and writing huge numbers of letters. Not only did he find time to write, but he found—and finds—time to write well as the volume of return mail shows.

In addition to his home town following Sea has managed to find a sufficiently large number of local and semi-local products to make his attendance at hops almost unanimous. However, when June Week rolls around he always drags the O. A. O. even if it is a different one every year.

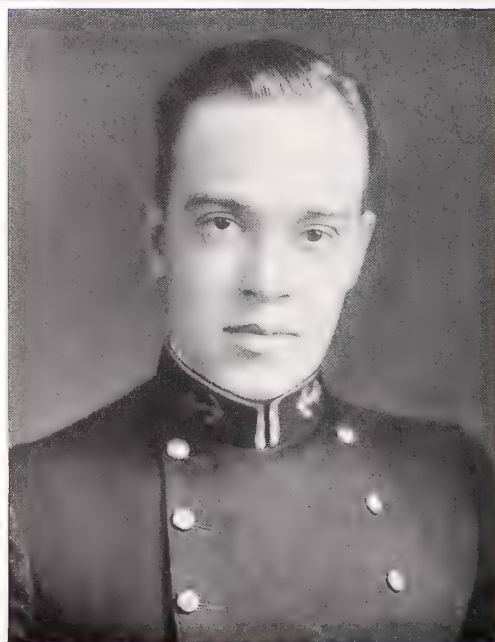
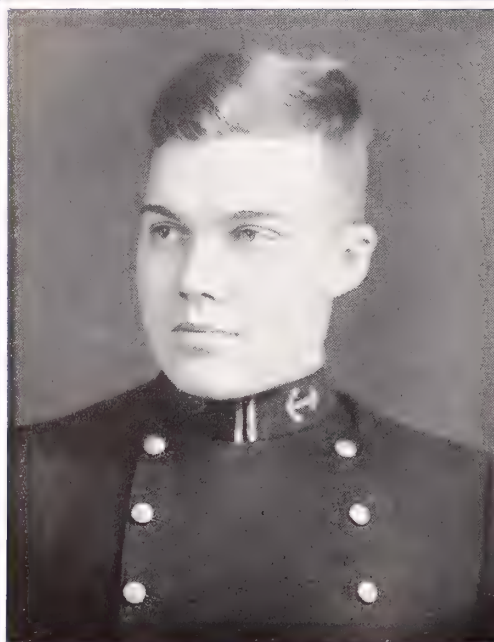
We have no fears for the future of a man who has successfully braved the terrors of the sub-squad, two re-exams, and all of the aforementioned dragging. Sea will make a success of himself and his future associates will know, as we know now, that he is a "good guy."

Baseball 4, 2.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM ALDEN BROCKETT

"Bill" "Sooky" "Butch"

NEW LONDON, CONN.

AH! Our fine fat friend! What a picture he makes; baby blue eyes set in a chubby round face and glorified with the innocence of a new born lamb. Too bad that he must hide all this beneath a cool, calculating expression, as he is a big crew man. But just let his one and only appear and we see that we were right all the time—he is just a big sissy!

However, our William has ability. He has done dear old Bulkeley School no harm by always answering to muster in the first section, and the jerseys, row on row, prove his prowess with an oar. He is also the lion of the well-known bull session. In fact, it is strongly suspected that he must have been a street cleaner in his prime, as he always knows the latest dirt. The true qualities of our hero are best displayed in the narrow confines of Carvel Hall or in the more spacious Armory. The girls just can't help it. He is so strong, but so "nice" and gentle, too.

In domestic life, Bill is invaluable. No dull days, no problems he can't work, forgets to change the "In Charge of Room" sign from his locker, and above all he does not gripe. A fine fella and a good wife. The Regiment has enjoyed his ready wit and charming personality, and feels that he will go a long way in whatever he attempts.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1. Football 4, 1. 2 P. O.
Star 1.

JAMES EVERETT VOSE

"James" "Amos" "Mose" "Ed"

MANVILLE, R. I.

ONCE upon a time a mean old High School Principal told Amos he was too dumb to get in here, so Amos called his bluff, and now we find him one of the saltiest men in '34. Just a look at him will verify that. Tall and husky, with his cap on the back of his head, anyone can see a future Admiral in the profile of our Amos.

Although Amos is not what one would call a savoir, he gets along mighty well. His name is found frequently on the trees, but he manages to keep well ahead of the Academic Departments—especially Nav! He doesn't claim to be an athlete, but he's just modest. He has been doing some fine throwing of the discus, and with his ability to stick to it, he'll be passing them all before he's finished.

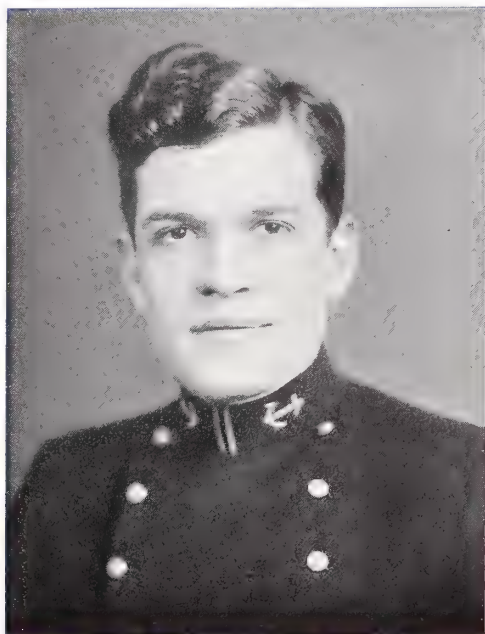
As for the fair sex, he doesn't give them a tumble—that's what everyone thinks. Ask him why he's got patent leather dancing slippers, and why he's had dozens of photographs taken, you'll learn different.

Although he's quiet and doesn't say much, Amos is a true friend and is admired by everyone who knows him. He'll make good out in the fleet, and we're all for him, too!

Track 2, 1. Crew 4. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES BRADFORD FARWELL

"Powder Bag Paul" "Chuck"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DARK brown eyes, a nice pair of shoulders, hair awry, a laughing grin—that's Chuck.

He came to us four years ago from wherever it is that Navy Juniors come, bringing with him a vast store of knowledge on every conceivable subject except those taught at the Naval Academy. Moreover he can and will deliver a fluent and lengthy discourse on any or all of them at any time. He's a veritable mine of miscellaneous information and misinformation. If you want to know where you can rent a good car for the night or where to buy the best ice cream sodas he can tell you.

He's partial to the ladies and they to him. Fundamentally he's a one-woman man, but any little girl with red hair may place or show.

Rumor has it that he took a workout in the Spring of Youngster Year, but so far the accusation has not been backed up by sufficient proof to warrant his dismissal from the radiator squad.

He lives and loves, laughs and plays, and takes his fun where he finds it. He may have a serious side to his nature but so far I haven't been able to get a glimpse of it.

He probably won't set the world on fire but he'll warm his own particular part of it with the sunshine of his heart. He's a good guy and we all like him. So will you.

Black N*****. 2 P. O.

HUGH HOWARD LEWIS

"Lew" "Sonny" "Screwy"

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

LEW came to us from the broad prairies of the Lone Star State via the Service.

In his several bouts with the academic boys, Lew has often proved that he is able to take it and has earned the name of a man good for a strong finish. Shadow boxing with the acs has not been his only sport as he has given good support to the exponents of the manly art of fisticuffs when he felt that his studies could afford it.

While not a snake in the full sense of the word Lew has usually managed to include the hops in his schedule of entertainments for the year and has managed to fit in a few minutes at Carvel on Sundays.

Trouble has never had a very hard time finding this disciple of the Old Ny-vee but it has never managed to dent his good humor and innumerable arguments have always ended up with both of us on the same side of the question. His one fault has been his most regrettable penchant for terrible puns gleaned from any source, even a Steam book.

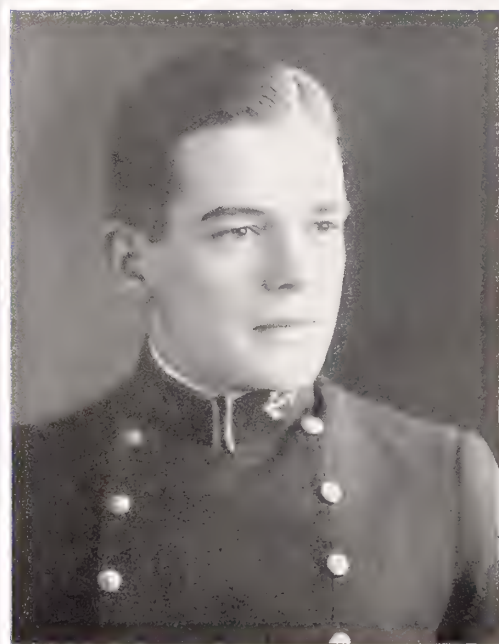
Lew is an ideal man to make a liberty with and no matter how quiet the port may be he can usually find some spot where there's something going on.

Four years together have amply proved that he will be heard from no matter where he may be. It has been a grand four years and those coming will be even better.

Boxing 4, 2. Black N*****. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN RICHARD BROMLEY

"Jack" "Dick" "Jim"

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

JACK is a quiet good-humored fellow whom you can't help liking, and whose cheerful disposition and pleasant manner have gained him many friends. Entering the Naval Academy fresh from High School he had lots to learn, but four years here, especially Plebe Year, have done wonders.

Although not a star man the academics have with rare exceptions, never troubled Jack, and each year finds him enjoying increasing successes in this field. In French particularly he has distinguished himself, and as a Dago savoir his help has been invaluable to many at odds with the Language Department and during the cruise to Europe in '31.

Naturally active and energetic, Jack has let few afternoons go by without indulging in a workout of some sort. Track, tennis, wrestling and sailing have all had their attractions, but the gym has remained his favorite resort, and it is there that the most of his spare time has been spent, at the expense perhaps of a promising social career; for Jack's experiences with the ladies have generally been encouraging (we exclude, of course, all blind drags). By no means a consistent snake, he has nevertheless enjoyed most of the hops whether dragging or not. He hasn't tumbled permanently as yet however, and doesn't intend to if you can believe him.

A true friend and a real classmate Jack graduates with our best wishes for a happy and successful future. Here's to you, Jack, Good Luck!

Wrestling. Track. Reception Committee. 2 P. O.

ALAN LLOYD INGLING

"Al" "Ali" "Lordy"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A YEAR spent in trying to earn a living in Philadelphia after graduating from Overbrook High School convinced Al that at such a tender age a business life meant too much work and no time off. But Uncle Sam offered a solution to this difficulty with the school for his "spoiled and pampered pets," and thus began Al's career in the Navy.

Although not a large man Al's energy, his interest in athletics, and an engaging personality have raised him to a position attained by few sandblowers. He has the gift of making friends easily and has a large number of admirers both in the Regiment and elsewhere.

A regular attendant at all the hops, and a staunch supporter of tea fights, Al has a line that leaves the girls gasping and begging for more. Those dainty letters from New York, Philadelphia, Ocean City, Washington, Sweet Briar, and even sunny California fully prove his conquests in this field.

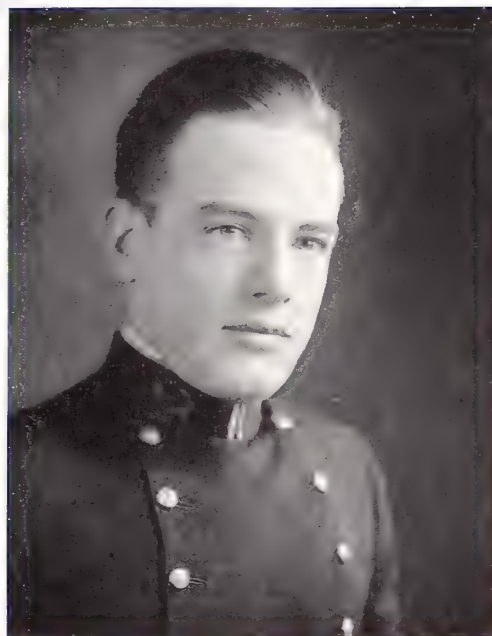
In the realms of sport Al has been severely handicapped by an ever-present and sometimes irresistible desire to take a siesta every day. On the occasions that he has put in an appearance, however, he has demonstrated his superiority with a basketball, and has shown no mean ability as a baseball player and as a wrestler.

Al's practical common sense combined with a fine character will make him an asset anywhere, and will, we are sure, carry him far on the road to success.

Plebe Baseball. Reception Committee. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES WOODFORD FELL

"Cholly" "Charlie" "Pfel"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

GENTLE readers, above this you see The man Fell or Butch or Cholly as he is affectionately called by his many friends. Ah, yes, he has many friends, for despite the grim look of determination and the look of high ambition and unshakable resolve that you see in this, the above portrait, we who have lived with him these (for us epic) past four years know him as a most likeable and firm friend. The Man Fell is indeed a rare combination of jovialty, good humor and *savoir faire*.

A word as to his past accomplishments. Charlie lives in Indiana and coming from a family which has a decided penchant for Harvard he went there despite his desire to become a naval officer. However, during his first year there he secured his appointment and a few months later his ambition was realized. From Plebe Summer on Charlie manifested an especial aptitude in handling our own language and since then has maintained that ability, has made deep inroads into the Departments of Modern Language and of Mathematics, has won a numeral in class swimming and was a member of the lightweight crew squad.

Also, being a man of versatility and always having a ready joke, our hero has been elected one of our cheer-leaders. We might say a better man could not have been selected.

To summarize: Charlie can eat the most, yell the loudest, crack the wisest, and drag more beautiful femmes than any man in the Regiment.

Cheer-leader.

2 P. O.



ORME CAMPBELL ROBBINS

"Campbell" "Butch"

SELMA, ALA.

THERE was once a gunboat named the *Selma*. This same community has here presented the Navy with a man, whose name we are sure will some day also grace a ship of ours.

That he has what it takes anyone who knows him will testify. First, that *lietmotif* of class standing holds no terrors for him—even with the fifty percent law in effect. Academically speaking, then, he has manifested considerable promise, unless perhaps in the Dago branch, where he has tasted the battles of the other half of us. He doesn't want to be an interpreter, anyhow—let him show you mathematically.

Among the asides, the ranking interest seems to be shooting, particularly the pistol, of which he once remarked jokingly that "it wasn't much fun when you cracked a hundred all the time." Yes, and the funniest part was that he can and does do that very thing. Incidentally, he boxes as a mere pastime, which totals him up as a force to be reckoned with, we'd surmise.

Personally, he is a radical opponent of the Maryland climate. Ever see him get up on a winter morning? It is a bit of a change from Alabama, but there will always be Hawaii, Panama, or some such sunnier spot.

And when he gets there, there are sure to be many friends to welcome him, and many more left behind to wish him well. Sure, feminine ones, too. He deserves them, every one.

Circulation Manager The Log.
Christmas Card Committee.

Reception Committee.
One Stripe.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ERNEST VALENTINE BRUCHEZ

"Red" "Ernie"

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A MAN of freckles and a Southern smile; that's Red. No further description is necessary for with that you can spot Red anywhere. The freckles are a result of leaves spent down on the bayous of sunny Louisiana, and many are the hunting and fishing tales that he relates to any one who will listen.

Red successfully retained his happy disposition in spite of his willingness to play the Samaritan whether the burdens be academics or other matters, for blind drags are his specialty. Many times has Red come forth victorious from those memorable struggles in Old Dahlgren. We do not know wherein Red's power lies, but it is suspected that those freckles and nature in the raw stories play a large part.

Red's chief ambition is to take Culbertson for a ride. One never has to go far to find a fourth for Red is always ready any time day or night, and he is generally found after drill musing over a deck of cards.

Football is Red's means of expending that potential energy which he accumulates around the radiator during the winter and spring months.

Four years in the Academy has wrought little change in Red. He is still the happy lad he was when he entered and this consistency has won for him the respect of all who know him, for whether we meet him in years to come at the China Station or elsewhere, he will still be the same old pal.

Football 4, 3, 2. Wrestling 4. Greaty.
Third Company Representative 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

WILSON McCONNELL COLEMAN

"Bill"

EUTAW, ALA.

NOW when I say I know something, I really know it. You cannot kid me sailor."

The above quotation is Bill Coleman. He is "just a good Ole Rebel" and is as tenacious to purpose, custom and honor as the staunchest "Wearer of the Grey." Our Bill has all of the characteristics of the Southern Gentleman, and is an upholder of the Ante-Bellum Traditions.

The first person singular pronoun does not require the expending of effort in dotting and for that reason Coleman is an exponent of the *I Club*. If he had a personal secretary he would make less frequent use of "I" and in the same train if he had his nigger boy to work for him on the wrestling mat he would have been an A-Squad wrestler ere this.

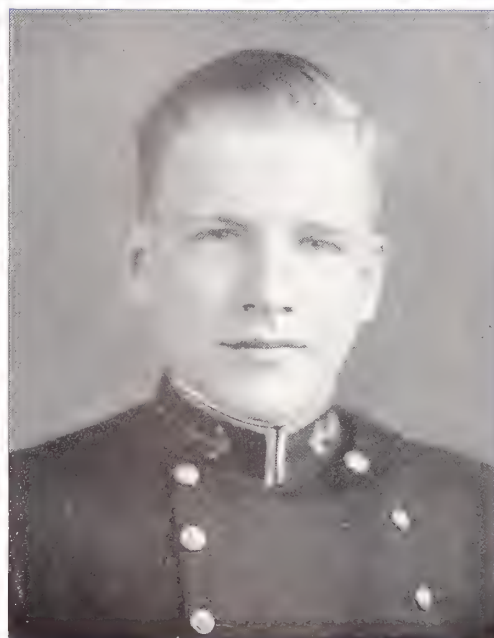
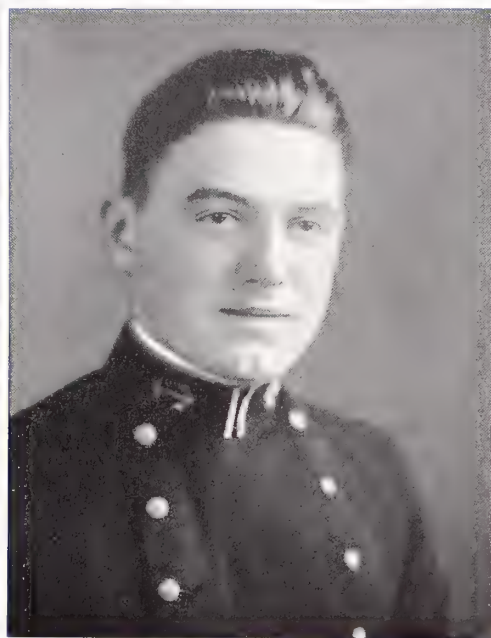
Where Bill fails in throwing the male sex, he is successful with the fair sex. Bill is a man among men, a snake with the young ladies and a gentleman in polite society.

He has been an advocate of "Freedom of Speech" since he was nine months old. These four years of happy association with Bill have proved to us that when he says he knows a thing he really knows it if there is a technicality with which he can extricate himself in the event he is wrong.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 4, 3. Pep Committee 2, 1.
Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM CAMPBELL GIBSON CHURCH

"Bill" "Willie"

BOISE, IDAHO

ONE summer day in June of 1930, Bill left his home, walked the short distance to Bancroft Hall, was examined, passed, and duly sworn in a midshipman. Nothing daunted him, not even reveille or the new "canvas" uniforms; he was a Midshipman, following in the steps of naval ancestors.

Bill is tired when he goes to bed at night and tired when he gets up the next morning; in fact, he is tired all the time. Nevertheless, he always has enough energy to do the many things that keep his day well filled. Besides keeping far ahead of the academic monster, he writes numerous letters, memorizes poems, reads the Cosmo and the society column in the newspaper, gets another five minutes sleep, plays tennis, or does anything else that may be on hand. This is the daily routine. On Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, Bill lays aside all cares and worries and enters his own element, society. There are few social events that he has missed. He attends all the Hops, meets many people, and knows everybody. Secretly, Bill would like to have been a minister or perhaps a chaplain, but the call of the sea seems to have been stronger.

During the four years together, Willie has been a fine roommate and friend. He has made many real and true friends, both in and out of the Regiment. We are fortunate to have known him and shall always be glad to see him again. Best of luck and happiness, Bill.

Cross Country 4. Basketball Manager 4, 3, 2, 1. N*.
N. A. C. A. Council 4, 3, 2, 1. Secretary-Treasurer 2.
Reef Points 3. Biographies Editor, Lucky Bag.
Star 1. I P. O.

ROYAL RODNEY INGERSOLL

"Roy" "Whitey" "Rube" "Railroad"

LA PORTE, IND.

ON June 16, 1930 another Navy Junior was entrusted to the tender mercies of numerous steam profs, Dago profs, and D. O's. After four years of hard effort Roy has overcome this initial handicap and emerges a star man.

We have found only one attribute of Roy's that annoys us—that is his stamp collecting. Outside of this one weakness he has been an ideal roommate. Likes sailing, tennis, and squash and spends most of his time engaged in one of these sports. For three and a half years Roy was one of the Red Mikes but something happened first class Xmas Leave and since then he has blossomed out into a regular fusser.

Easy going, the Rube seldom kills himself working, yet he has gained more both in the line of pleasure and in the line of real achievement than most men who pass four years here.

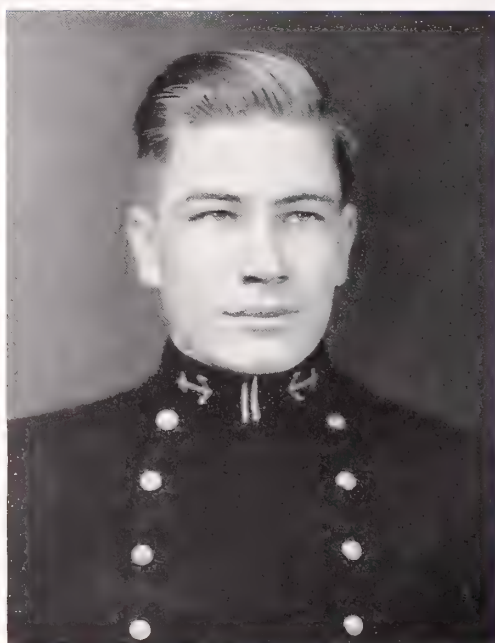
Looking back on the four years spent with Whitey we realize that we have been fortunate to have had such a classmate. Loyal and generous, cheerful and friendly he has been a constant help to all who knew him. Those of us who know him best are sure that he possesses all the traits which go towards making a successful naval officer, and wish him the best of luck in his chosen profession.

We know that in future years, wherever he may go, his cheery disposition and winning smile will win him hosts of friends. May "a fair wind and a following sea" always be yours, Roy!

Soccer 4. Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1. Radio Club 3, 2, 1.
Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2, 1. Choir 4, 3, 2.
Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Lucky Bag Staff. Star 1.
C. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE SCRUGGS BULLEN

"George"

SHREVEPORT, LA.

THE story begins during a physical examination up in sick bay back in June, 1930.

"Didn't I just get through examining you, young man?" demanded the medical officer in charge of the physical examinations, as a promising young gentleman stepped before him.

"No sir, that was George. There he is right over there."

The doctor looked over at George, then at Jake, the young gentleman before him. "As like as two peas in a pod!" For the better part of a year, all of us were in the same fix as the doctor. One had to have the Bullen twins together to tell them apart. Then, if they changed places on the sly, you were fooled as truly as the sucker in front of the man with the shell game at a county fair.

Something had to be done about the matter. We gave Jake, or was it George? a strenuous course in stretching exercises, and at the same time fed him like a Christmas turkey. We starved poor George, or was it Jake? during the other's training period. As a result we bred a big Bullen and a little Bullen. We still aren't sure which is which, but we call the big one Jake and the smaller of the two, George.

Both Jake and George are blessed with a ready wit, but each has a certain individuality in this respect, regardless of their marked similarity. Jake's is that sparkling, ready, yet subtle wit that is every present with a cheery laugh or a wicked smile. George, on the other hand, is one of those individuals who always has a repartee at his finger's tips. He has a sly way of

JACOB THOMPSON BULLEN, JR.

"Jake"

SHREVEPORT, LA.

taking a joke one tries to play on him and making the joker the goat himself.

Two Red Mikes they were if ever there were women haters, when they settled down here in Annapolis. After they were introduced to a few beautiful girls, had indulged in a few dances, and enjoyed a few minutes after a hop, the result was inevitable. Second Class June Week found them each a victim of fickle woman.

Although we managed to devise a means to keep our twins apart, they have kept many sterling qualities in common. They are truly an affable pair, dispensers of true southern hospitality, pleasant, loyal, sincere, and always anxious to offer a helping hand to others; to be brief, they are the kind of men that one is proud to call friends.

As much as it hurts, however, we must mention their one vice. They are addicted to great black cigars. How they learned to study propped back in their chairs, their feet draped on the table, and the room clouded with volumes of thick smoke emitted by their great stogies remains a mystery.

Taken all in all, these Bullen men are regular fellows. Thirty-four can only regret that there are only two instead of four of them. We'll be proud to have them as shipmates wherever we are thrown together.

Soccer 4.

Lacrosse 4.

Lacrosse 4.

Soccer 4.

1 P. O.

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ERNEST EDWARD CHRISTENSEN

"Chris"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOLKS, I want to present—A Great Dane with a Spanish Temperament. His good looks, Redfern figure and heavy line, all working in harmony have made many a drag return. This boy used more stamps and stationery than anybody in the Regiment. It will go hard with him if he ever goes to the Yangtze patrol and has to pay foreign postage.

It is easy to see where Chris gets his love for the sea, since he has descended from a long line of sea-going ancestors. He claims Washington, D. C. for a home, but is equally at ease in almost any part of the world.

Chris is a hobby fiend from away back, and his hobbies are varied, strange and original. They have caused him more brain throbs than Bullard, Bowditch and Kimball combined. He has devised ways and means of integration in the 5th dimension, navigation without a chronometer, and revolutionizing motive power. His big difficulty, however, is in getting others to understand his ideas. And boys, his chief diversion is golf. The average hole means just a drive and a putt for him.

His big ambition is to sail the seven seas of the air in a little plane of his own, with a joy stick in one hand and the speedometer hitting 400 knots. Atta Boy Chris! A pair of gold wings will go well with that million dollar smile.

A true friend and a real man he'll be hard to beat as shipmate or an officer.

Football "B" Squad 3 Years. Wrestling Class. 2 Stripes.



HERMAN JOSEPH KOSSLER, JR.

"Herman" "Koss" "Hoimen"

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

HERE we present the one and only Herman; the boy who was born with a baseball in one hand and a "Come on girls" look in his grey eyes.

He hails from Portsmouth, Va., perhaps you have heard of it? When still a mere child Koss knocked out a Presidential appointment and decided to walk in the parental footsteps by following the sea. Ever since he first donned those monstrous white works he has been all Navy.

Athletics? Ask him anything about the great American sport, you'll soon be enlightened. Ever since Plebe Year Koss, has been doing his full share in bringing Navy out on top.

Academics? Koss has a terrible habit of coming from recitations with a long tale about a 2.0 maximum; but when the weekly tree is posted, where is Herm?

Herm has attacks of romancitus at times, but prides himself on his successful evasion of the fairer sex. He doesn't drag often but when he does "you'd be surprised."

Folks you should meet this gentleman from Virginia, he's simply irresistible. A delightful mixture of philosopher, humorist and a good fellow. He is the type that form the backbone of the Navy. At sea or ashore he has never failed to prove himself a friend. May these four years be far from the last that we spend together.

Baseball "N."

N^o 2, 1.

"N" Club.

1 P. O

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



IRVING BUNEVICH

"Bunny" "Irr"

PASSAIC, N. J.

TO the community of Passaic, New Jersey, belongs credit for this production. It is hinted about that he fears no textbook, and if you will look, doubtless his academic standing will bear conclusive testimony to this effect. However, he has definitely decided not to become a draftsman, due to battle with the Steam Department in our early days of drawing, drawing, drawing. He wrought his revenge when we turned to the more intellectual ramifications of that department; but his talents are to be devoted to other fields. For example, there might be the continued devastations of that other half of our existence. He maintains a considerable gallery of pictures most of them marked "obsolete," giving rise to a reputation for decisive and unswerving conduct along that line.

About his personal tastes it is found that he leans toward good literature and music. Why, he even likes opera! But he states, if pressed, that he doesn't mind Cab Calloway either, which makes him more one of us. Also, a man of leisure is Bunny. Of an afternoon, he maintains, there are many much more lucrative pursuits than those of brute prowess. Although don't misunderstand us, he is a mean man with a basket or handball, when the notion strikes him.

A merry guy for anyone, and always . . . with a smile and a song, such as it is, well, here's to you, Bunny; we'll be watching the papers for word of you.

Basketball 4. Class Handball Championship 3. 2 P. O.

JUAN BAUTISTA PESANTE

"Juan" "Peezant" "Spanish John"

MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO

FROM distant Porto Rico there came into our midst a handsome, little fellow with the affable suavity of a courtier, the romance of the conquistadores, and the genial fellowship of a gay caballero; but, withal, possessed of a generous, noble character and a keen intellect, coruscating in contrast to a not too infrequent lackadaisical propensity.

With this wealth of assets—and that slight but delightful accent helps, too, you know—it is with little wonder that Juan has been known to cause some feminine hearts to operate at a frequency slightly in excess of the usual seventy or eighty per minute.

We shall remember Juan best, however, when we recall the gay, little escapades in Crabtown and abroad, and the numerous occasions when his scholastic ability was an ever constant source of help to his less fortunate brethren. The frequent visits of his classmates attest freely to this magnanimous trait.

Indeed, had he not indulged so faithfully, and honored so conscientiously the time honored and well nigh consecrated institution of his forebears, the siesta, it is without doubt that his standing in the academic ranks would have been most enviable.

We find him an athlete, too; but, we must not wax too exuberant lest a heated debate ensue on the athletic status of a coxswain.

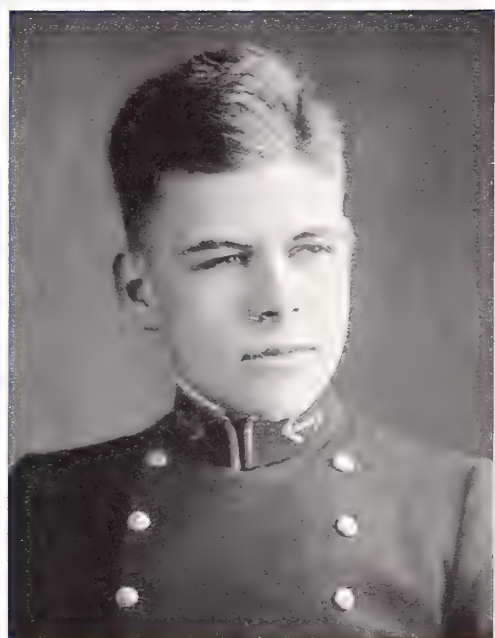
Thus, we have the brief portrait of a gem among fellows, scintillating with the facets of sterling character and a most amiable and pleasing personality. We know Juan will succeed wherever he goes.

150 lb. Crew (Coxswain).

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SIDNEY DOUGLAS BUXTON MERRILL

"Sidney" "Sinbad"

DOUGLAS, MASS.

WHEN Sidney arrived at the Academy in June of 1930 he was a very bewildered little boy. He just didn't understand what it was all about. However, since then he has caught on with increasing rapidity. Very few, even those of the Executive or Academic Departments, ever slip anything over on him anymore. In one respect our little Sidney hasn't changed one bit, and that is in his attitude toward the fairer sex. He is just as girl-shy now as the day he entered. Paradoxically he did have a fling at the sweetness of love.

In athletics Sid has always served as a good opponent in the flyweight class. Nearly every evening one could find him up in the wrestling loft taking his workout very, very seriously.

Sidney's encounters with the Academic Department must be brought to light. Although he never has had to take a re-exam, he has been too close for his own comfort. There is no subject in which Sidney has not been unsat, including Plebe Hygiene. More power to little Sidney.

What the fleet gains when Sidney gets his commission, will be infinitely greater than what the Academy gained when he entered four years ago.

Wrestling 2, 1.

2 P. O.

GEORGE HOLLINGSWORTH WIGFALL

"Wiggy" "Buck"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ANOTHER famous sandblower is Wiggy. And in upholding their reputation he has surely done his part. In the fall of Plebe Year we saw him putting his all, head, feet and shoulders into soccer. Youngster Year we saw him pushing an "N" around. And like all Free-booters he can keep up his "talking end" of the game.

He, however, is apparently not confined to outdoor athletics. He is a self-confessed lady-killer and by reason of pictures and letters we must believe that that line has brought results. And results are what the Executive Department is after and here again the old line comes in handy. Many are the contacts that Wig has had with the D. O's. As an illustration, once when one broke in upon a peaceful party we were having, Wig nonchalantly offered him a drink of cider. With his ready smile he got away with it.

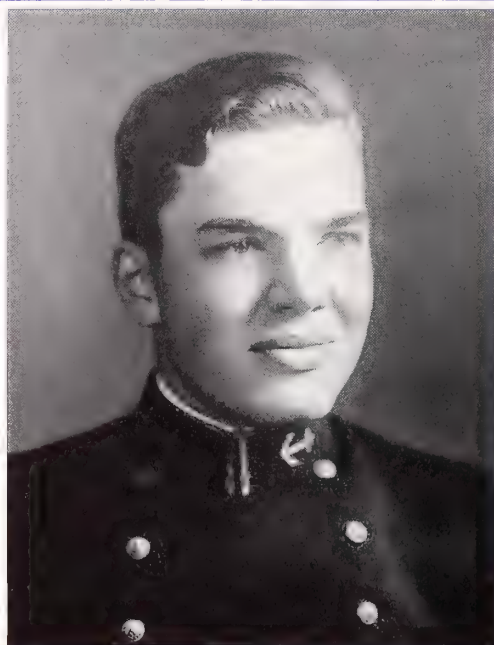
After several close bouts with the Academic Department, Wig has now gained a comfortable lead and takes up his time with cross-word puzzles, skags, and sleeping. Much time is also spent in designing everything from a punt to a space-ship. His plans are so varied and his aims so high that ten or twenty years hence we may read of Captain Wigfall successfully making a trip to Mars.

A. N. F. 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN AUGUSTUS BUTLER

"Johnny" "Long John" "Black John" "Creole John" "Cajun"
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WHY Long John ever came to the Academy has long been a mystery to many of his classmates, especially to his wife. And how he managed to stay here has been a mystery even to some of the profs. That doesn't mean that he's wooden, for he's not. He's really savvy when he wants to be—in some things anyway. The main trouble with him is that he's terribly lazy.

At heart Johnny is a radical. Not the kind of a radical you find in math either for he hates the stuff. He's the kind of a guy you would expect to see in Hyde Park standing on a soap box shouting "Down with Intolerance! Liberty, Justice, Equality for all!"

Johnny's real passion is to be a writer. Day and night he keeps pounding out stories till that typewriter of his nearly burns up. Some of the stories are good and some are pretty poor but he doesn't get discouraged. He finally had one accepted the other day and—but that's another story.

As a Romeo Johnny takes first prize—at least in his own estimation. He won't go to a hop unless he's dragging—and—I believe he did miss one hop. And whenever he drags he usually falls hard. But then each time he goes on leave he always comes back with a new O. A. O. But let me give any of you prospective O. A. O's a word of warning. Don't accept him! You couldn't possibly live with him because—because—he SINGS!

Crew. Basketball. Trident. G. P. O.

EDWIN SAMUEL LEE, JR.

"Eddie" "E-Z"
COSHOCOTON, OHIO

SUCCESSFUL in everything he has yet attempted Ed is destined to climb high. But unlike the usual species of ambitious, successful people Ed holds external achievement not all important, and knows that his own internal feeling is that which counts.

Among the lady-folk Ed holds an enviable reputation. He might as well keep up his reputation. He has dragged fat ones, lean ones, cold 40s, and hot bricks—and has come back from each dragging expedition still hopeful. That must be his youth. But he has been successful. One ought to see his fan mail, two or three letters with each delivery.

Music is Ed's passion. At times he is too passionate, but he would rather awaken emotions in the ivory keys than in people. He knows composition, too. Secretly somewhere in his heart he carries the one driving ambition to write a worth while musical score.

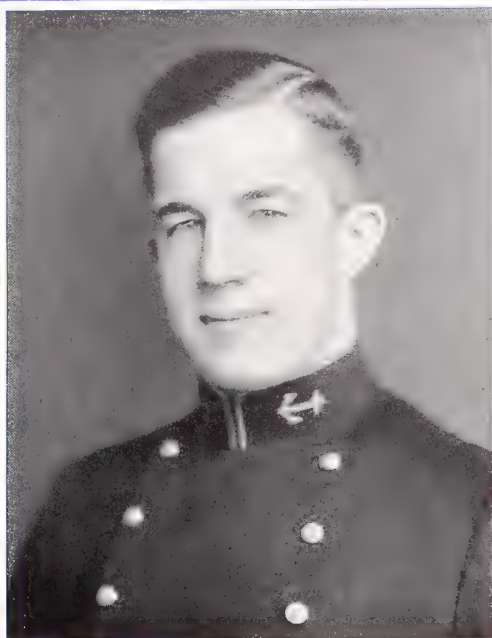
Physically Ed is of third platoon stuff, but mentally he is of first squad, first platoon material. I mean that. But unlike young Blades of "Quality Street" Ed is not chided by his fellow officers about the "too youthful bloom of his complexion." They rather admire it. An indication of health and condition. Boxing manager, eh what? Orchestra Leader. And a host of other things.

But in all sincerity, E. S. Lee, Jr., is a true companion and a worth while roommate—this after four years. He is a great guy!

Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1. Orchestra Leader 1. Glee Clubs 4, 3, 2.
Boxing Manager 4, 3, 2, 1. Soccer 4.
Class Wrestling 4. bNt 1. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM NOLIN DERAGON
"Demijohn" "Bill" "Baggy Bill"
ALBANY, N. Y.

AFTER big, bad, baggy Bill had finished marking and stowing all his newly received gear that hot June day in 1930, he felt neither bad nor baggy. On that first day the Executive Department took the lead and has kept it ever since, despite Bill's efforts to "put one over on them" occasionally. His strivings in this direction were handicapped early in the first year when he discovered that the Academic Departments were likewise arrayed against him. Since then it has been one long struggle. He has crossed over shoal water several times, one Xmas leave going by the board to keep him clear, but he has always finished the term with sufficient water under his keel.

Discounting all statements to the contrary, he maintains that there have never been any feminine interests for him, beyond the one whose pictures cover his locker door. One reason for this lasting interest would perhaps be found in a sample of those periodically received boxes of chow, which, according to Bill, awaken old memories, and call forth pleasant anticipation.

Outweighing certain bad habits such as attempting to tap dance or play sentimental pieces on the Vic, we have found Bill to possess an equable disposition, a sense of humor, a quick sympathy, and a broad generosity, to all of which we render grateful acknowledgment, as qualities which make up the ideal wife.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

EDWARD ROANOKE TILBURNE
"Ed" "Tilly"
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IT was on June the seventeenth, four years ago that Ed came to us from the big city. He proved himself, at once, to be a very quiet sort of fellow observing everything about him but with very few comments to make.

When academics came along we found that Ed was not a patron of Tecumseh, unless it was for stars on his collar and a 4.0 in grease. There has been much discussion about the last point.

We soon found out that Ed was a confirmed Red Mike in every sense of the word. He would not go to a dance or even to a tea fight where he might have a chance to become acquainted with the fair sex. Recently, however, he has been receiving letters that have that certain distinctive touch which leaves us wondering whether or not, that old adage will come true "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

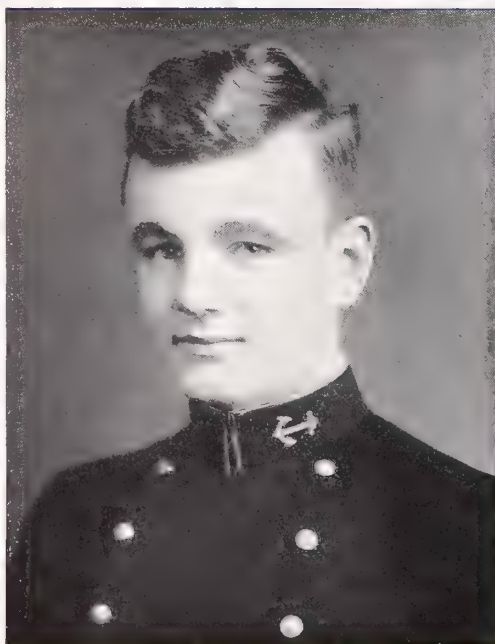
In athletics he soon distinguished himself as a fencer of no mean ability. Having had some experience before entering the Academy he made the team Plebe Year and Youngster Year, the varsity—ending up with the Captaincy his last year.

With a ready wit, a keen sense of humor, and a willingness to help out those of us who are less savvy, Ed has proved himself to be a true pal and an ideal wife.

Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1. Capt. 1. fNt. Str 4, 3, 2, 1.
Three Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HAROLD WILLIAM CAMPBELL, JR.

"Scotty"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAMPBELL is one of the smaller off-spring of Mother Washington. He is a tough boy, and do not be fooled that you can step on his toes, because he is not a physical giant. His five year bout with the Academic Departments is ample proof of his fighting characteristics. After being downed in the first round, Scotty came back and emerged victorious with more than a scant margin of victory. He is almost a savoir; in fact he is a savoir if that is what you call one of those birds who always have enough velvet to throw the juice book across the table when weary, and pick up the *Saturday Evening Post*.

It would be unjust to speak of Campbell without mentioning his uncanny ability with women. He is never seen. He drags a brick. On the other hand he is often seen about with some more than average specimens of feminine charms. No one can say that Campbell has bad taste when it comes to women.

Scotty is an expert at the ancient and honorable art of repartee. His choice of expletive which he employs against the abuses daily heaped upon him is marvel. And, judging from his success along enormous lines, he must have a store of the softer words in his vocabulary also.

In the Fleet, or in civilian life Scotty will be a good man to have around. When he becomes an admiral, or a tycoon, we shall see a good example of the true commanding air and the power of brevity.

2 P. O.

WILLIAM THOMAS KINSELLA

"Bill" "Cassie" "Rosie"

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

CASANOVA was aptly named. He is one of the star snakes of '34, contrary to first impressions and no amateur lady's man is he. He started way back in High School, where he is remembered as the ideal High School Hero.

Although this would lead you to believe that Bill's only thoughts are of the weaker sex such is not the case. He is a great hand for athletics and has stuck out for football for four years. He wasn't on the "A" squad this year, but he is one of those plugging persistent cusses who makes up the "B" squad, which squad as you all know is as much the backbone of the team as the 2 P. O's are of the regiment.

Because as before mentioned, he devotes a large part of his time to hops and drags, it is only natural that he should be addicted to modern music. The rapt expression on his face when he is listening to a recording of Guy Lombardo or Russ Columbo would soften the stoniest heart, but when he tries to imitate them—Wow.

Bill is the ideal roommate, always the first one to turn out at reveille, and first to turn in at taps. He gripes a lot, but nevertheless is an all Navy man. To take his place in the fleet is his all consuming ambition. Knowing his sterling characteristics we feel confident that he will surmount all obstacles, and in due time will take his place in Navy's Valhalla.

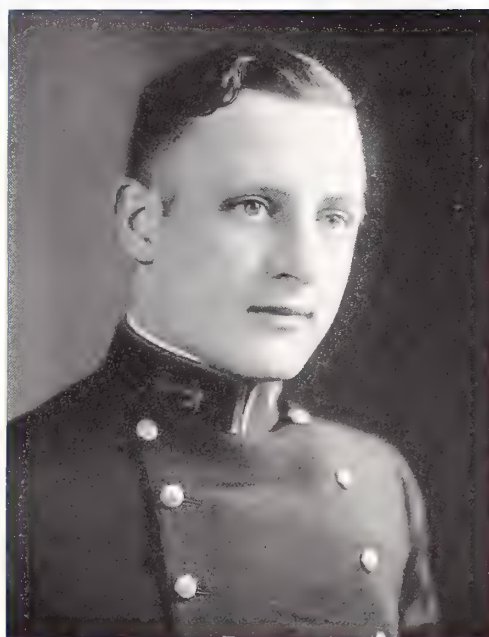
Football 4, 3, 2, 1.

Basketball 2.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOSEPH EDWARD STULGIS

"Joe" "Struggles"
SEATTLE, WASH.

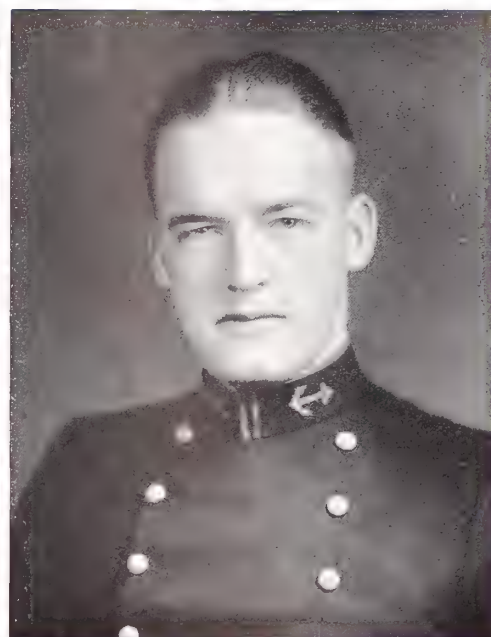
WHAT'S the argument? Whatever it is, you're wrong." That, folks, is an introduction to Joe. The possessor of an inherent desire to argue on anything, anywhere, anytime, he is sure to be present at any Radiator session that is convening in the Second Battalion. If, however, you want to hear him at his best, just pass a standing remark at any part of the Great Northwest and Washington in particular. Just that is sufficient to start him off with "My Gawd, man, you don't know what you are talking about!"

In those odd moments when he isn't dominating in some "fest," Joe can usually be found pawing over some book with a far-fetched title. He reads anything, but seems to prefer books with titles that are incomprehensible to the layman. Every so often he finds time to write a letter or so, but strange to say, they always seem to bear the same address. That, even tho' he isn't a so-called snake, must be an indication of power. Don't, however, let us leave the impression that Struggles warms a radiator perpetually. There is something about a rifle that fascinates him, because each spring finds him hastening to the range. Sometime he may yet catch one of those elusive possibles.

Joe, old fellow we will wish you luck altho' you don't need our wishes. We all know that you are just the fellow to make your own breaks. Cheerio!

Reception Committee 4, 3, 2, 1.
Expert Rifleman

2 P. O.



HERBERT CLYDE CRESS

"Herbie" "Chick" "Water"
DANVILLE, KY.

IF Midshipman Herbert Clyde Cress, had had his origin in California, he certainly never would have been allowed to leave home by the local Chamber of Commerce. Together with the Rotarians and the Kiwanis they would have claimed him for their very own. He is the greatest booster of Centre College and other local Kentucky institutions ever to leave the luscious blue grass upon which he was raised; he was reared on a corn patch near Danville, and he knows every hero who trod along with the "praying Colonels." One may easily understand then the high ideals and easy manners which he has always carried from that cosmopolitan college town.

In spite of the fact that our young hero has acquired a polish in widely separated corners of the globe, he is very susceptible and only as one who dreams of moonlight on distant shores can be. He has been stricken again and again by everything from the "hot-cha" of popular tunes to the divine personalities tacked to his locker door. No one can possibly discern whether his actions are motivated by carefree impulse or by sheer love of living. Yet he is as dependable as a ship, and as swiftly variable as a summer's breeze. This accounts for his ability to handle a difficult situation whenever it arises, and his natural abilities, and an excellent appearance form a pleasant personality with firm friendships all through life.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. Basketball 4. Hop Committee 1.
Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HERBERT FULLER CARROLL
"Herbie" "Rubio" "Doctor"
RALEIGH, N. C.

HERB hails from North Carolina and there is no denying that southern charm. There are light hearts and gay laughter in the land where the warm breezes blow and Herb brought it all with him when he came north to cast his lot with King Neptune some four years ago. It hasn't all been easy sailing for this gentleman from the old south. During Plebe and Youngster Years those old sea devils, steam and math, haunted the ship and put an end to a promising basketball career. It was discouraging but with a grin and a song he settled down to some mighty hard work and put those ghosts behind him. It took careful handling of the wheel to steer clear of those academic rocks and shoals which have spelt disaster for more than one good sailor, but courage and hard work did the trick.

Despite difficulties Herb has never been one to neglect his social obligations. Many a fair heart has fluttered under the spell of this gay cavalier's soft drawl and winning smile. In fact it is known that several charming ladies from staunch and stern New England have become southern sympathizers in the space of one short week-end.

In after years it will be the greatest of pleasures to recall the splendid company and fine good fellowship of this man we all admire and we toast "A fair wind and a flood tide" as he finally sets out to fulfill life's purpose and his own destiny. Good luck, Herbie.

Basketball 4, 3.

Baseball 3, 2.

2 P. O.



WARREN SMITH MACLEOD
"Racehorse" "Cheval" "Mac"
BALTIMORE, MD.

EXTRA! Extra! Baltimore boy makes good. This quotation so familiar to us at the Academy aptly describes the past four years of our illustrious friend and companion. Besides standing well up in the class his various other activities include lacrosse and track where his dashing speed earned him the nick name of Racehorse.

This story could not be complete without mentioning his numerous excursions to Carvel Hall and his romantic "affaires de coeur." One of our hops would not be a success, unless this habitual snake honored his classmates with a knockdown to the bevy of "four Ohs" that he is accustomed to drag. After each hop, the "Great Lover" has to recuperate as the wanton wiles of the fairer sex leave him dreaming of those rapturous moments in an amorous world. During his few remaining moments of spare time, he is the main attraction offered by our bull sessions in which his colorful line of yarns and harmonizing tenor voice are a source of cheer.

Being a bit prone to take the path of least resistance is perhaps his lone fault; however, this is counter-balanced by an uncanny ability to concentrate with nothing too hard for his brilliant mind to absorb when necessity demands. Whatever his life's work may be, success is sure to crown his efforts. When the portals of the Academy are closed to us after four years of comradeship "Till we meet again" will be the swan song of that parting handclasp.

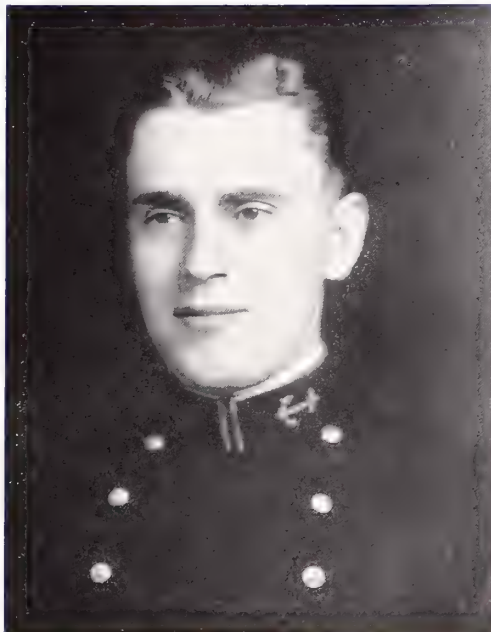
Track 3.

Lacrosse 3, 2.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE SAMPLE GROSSMAN, JR.

"Bud"

WILMINGTON, DEL.

MARTIN HASSET RAY, JR.

"Marty"

YONKERS, N. Y.

WHERE are you from, Mister?"
"Delaware, Sir."
"What State is that in?"

Thus began the Naval career of a Wilmington man-about-town. Bud would probably be the most popular man in the class were it not for the saxophone which accompanied him from home and the "yuke" and accordion which he acquired subsequently.

Plebe Summer found Bud on the rifle range, and the "ring-worm" on his sleeve attests his ability with the service weapon. During the winter months, swimming and basketball claim his interest and in the spring he is out with the ball hawks tossing them up to fool the batters.

However, these sports are merely a side issue with our hero for golf is his game. Bud prizes his clubs as a true connoisseur and after spending two months leave last summer on the course at home he took his sticks on the cruise "just to keep in shape."

Aside from the golf bug, Bud's only weakness is hammocks. Youngster Cruise found him rolling out at regular intervals. Hard bumps on the deck did not seem to bother him however, for he moved his headquarters to the palatial "Reina" late in Youngster Year and swung for thirty more nights with only slight mishaps.

Stepping forth into the world of work with us is a man who is a friend of all, whose happy demeanor and cheery disposition will go far to make him a success, for to him nothing is too much to do for a friend.

Swimming 4, 3. Basketball 3, 2, 1. Baseball 3, 2, 1.
Black N***. 2 P. O.

TO repudiate the theory that history repeats itself, Marty, an Army Jr., left Yonkers in the summer of '30 to matriculate at the Naval Academy. An abundance of fun-loving qualities has not inclined him to take life too seriously: a cheerful countenance and friendships that grew warmer with acquaintance have placed him in the ranks of the accepted few.

Did someone say Red Mike? Yessir, that's what he claims, but we often wonder if it's not all on the surface, and that maybe he has a suppressed desire back in old New York.

In the fall his time is devoted to football tasks. First Class Year found him guiding the fortunes of the gridiron warriors as Manager. When winter comes, he joins the grunt and groaners, not to mention his aquatic endeavors with the Sub-squad.

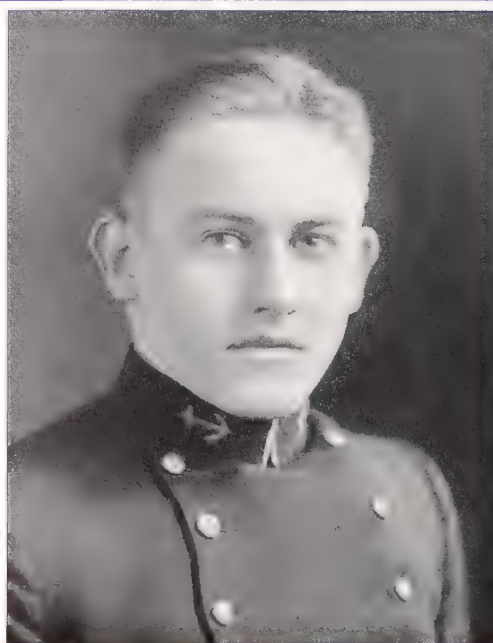
Academics presented little or no difficulty to Marty, though late in Second Class Summer he honored the good ship Reina, in an attempt to further his navigational knowledge, and became a full-fledged wearer of the famed black "N."

Common sense and practical ideas backed by a ready grin constitute his wordly wealth. A fine classmate with the makings of a good officer. Lots of luck, Marty.

Assistant Football Manager 4, 3, 2. Varsity Mgr. 1. N*.
Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.
Log Staff 4, 3. Black N***. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



BERNARD AMBROSE CLAREY

"Amby"

OSKALOOSA, IA.

AMBY decided on a naval career when he found business and college life lacking in adventure. Bidding farewell to the tall corn of Iowa he left Oskaloosa—"out where the West begins," and settled down at Bancroft on the Severn—"out where the East leaves off."

His capacity for friendship was evident from the first, and each hour of the day would find some one going down to Amby's room for a skag (one of Amby's skags!). As for academics he met them with the determination and thoroughness which he reserves for serious matters and then reported to the Oskaloosans that the situation was well in hand.

However, it is through Amby's love for a good time that we know him best. A bull session, card game, in the "Haus Vaterland" anywhere he is, there is lots of fun. And one might write for hours on his "affaires de coeur," but it is sufficient to say that they have caused him no worry (except whether he sent the right letter to the right girl). Rumor has it that Amby has an O. A. O. but it's a secret with us.

What the future may bring we do not know but here's to you Amby—"Salud ey pesatos."

*Pep Committee 2. Lucky Bag 2, 1. 150 lb. Crew 4.
1 P. O.*

ROBERT MERIWEATHER FORTUNE

"Bud" "Pappy" "Slavey" "Wimpy"

ERWIN, TENN.

FROM the hills of Tennessee comes this true rebel bringing with him many characteristics of the Southern gentleman. Always reticent and with as little ostentation as possible he goes about his daily tasks never interfering, never seeking the limelight. His individual philosophy reduces all trials and tribulations to a minimum—he may work fast, may even hurry at times but if so his leisurely manner prevents it from being apparent.

Bud's remarkable powers of concentration have assisted him in keeping off the trees since Dago Plebe Year. But seldom has he "broken out into print" and then only because some current monthly had just been issued and had to be read from cover to cover.

Cigarettes are of the utmost importance to him—after every meal, every class—he always has plenty of skags, which is plenty to say for any Midshipman. In contrast to this his athletics are serious business. Ask him about the sub-squad; Bud's characteristic philosophy has kept him busy in the instruction pool until the day before Christmas leave each year.

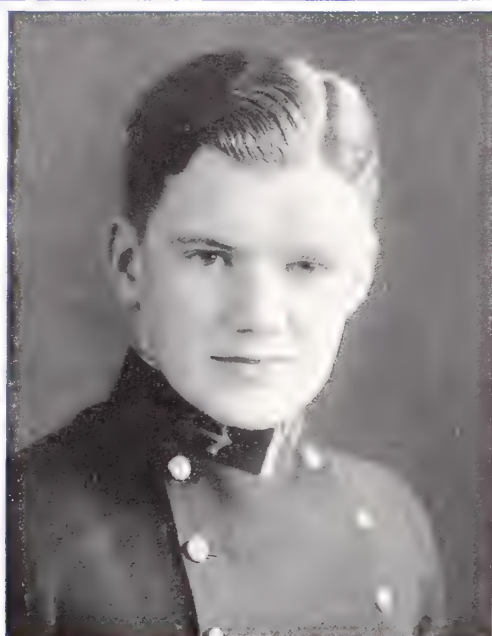
A perfect picture couldn't be painted of any man by the most competent artist. I must tell you that he snores, but a right shoe well placed does the trick up in a hurry.

In any session his dry wit and quick comebacks are always outstanding. Is there any better measure of a man's worth than the number of friends he has?

Class Football 3 Years. 2 P. O.

1934

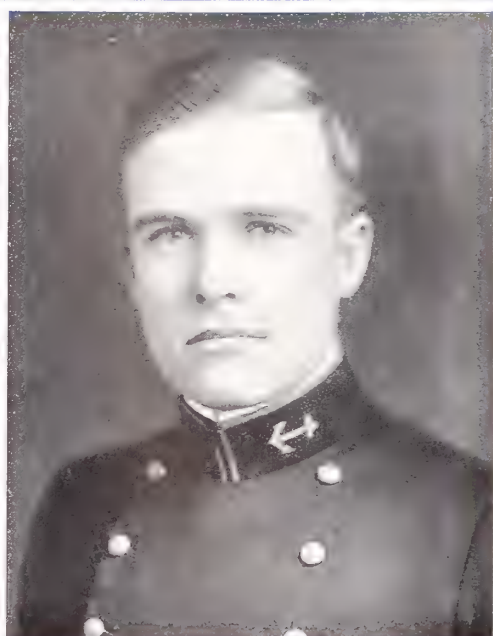
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EUGENE WORTHINGTON DAVIS

"Poochie" "Gene"

SEATTLE, WASH.



GRAYSON MERRILL

"Deacon" "Grayson"

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HERE is one of those rare characters who successfully plagues the Ac. Dept.; one of those few souls who can glide through that thirty page steam assignment in as many minutes and then go over and crack out a 3.0 while we ordinary birds tear our hair, swear, and sweat from release to formation and finally end up with the same 3.0. They call it native intelligence!

While Pooch is definitely not blessed with any particular athletic ability he is just as definitely not a member of the radiator squad. He belongs to that faithful legion of gym "workouters." When the blood lust is upon him he joins Frank Foster's Suicide Squad where he enjoys a moderate success. Shooting the breeze in Poochie's room on Sunday afternoons will be a treasured memory and how we will miss the latest bulletins on his weight and waist-line!

Only those of us who know him well, realize the capacity of his analytical mind. He is no worker bee but some day he'll carry a "message to Garcia." He is a thinker in spite of the Ac. Department's emphatic denial of the fact, and I cannot agree with certain gentry who maintain Pooch reminds them of Columbus who, as you will remember, didn't know where he was going when he started, didn't know where he was when he got there and when he got back didn't know where he had been!

Choir 4, 3. Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1. Combined Musical Clubs 3.
Class Football 2. Track 4, 3. Reception Committee 2, 1.
Class Track 2. Pep Committee 2. 2 P. O.

ONLY once in a blue moon does one find such an unusual combination of savviness and common sense in a man.

Between efforts at starring and of finding the perfect blind drag his time is about equally divided. In both he comes close to, but does not quite attain, the desired results. We admire him for countless qualities, among them, his constant willingness to help unsat classmates.

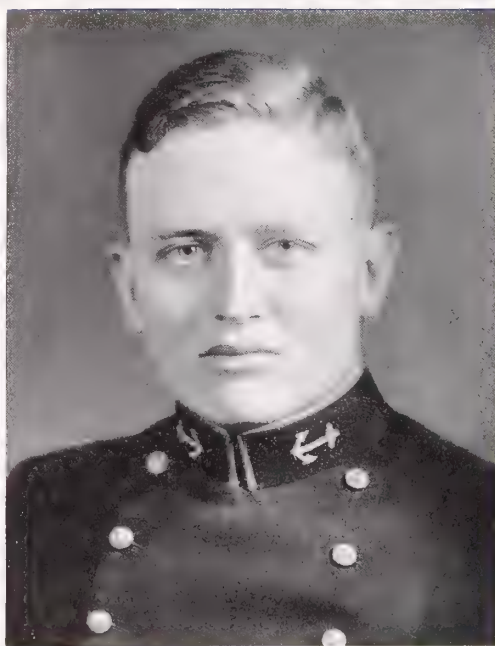
We truly believe that Deacon's only two loves are his "slip-stick" and his Reader's Digest. With the former his wizardry rivals that of Houdini; the latter serves to provide him with the numberless facts which make him the walking encyclopedia he is. Down in his heart Grayson cherishes the hope that his Naval career will eventually lead him into the Construction Corps. We venture to predict that this "Native Son" will have a hand in the building of our warships.

This versatile gentleman has numerous likes and dislikes. In the first category we place brunettes, chocolate eclairs, juice probs, bright neckties, broad jumping, Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, bananas, California sunshine, reading in bed, lemon "cokes," people who walk slowly, St. Louis Blues, girls who talk with a Southern accent, Danish pastry, hamburgers, swimming, and most of all, his mother. In the second we list inside inspections, Grand Opera music, infantry drills, spinach, people who knock California, rainy days, dirty wash basins, going to Chapel, shredded wheat, "Navy efficiency," mushrooms, socks with holes in them, bills, cigarettes, and least of all, beans for breakfast.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Masqueraders 4. Star 4. Class Football 2.
Trident 4, 3. Class Council. P. O. 2

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALBERT PEYTON COFFIN
"Grundy" "Scoofer" "Albeir"
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE great Scoofer knows the fundamental things of life. Blessed with a practical mind he has carried his practicability into a way of living. It is not the theory, but the application that appeals to him.

A studied inertness is part of his code. Very few things stir him. Yet when aroused Albert moves with the passion and fire of a Latin in the body of a Nordic giant. Crew was the sport which beckoned and the Scoofer has been throwing them in with the best of them since his Plebehood days.

Naturally when one has enormous capacity for food one is very apt to indulge. That the Scoofer has done. He has stowed chow away to the utter dismay of all at his table; he has lifted the jug over his shoulder when many another had sunk behind the bar. But in keeping with his philosophy, Scoofer can take it. He also boasts about dishing it out.

But what is most impressive about Albert Peyton is his happy-go-lucky attitude to those vicissitudes of life that disturb the rest of us. Cheerful, always—especially in the face of a tight situation. Loves to shuffle cards more than he does his feet, a great hand in bull-fest where he stands out to advantage, a charter member of the ship squad, the possessor of several types of "N's," and an unfailing loyal companion of true Falstaffian humor.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Football 4, 3, 2. Class Swimming.
Class Water Polo. Clean Sleeve.

FREDERIC GEORGE PEGELOW
"Fred" "Tubie-Lou" "S. A." "Peg"
MATTOON, ILL.

ILLINOIS' major contribution to the big grey buildings on the Severn had to force his way through the iron gates two years in succession, before he could convince the academic board that he deserved a four year lease on one of their charming suites. Having completed the arrangements for this suite, overlooking the swimming pool roof, he began his exciting career.

Being a firm believer in the fact that athletics prevent the brain from becoming stagnated, although this might be considered boasting by some, Old Peg surrendered himself to the knocks and blows of the football, basketball, and track teams during their respective seasons.

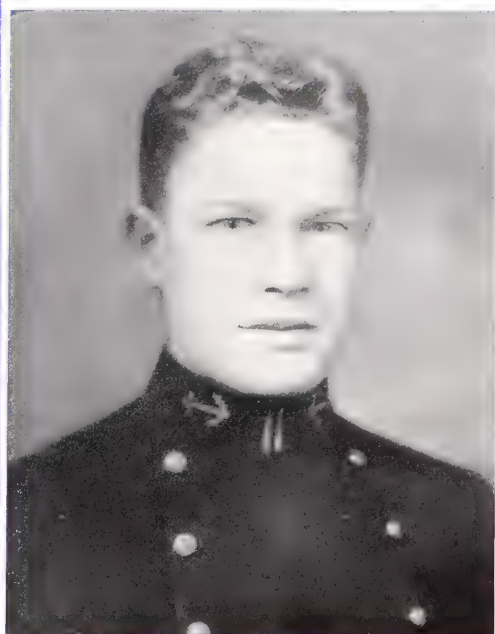
S. A. is not a musician but is noted for his blues singing. However, this is only a foil for his gruff sense of humor which is ever present in the bull-sessions of the Second Battalion. It might be said that he spends most of his time developing that ancient Spanish art, slinging the bull. Tubie-Lou is more than level headed as far as the weaker ones are concerned probably because of his vast reading and conscientious research about them. To date he has avoided all hooks, lines, and sinkers.

As an exponent of common sense Tubie-Lou is bound to succeed in the Service or in civil life. Good luck, Peg!

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Basketball 3. Track 4, 2. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CALAWAY HILL PEDDY

"Hill" "Marse" "Clara

DAWSON, GA.

MARSE Peddy is above all a Southerner. It was his type that made Sherman's march through Georgia so tough for Sherman. Capable of fight when aroused, slow in speech and quick in emotions, firm to the point of obstinacy, all the characteristics of a race have been moulded into Marse Peddy—gentleman from Georgia.

In studies, he has shown that he belongs to the second great class of men—the savvy and the lazy. Without attempting to take any sights of the sun on the meridian, he has been content to get a comfortable fix somewhere above the 2.5 horizon where the heat of competition is not so fierce and where one may sit around in his shirt sleeves and bone "cosmo" or keep up his voluminous correspondence with the Georgia "peaches."

Having seen his nigger "mammy's" children do a shuffling dance—somewhere back among the cabins—old Marse Peddy is overcome with the desire to become a master shuffler. That is the extent of his ambition, to do a real nigger jig. Still, one must give him credit for having an ambition.

But, all in all, Marse is a fine roommate, willing to get up 50% of the time to change the Vic record, and sufficiently wealthy to buy his own stamps. His willingness to help out whenever the occasion arises, his fighting spirit, his undying perseverance, and his ability to "take it" mark him as a true Navy man. May you retain your high ideals, Calaway!

Wrestling. Class Football. Juice Gang. Hop Committee.
2 P. O.

MELVIN WINTON WOODS

"Barney" "Mel" "Colorado Joe, Jr."

FORT COLLINS, COL.

NOW out home where it's 40 below and the snow's 6 feet deep . . ." The gentleman speaking is Barney Woods, tall, dark, a true representative of the far West.

The rugged environment of the West did its share toward the development of our Barney but after one year at Colorado Aggies the call of the Navy decided him to come to Bancroft Hall for the finishing touches. With Navy in charge we find that Mel is quite an Oarsman, beginning his Youngster Year by making the Varsity crew. Throughout the crew seasons one may always find him deriving great joy in collecting Jerseys from Navy's non-victorious opponents.

Academics have never given Barney any trouble. He is a hard worker on things that interest him, but refuses to touch any subject which does not. He does more than his share in keeping the second Batt sat, the practice derived from same being good enough to make him a star man. Not satisfied with doing his own work, Barney is always willing to help his struggling roommate, classmate, or unsat Plebe.

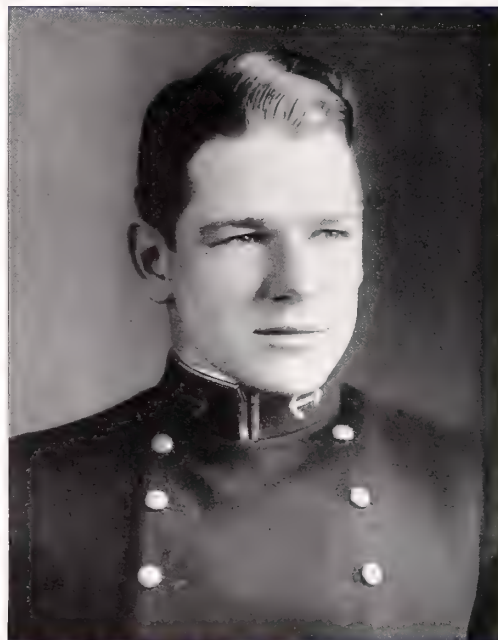
Good natured, dependable, and obliging, Mel has fitted in well with the Navy. He began his Plebe Year in acquiring the large host of friends that he has, all of whom are waiting to welcome him into the Fleet.

Success to you wife! If you are as loyal to your country as you are to your home state and your friends, the Navy has need of you.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. Class Vice-President 4, 3, 2, 1.
Class Council 1. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES RICHARD COMPTON

"Dick" "Moby Dick" "Moby"

St. Louis, Mo.

WHEN Dick came to us from St. Louis, although he was old enough to be a father to the rest of us, he was a very happy, carefree fellow. But this joyful attitude was not to last long. In spite of the fact that he was practically made as a star man, Dick just couldn't understand what made a mosquito bite; so he went unsat in Hygiene and had Christmas Dinner in the messhall with his wooden classmates. Then a great change came over our erstwhile cheerful hero; he became saddened, bitter cynic. But his wisdom and years pulled him through until we hit Norfolk on Youngster Cruise. Then someone came into his life and made the world a wonderful place again.

For a while thereafter, Moby hit the books and stayed in the top of the class. Then his friends began to wonder. He had slipped a little—about three numbers. But his disgust for trees kept him going. Even a weekly tree was enough to make Dick stay in week-ends to bone.

Being a very conscientious fellow, Dick never does anything by halves. At the beginning of the season in Second Class Year, Dick was one of Navy's most promising half-milers. But he ran so hard one day trying to break all records that something cracked and he had to lay off for a year. First Class Year will, we hope, see Dick as a great track star, in addition to being Chairman of the Christmas Card Committee and Company Representative.

Track 4, 3, 1. Class Football 2. Company Representative 4, 3, 2, 1.
Class Crest Committee. Christmas Card Committee 2.
Chairman Christmas Card Committee 1. 1 P. O.

WILLIAM LESLIE CORBIN

"Bill" "Scotty" "Toughy"

AT LARGE

OUR Supply Corps Junior who joined us by the way of "Bobbies" and the Presidential competitive. Where from? Oh, Panama, Guam—and points West.

Aside from several quaint eccentricities such as starting fires in the wastepaper basket, insisting without fail on "cracking all ports" just as the wife steps forth from the shower in the shivering, dripping glory (?) of his "birthday clothes," and the smoking of various and sundry self-concocted mixtures of tobacco in the most obnoxiously odored pipe imaginable, Bill is a good shipmate and faithful wife—even though he has averaged about five blue envelopes per week from someone ever since Youngster Xmas.

Would hardly call him a student—he wouldn't appreciate it if anyone did. Seemed to take a delight in being unsat in at least one subject each month. Imagine his joy (?) when the end of the first term of Second Class Year found Bill with his shoulders to the mat and the Juice Department top-side. However, he came back strong to win the next two falls in quick succession and sent the Juice Department down to inglorious defeat.

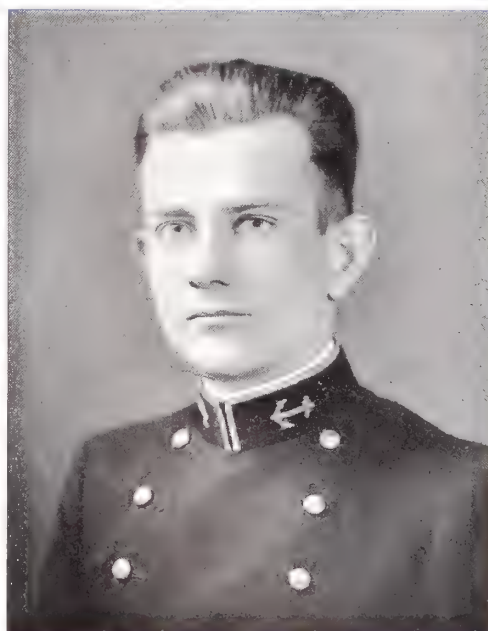
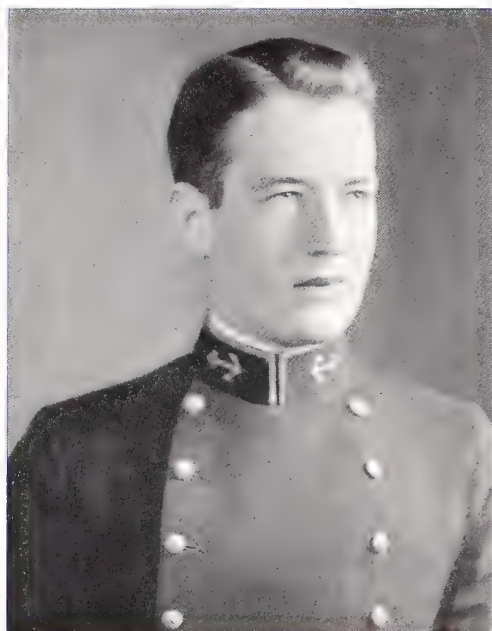
Bill early decided to seek fame in the grappling game, and was well on his way to realizing his hopes Second Class Year—when Juice interfered. However, we feel sure that First Class Year will see him going to the mat for Navy.

Makes lots of noise but he means well—so, here's wishing the mighty, little sand-blower fair weather and a following sea.

Resigned.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALEXANDER GUION HAY

"Alex" "Felix"

CLEVELAND, OHIO

AND furthermore, Signor Hay, this is a class in Italian—not Spanish!"

This sad story began when Alex decided to study Italian after exposure to Spanish in high school. The struggle was long and bitter with "il Signore" finally emerging victorious, but only after numerous excursions among the "trees."

Aside from this battle with Dago, he had no trouble with academics. And despite the fact that it was against his principles to overexert himself, he was always to be found in the top sections. He proved his real caliber as a savoir Plebe Year when, after a long siege at the hospital, he came back to finish the year with flying colors.

The fair metropolis of Cleveland proudly sent this native son to join the ranks of the middies in the summer of '30. But many of the fair inhabitants of that city grieved greatly to see him go; for Alex was, and is, a snake of the first order. He is a confirmed hop goer—if not dancing, he will be found under the punch bowl.

His favorite sports are tennis and track, the former probably the more favored of the two—he truly wields a potent racket. As to his tastes, he likes to be snappily and neatly dressed, enjoys a good symphony concert but prefers to listen to Paul Whiteman and Bing Crosby, loves to read a good book, and has a passion for long, low, swanky roadsters and Ziegfeld's Follies.

Tennis 3, 2. Track 3, 2. Glee Club 4. Choir 4.
Reception Committee 2, 1. 2 P. O.

DONALD ARTHUR SCHERER

"Oscar" "Don"

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

THIS lad started bothering his parents way up in South Dakota, but after about eight years of breaking the ice in the wash basin they journeyed to Florida. Thus although he has a Northern accent, he sleeps with two blankets and is strongly in favor of Florida sunshine.

As a savoir of the first degree, he might star, only there are many other things which he would rather do. His worst trouble comes from eating too much dinner and then falling asleep for the evening, which slightly decreases his marks in so much as he reads "The Cosmopolitan" during the day. His greatest obsession, after that of eating layer cake, is either fencing or music. He is one of the mainstays of the fencing team fighting equally well with either sabre or foils. His musical talent is even more versatile as he plays with equal vigor and noise the violin, bass viol, cymbals, harmonica, and potato whistle. To complete his repertoire he sings in the choir,—truly a one man band.

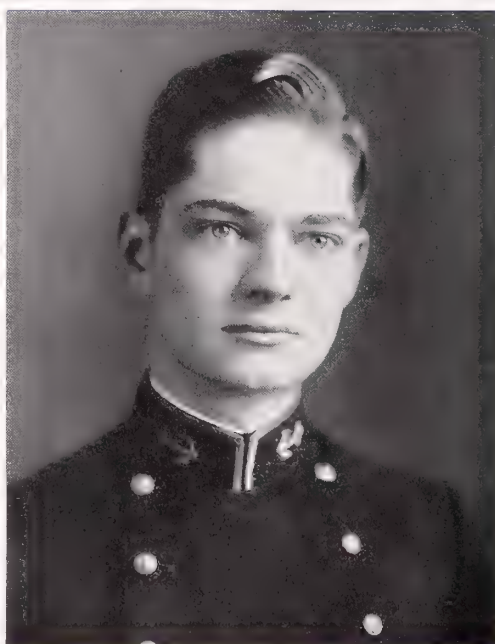
A confirmed Red Mike he has so far been true to his faith. The June Ball finds him in Smoke Park eating ice cream and gazing pityingly at his weaker-willed classmates.

Always cheerful and ready to help, he is a walking example of that Florida sunshine of which he is so proud, and he rates with the best of them when it comes to radiating good will and comradeship.

Choir 4, 3, 2. Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1. Fencing "N."
Plebe Rifle. Trident Society 1. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM ROLSTON CRUTCHER

"Bill" "Slim" "Joe"

TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

ONE must have an understanding nature to realize that Rolston really isn't lazy, but an incurable romanticist and adventurer. Born in Mobile and constantly associated with the sea while quite young, Crutch developed his adventuresome traits during prep school vacations by shipping in the Merchant Marine. But neither those cruises nor the practice cruises on the Wyoming were enough to satisfy this man's love for the briny deep, so he has supplemented his voyages with winter cruises at the Naval Academy.

Rolston left Branham and Hughes Academy as an honor graduate and entered the Naval Academy with all possible ambitions. Though now those ambitions have changed in some degree, he is nevertheless a man quite capable of getting what he wants, one drawback being his faculty of sometimes getting what he doesn't want. Paraphrasing Tennyson to the extent of believing that, "More things are known by D. O's than this world dreams of," he's still not cynical or disillusioned. Natural talent and determination have placed him near the top of the boxing squad, despite his affinity for Spike Webb's pet nemesis, trees and drags. Even three punch-drunk months a year does not deter him.

For any kind of party, whether it's working, liberty, or tea, Rolston is the man to have along. And he'll go along, and even more than that, he'll go a long way.

Boxing Squad 4, 3, 2, 1.

WILLIAM HAYNES HERBERT

"Bill" "Herby"

STATE COLLEGE, MISS.

MUD, black mud! Mississippi black mud! Since those lazy days four long, long years ago when William managed to extricate his hoofs from the Mississippi mud to make the trek to Annapolis, he has been longing for that ooze. Yes, sir, red mud won't do; it must be black mud. Though perhaps that was not the only attraction. Maybe a petite southern curve with violet eyes and a scarlet splash of a mouth has had something to do with it. You know, when the South once gets into one's soul, it lingers. So it was with William. He sincerely believes that a person should remain in bed until the warmth of the morning sun has actually become perceptible. As a matter of fact he never has become acclimated to this out-of-the-way section of the country. "Well, after all" he exclaims consoling himself, "This isn't the South anyway."

His literary aspirations have been quelled somewhat in his associations with the *Log*. As sports editor he has done justice to the job. He will tell you, however, that it entailed laborious toil.

His conversation about sports or political science would hold anyone's attention. Being intensely interested in the latter subject and not excelling in athletics, he may rely upon political science as a vocation if it can be applied without involving too much work. It is faintly rumored that he is returning to that mud and those violet eyes.

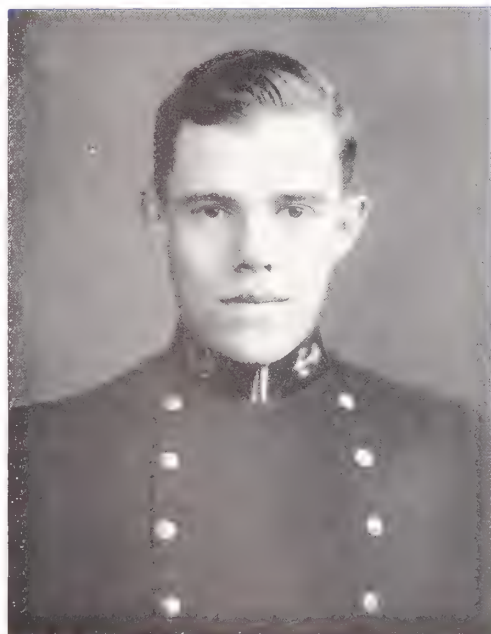
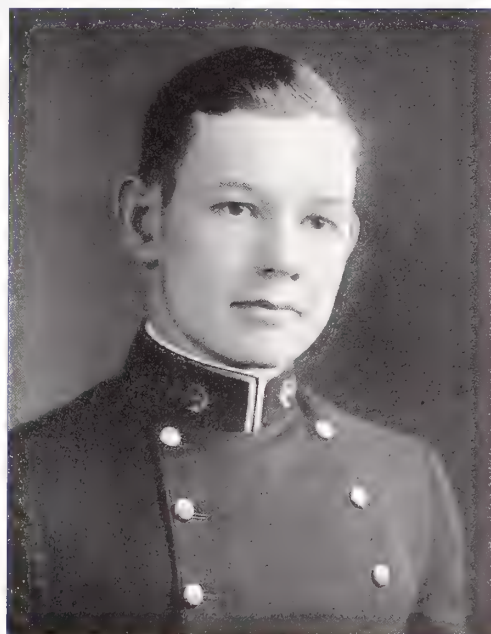
Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1.

Log Board 1

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES MITCHELL HENDERSON
"Chollie" "Colonel, Sub" "Swamproot"
BATON ROUGE, LA.

GEORGIA-BORN Chollie was whisked off to Louisiana before the age when the wiles of the Georgia Peaches might possibly ensnare him. In the land of cotton, sugar-cane, and cherry bounce, the Colonel played a rather subdued part at first. A three wheeled Model T, which Charlie successfully converted into a wheel barrow aroused in him the desire, hitherto dormant, to become an engineer.

Thus inspired, Charlie attended L. S. U. for two and a half years. Here again, perhaps under the influence of an efficient R. O. T. C. unit, our hero of the straight flush and triple pass received another inspiration, and we find him Annapolis Bound.

Plebe Year merely offered him an opportunity for review. If Dago were dropped from the course, if new shoes, caps, and ties did not figure in good grease marks, Chollie's class standing might be expressed in a single digit.

A man strong in his convictions, Chollie believes that: to be an athlete is fine, but training is practically impossible; that women are necessary, but love is bunk; and, that he is a clogger of fair ability. He takes his showers in the closet, shaves all over the deck, and can be heard any morning giving the good advice—"Don't sweep so hard or we'll have to dust."

Emerson says, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." Chollie's broad grin and cheery good morning, coupled with a magnetic personality, have won him many. His addition to the Fleet will be another "Hit—no change."

Reception Committee Wrestling 4, 3. 1 P. O.

ALLAN GEORGE SCHNABLE
"Schnaps" "Snibbly" "Punk"
MOORESTOWN, N. J.

SNIBBLY'S first nautical impressions were acquired as a passenger aboard the Delaware River ferry boats. Perhaps this crude initiation stirred some ancient Viking strain in his blood; at any rate, his desire to become a sailor was accentuated by later contacts with the sea and was finally crystallized by his entrance to the Academy.

Associations with Snibbly are always pleasant. Whether it is a game of tennis, a sail on the Bay, a rubber of bridge, a visit to "pop's," a bull session in the room, or what not, you will always find him enthusiastic and agreeable.

Despite one or two minor conflicts with the academic department, he has attained a fair class standing. His athletic tendencies are spasmodic and varied. He plays tennis, and basketball—when the spirit moves. When the supply of balls runs short he becomes a tennis manager. Mr. Ortland claims his attention in the Fall.

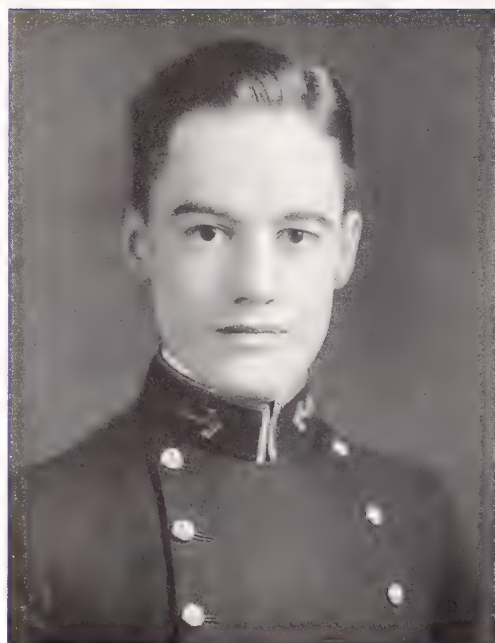
Some of his weaknesses are Berlin, stamp collecting, the Philadelphia "A's," New Jersey applejack, the superiority of the D & B corps, story telling, and heiresses.

We have known Snibbly as a capable worker, a fine generous comrade and a staunch friend. A cognizance of the many little amenities of social intercourse, an agreeable personality, and a sense of humor are attributes that will make him a welcome addition to any wardroom or gathering. His capacity for sustained and intensive effort, combined with his interest in the Service, will carry him far. He is well started on a successful career.

Reception Committee. Hell Cats 4, 3, 2, 1. Orchestra 4.
C. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HAROLD OSBORNE DEAKIN

"Harve" "Hap" "Deke"

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

COMING from the best state in the union—excepting one—Harve already knew about salt water. "Why the Great Salt Lake has more salt than—" Perhaps that is why he chose a naval career. At any rate, the West lost another man and their loss was our gain.

In academics—not savvy, not wooden. The Steam Department always wanted to fight with him but Deke could defend himself and by the time Christmas Leave rolled around, he was always leading by a good margin. Being an old salt he knew most of the answers. Those he didn't know didn't matter anyway. Besides, that letter to Baltimore must go regardless of how that pump or this turbine works. And they did go—and never a week-end passed without Harve doing his share of the dragging.

And as for those five days between the week-ends, he more than held his own. He was almost as much at home on the drill field as on the armory floor. Although letter writing and dragging seemed to be his most favored pastimes they were by no means his only ones. The Gym and Farragut Field saw him often and he was not averse to beating even his best friends in a game of pinochle or bridge.

The fairer sex have given us a key to his disposition—Happy. His good nature and willingness to work will carry him far and we wish him the best of everything and all that goes with it.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.

Two Stripes.



ROBERT DUNLAP RISSE

"Bob" "Dobbin"

CHARITON, IA.

WHEN Bob left the land of good corn he was not filled with so many illusions as are most aspirants. He knew nothing about Uncle Sammie's Academy on the Severn; but Plebe Summer taught him many things about iron discipline, besides thoroughly convincing him that the Hell-cats would be a racket.

The duties of being a good Plebe took much of his time. Since that time, however, it has been borne out that next to the fair sex academics bother him the least. Natural technical ability, coupled with good common sense and sound judgment, has stacked up fat multiples. Along with his own well-faring, Bob has been a willing helper. Working a Math prob, sketching a turbine or a wiring diagram in all of these Dobbin finds poetry. A broken Vic, a stopped clock, a squeaking door-check—in fixing these he finds delight.

On the athletic field Bob is capable of holding his own, although his most gruesome workouts have been spent spinning an Iowan lasso. And he can, by the way, throw the bull quite well on any subject. His good nature enables him to get a big kick out of the smallest things in life. A movie, a skag, a coke and a Colliers—another happy week-end has been enjoyed. Bob has enjoyed Academy life. He has become a staunch Navy supporter—and has chosen it definitely as his life. Bob is fittingly adapted to succeed. We wish him the best of luck.

Reception Committee.

2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MILTON STUART RAMSEY

"Stu"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

WHAT becomes of all this steel we make?" "Well, a great deal of it goes into the building of ships." It was some such question as this that led this stalwart lad out of the "smog" of America's steel city down to the Atlantic Seaboard. It is only natural that the naval constructor's career should appeal to one of such background. Toward this worthy end Stu's untiring efforts for the past four years have been directed.

With characteristic modesty, he disclaims the name savoir, but it is a fact that academics have never been known to trouble him. He plays no favorites, being as much at home in the Physics Lab as in the Navigation workroom, in the exacting study of electricity as in the more bullish courses of literature.

It is not surprising that athletics have consumed no small part of the time of a fellow so generously endowed with the proper physical equipment. However, Stu prefers versatility to perfection, and therefore, has touched on many, rather than mastered a few sports.

We have often heard that in Pittsburgh to "Er-r-r" is human and of that fact we now have first hand knowledge. It is certain, however, that the city made no mistake in this appointee to the Naval School. A true disciple of Emerson, he carries out in everyday life the philosopher's grandest maxims: "Hitch your wagon to a star." "Aim high; not failure, but low aim is crime."

2 P. O.

LESLIE KELLY TAYLOR

"Tarzan" "Lev"

PHOEBUS, VA.

ASON of the Old Dominion! At present, Phoebus, Va., has the honor of calling him citizen. When the cruise came around, we found him quite at home on the bounding wave. He had learned a few tricks of the trade in the merchant marine, and perhaps that was where he conceived his desire to enter the service of Uncle Sam.

Before this genial gentleman became a Midshipman, someone bestowed on him the nickname of Tarzan. It has remained with him throughout the years, and the significance of it has been felt by those who have engaged in friendly bouts with him on the wrestling mat.

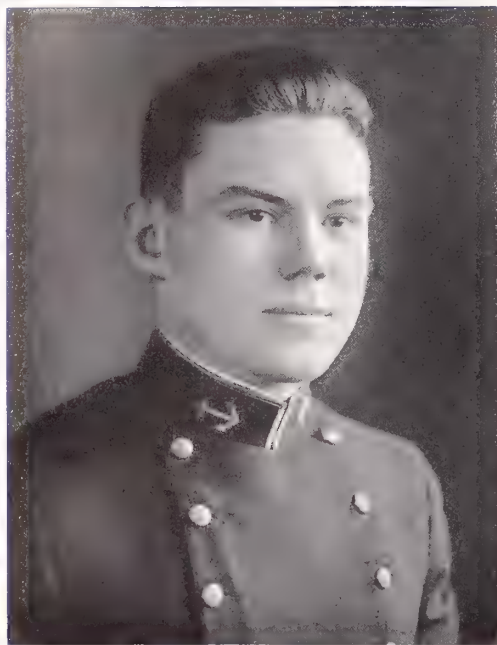
At times the Academic Department has given him a little trouble, but to our good fortune he has never been as near succumbing to it as he would have you believe. He would rather lean toward a pessimistic view of things for he feels that a pessimist is less liable to be disappointed than an optimist.

The middle name is Kelly, but the Irish in him is difficult to discover, and in fact, his views on the Irish are rather derogatory. Roaming at will is his secret joy. Seeing the world at leisure would make his heart happy as he would then have ample time to delve into the customs and ways of people. Facts are enjoyable to him, but he has no time for fiction because it is the product of man's fancy.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FREDERICK ARTHUR GUNN

"Pop" "Fagun" "Faug"

KANSAS CITY, KAN.

AS a youth in Kansas City, Pop was famous among the local gentry for his ability to roll bread, swim, and blow the bass horn. After a long hard day before the torrid ovens, pounding out the staff of life, nothing appealed to him quite so much as a refreshing plunge, or a good, private, three-falls-to-a-finish workout with the old brass plumbing, called, affectionately, a Sousaphone.

However, the blood of a notorious Scotch Pirate pulsed through the veins of our hero, and the illusions of grandeur, sometimes associated with this venerable institution, easily enmeshed another victim.

Not exactly wooden, Pop has worked for his place in the sun. Nevertheless, his struggles with the various Ac Departments could not completely satisfy his yen for conflict, so he earned a prominent place on the Water Polo Team for himself. At this point, he is practically immune from drowning.

With a song in his heart, and a snap of the fingers for the Exec. Department, Fagun treads a path free from the muck of worry and the brambles of love. To the femme who finally corals him, we offer our heartiest congratulations:

Because his cheerful mien and demeanor are blessings to his associates;

Because his deportment, in spite of the influences of a prolonged Kansan environment, is largely impeccable;

Because he is a true friend;

Because "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle;"

And because it will take plenty on the ball to strike him out.

*Musical Club Show 4. Orchestra 4. Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1.
wNp. 2 P. O.*

PAUL THOMPSON METCALF

"Pete" "T. S. A. F. M." "P. T." "Metcalf"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

COLUMBUS born, Columbus bred, Columbus the gem of the country." "Now fellahs out at Ohio State, we Delta Chis used to," and so T. S. A. F. M. raves on, proud of his podunk and the joys of fraternity life which he forsook for a career on the briny deep. Although Petey still dreams occasionally of the pleasant past, we believe that he has found his niche.

Pete and his trumpet are a rare combination. With trumpet in hand, chair tilted back, feet cocked on the table, and eyes closed, he is a blessing to any bull session. P. T. won his place in the N. A. ten early Plebe Year, and has been holding it down ever since.

Pete's scholarly attainments have not justified his natural ability. This condition can probably be explained by an urge which never fails to deposit Pete into dreamland shortly after evening chow. He claims that it's his low center of gravity seeking a horizontal plane. Even with this handicap, the coveted star has never been far from Pete's grasp.

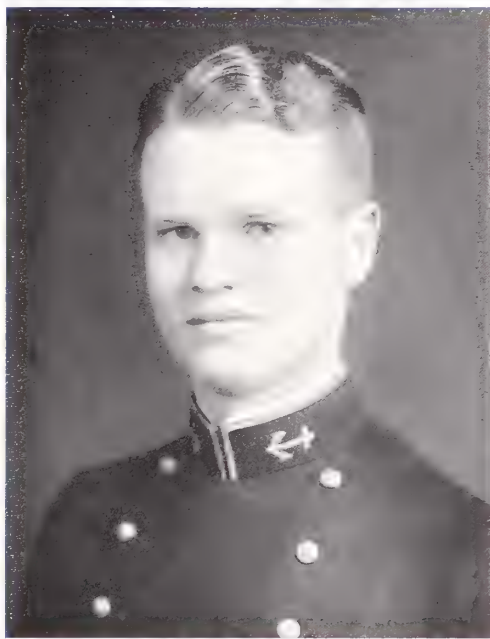
As to Pete's amours, it is rumored that his one weak point is "Big blue eyes and puhlenty of beef." Although taking in most of the hops, Petey still holds to an attitude of aloofness toward the fairer sex, which to us who really know him seems out of keeping with his true character. We are standing by, knowing that "a snake is only as strong as his weakest link."

Pete's natural aptitude for things maritime should carry him far in his chosen profession, and to whomever it may concern, we say "The Service has claimed another man."

*N. A. 10 4, 3, 2. Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2. Ring Committee.
Wrestling 4, 3. Track 4, 3. Two Stripes.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MANOWN KISOR

"Bill" "Manuche"

MONESSEN, PA.

AFTER graduating from Monessen High School, Manown's tastes turned towards a military career, and forthwith, off he went to V. M. I. However, after a year riding artillery caissons, he reconsidered his choice, took the exams for the Naval Academy, without bothering to study for them, and in June, 1930 was one of the first to arrive for Plebe Summer.

His decision to enter the Academy was not the only time he changed his mind. With a fine start on the road to success on the lacrosse field, an injury Plebe Year caused him to again reconsider. Not being one who must be burned twice, he gracefully retired.

Academically, his worries are nil. No Ordnance sketch is too complicated, nor any steam lesson too long that he cannot finish it in time to bone the Post for a half hour before going to class. Neither is he ever too busy to part with some of his knowledge in order to help some of us, more wooden ones.

But it is not for his scholastic accomplishments alone, that we shall long remember him, rather for his abundance of good nature and his ability to make a long afternoon or evening pass quickly. As a raconteur of strange and unusual tales, he is unparalleled. If you don't believe it, ask anyone who has heard him tell of life on an Ohio River steamboat.

It will be the Service loss if he is not commissioned. We wish him the best of luck in the years to come.

Reception Committee.

Lacrosse 4.

Three Stripes.

WILLIAM MOLTZ KRAMER

"Bill" "Schmaltz"

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pennsylvania or Billtown, if you prefer—boasts two noteworthy contributions to civilization, namely: Lycoming Motors and Bill Kramer. If we must choose one of these as the greater gift to mankind, we unerringly choose the latter, for our four short years behind these grey walls have shown us that the greatest asset to a Midshipman is an understanding wife.

Kramer is the acme of perfection when it comes to wives. He is always willing to trek to the mail-chute, tailor shop, store, post-office. He obligingly takes the other side of a disagreement for the sake of argument, and, right or wrong, he advances some very persuasive but far-fetched evidence, no matter what the subject for disputation be. He is only too ready to while away even the busiest of study hours advancing new theories on prohibition, the Gold Standard, birth control, international relations, or politics, and his limited knowledge of these subjects does not hamper his forensic abilities in the slightest.

Some one once said that "genius disdains the beaten path." If this be true, Bill will make a big mark in the world, for we can find no yard-stick with which to measure his individuality. Just as there was only one Socrates, there is only one Bill Kramer. There is no one else quite like him, and we all feel that we are better men for having had him as a friend.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1

Choir 4, 3

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DANIEL EDWARD HANLON, JR.

"Dan" "Skeeter"

MOUNTAIN LAKES, N. J.

RICHARD STEWART KLUNK

"Dick" "Baron"

HANOVER, PA.

HERE is a son of whom New Jersey can well be proud. After spending a year at Benny's Prep School he was ready to set out on his career as a Midshipman.

Although not outstanding in athletics he gets a great deal of enjoyment out of playing a game of basketball or a set of tennis anytime.

Academics haven't caused him a minute of worry so far. Even though he is not a star man, he is always glad to help one of his friends who does not quite grasp one school of thought or another.

His one weakness is quite in line with any other young man's fancy—and when it's Spring—well, there is just one big battle between the North and the South and it looks like the Sunny Southland is winning.

His friends are not, by far, limited to only the fairer sex. He has some inexpressible way of making you like him from the first minute you know him.

No one ever has or ever will be able to make him angry no matter what they say or do. It just isn't in his make-up.

His four years with us have been very pleasant, cheerful, and enjoyable. We know that whether he chooses the Service or civilian life he is bound to succeed because trouble just doesn't have a chance with him.

2 P. O.

DICK, a true backer of the Keystone State, joined our happy family after a whirlwind course at "Bobbie's War College."

He had quite a battle with the Academic Department Plebe Year; but as soon as he settled down for a fight to the finish with leave drawing on, the Academic Department saw that it was licked and left the field. Dick has always been steady in all his activities and usually gets what he is after.

The call of the wrestling mat got him Youngster Year. From that time on he divided his time between the loft and the tennis courts. Although he cannot be called a snake, he is as close to one that is possible without actually being one. It is very rare that a hop passes by without Dick's dragging.

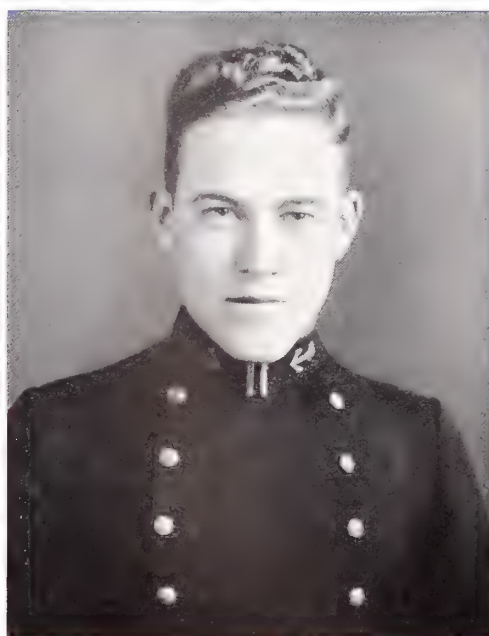
His one great failing is peanuts. He always has a bag or two on hand to carry him through the trying hours of a study period. You can usually find him with a pencil in one hand, a skag in the other, and a bag of peanuts on the table.

Even though he gripes sometimes with the rest of us about the old Navy, it is easy to see that deep down inside Dick is a true son of the Service and would be lost without it. When you hear the strains of "Sweet Sue" coming down the corridor, you will know that the Baron is near.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT PATTISON HARBOLD

"Bob" "Butch"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HERE he is—two hundred pounds of human dynamo—Butch. He has but one ambition, to get three "N's" in one year. That and an occasional spurt of studying have kept him pretty busy during his years at the Academy. Those spurts only came in time of dire necessity but they were enough to keep him one jump in front of the Academic Departments.

Plebe Year, for most of us just a series of gripes, was just another year to Butch. He is too big to be trifled with and his natural ability in sports made him a host of friends. These have stood him in good stead ever since, especially on hop nights. When he went in for dragging, it was on a grand scale and few have been the hops at which he has not scurried around for someone to take the extra girl. A short fight talk and that someone was booked.

Famous for a 2.497 in Plebe Math and a pair of re-exams, Bob has shown us that he can take it. His system of pulling sat was merely to raid the deck for Red Book and Cosmo and then relax. It might not work for everyone but we have proof it worked for him. And though he never did get into the savoir class, he always stayed in the running.

He is a big man with a big heart in which there is room for all his roommate's gripes. Here's luck to him.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1. Boxing 3, 2, 1.
Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

WILLIAM CLARENCE MURPHY

"Murph" "Bill"

DOUGLAS, MASS.

BOOT camp at Newport and Aviation Machinist School at the Lakes gave Murph his first taste of Navy life. His first real duty was at the Air Station at Hampton Roads where he had ambitions of servicing some of the big Navy planes in true machinist style. Fate was against him and his servicing was confined to the messhall storeroom as "Jack of the Dust." Being of an ambitious nature he saw greater possibilities in the Naval Academy Preparatory Class located on the same Naval Base, and after examinations was soon a full fledged member of the Class and well on his way towards the Naval Academy.

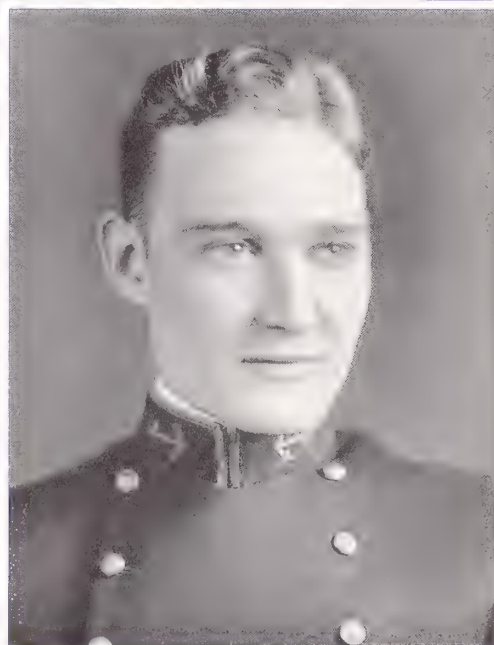
When it comes to leadership Bill has all it takes. If there is any skylarking going on in the Batt you can be sure it was his idea; if you want a good game with the pasteboards get Bill to round up the gang, he'll even offer the services of our room; and when it comes to organizing a crap game Bill is the man.

Youngster Year, Murph tried hard to make both the soccer and baseball squads, soccer didn't seem to get a break because it interfered with his handball, and baseball was left in the lurch because the tennis courts were in shape again. Nothing could stop Bill in the athletic line, Second Class Year he devoted all his spare moments to developing his Ping Pong Technique. I think he finally won the third deck championship by Xmas of that year.

Soccer 4. 3. Baseball 4. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLARD EDWARD HASTINGS

"Willie" "Bill"

HAVANA, N. D.

IT'S a long jump from North Dakota to Crabtown, and it would seem that there's little enough out there to inspire sea-faring instincts. Yet here's at least one son of the Great Open who heard and answered the call of the sea.

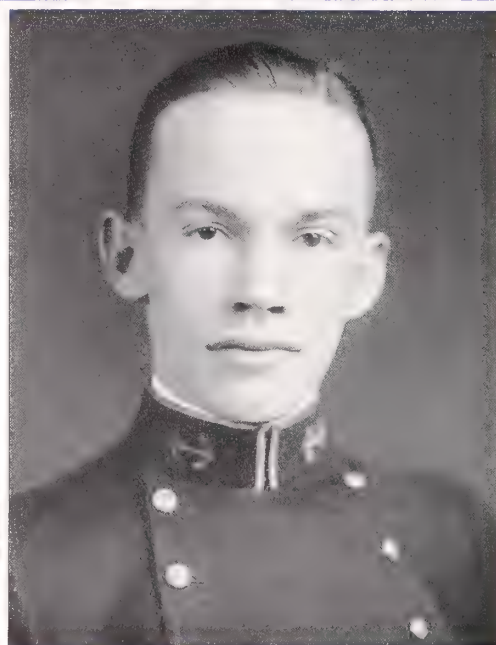
Youthful ideals have never played a great part in Willie's affairs, and a matter-of-fact and somewhat philosophic attitude has been his chief defense against the trials and tribulations of Navy life. Nothing so trivial as class standing has ever given him any concern, his only academic worries being a constant effort to get the maximum mark with minimum effort. And it must be admitted that he has been successful, with a high ratio of general efficiency.

Willie might have been another great Navy athlete, for was he not captain of the mighty Havana basketball team? But a Plebe Summer flyer at Lacrosse was enough and the Radiator Club soon claimed its own. His many leisure hours he has devoted to reading, and although he professes a great love for deeper styles of literature, he seldom fails to abandon his more learned pursuits in favor of any available Cosmo or College Humor. Socially, Willie is hardly to be classed as a snake, although his way with the fair sex would be a credit to even the most confirmed Carvel Hound.

And there we have him. Not exactly ideal as a roommate, he is nevertheless a great friend and classmate, an asset to any bull session, and an all-around good fellow.

Baseball. Reception Committee. Lacrosse. Basketball.

2 P. O.



CHARLES CLARK MANN

"C. C." "Charley" "Barney"

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

ALTHOUGH the lad swears to be a Southerner, the accent rather belies this statement. Having been born in Illinois, he is alleged to have many sympathies for those unfortunates north of the Mason-Dixon Line. So many, in fact that his third Christmas Leave was spent braving the frigid climate of North Dakota.

Whether our hero received his primary naval inspiration from paddling scows along the muddy banks of the Calcasieu or from reviewing news films is not generally known. The next scene, however, sees him wearily plodding under a Springfield or practicing the famous art of D'Artagnan.

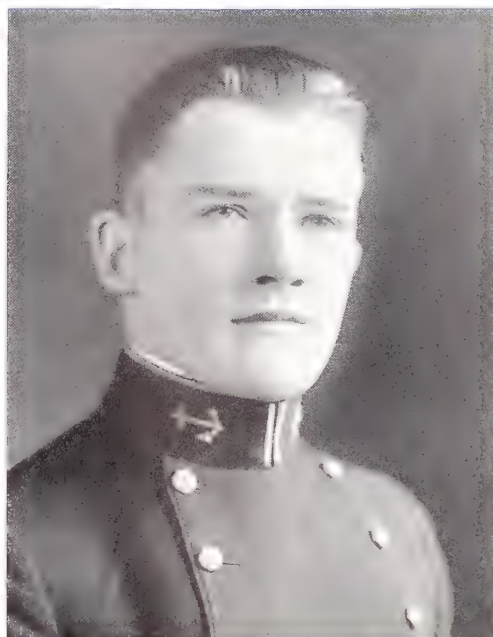
Excepting a difficulty in obtaining sufficient sleep, C. C. finally pulled through Plebe Year still rather Red Mikish, and a member of the savvy first hundred.

His one bad habit is tapping his feet on the deck while his wife is attempting to concentrate on the intricacies of ordnance and juice. To offset this, he gripes very amusingly on a wide variation of subjects; and, although a firm believer in "what good is an education if one ruins his health acquiring it?" manages to remain in those mysterious higher sections. If he does as well after graduation as he has before, C. C. is no doubt fortunately blessed. Happy landings, Pal!

Juice Gang. Fencing. Wrestling. Lacrosse. Track.
1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



BROWN TAYLOR

"Peaches" "Brown"

MACON, GA.

GEORGIA, Suh,"—this our first cheery greeting from Brown.

Big things come from Macon. The airship exaggerates Brown's stature, the former is large, the latter is small, but the effect produced by his grand character is the same. Each year we find the true gentleman, the man who represents the best of his class. The Captain was already well drilled in military rudiments prior to entering the Academy. Curiously enough, however, after procuring years of Army training in his prep school, Brown digressed to become a midshipman.

Never has there been an idle moment among Brown's varied activities. A great diversity of sports has filled his recreation periods. In season, Brown has enjoyed football, boxing, lacrosse, cross country, and track with a skill born of natural ability and perseverance. Besides this he stands near the top of his class, academically.

He forms solid friendships through his sterling qualities and happy disposition. Brown invariably manages to straighten matters out for you if the day has gone badly. Any unhappiness on his part never shows itself. Such a degree of tact is employed that those he befriends never realize what a help he has been. The Captain with an unselfish desire of his own pleasures looks toward increasing the general amount of geniality in any group. Men like Brown are not to be merely described, but should be intimately known.

"Yes, Suh, Georgia, Suh."

Log Staff. Log Board. Quarter-Deck Society.
Class Football. Class Lacrosse. Track.
2 P. O.

HARRY WARD GEORGE VADNAÏS

"Harry" "The Skipper" "Oscar" "H. O."

FOREST LAKE, MINN.

WE can't blame the Skipper for leaving Minnesota and answering the call of the sea. Ten thousand lakes and a bathtub gave him his first training, but cramped for space and dissatisfied with ships of soap, he departed for Crabtown, leaving an unrivaled reputation as the best bathtub sailor in the old home state.

Not an enemy in the regiment; not a man that doesn't consider him a personal friend; and yet withal, Harry is known among us as a man who truly possesses the courage of his convictions. This is the record he has made at the Academy.

Sincerity, loyalty, determination, a practical idealism, and above all unselfishness are the salient points in his character. In four years together, we've discovered but one weakness in Harry, and that in his heart, for a brown eyed girl back in Minnesota. A beautiful picture, letters every day, memories of past leaves, and dreams of future ones are his greatest happiness.

In years to come, we'll always remember one trait of Harry's. Should he be requested to do something, the asker can forget it. Once asked of Harry, the deed is as good as done!

His broad intelligence, good nature, and tactful friendliness, rings true, and makes us sorry to part as we scatter into the Service, but hopeful of many reunions with our friend, the Skipper, a fine sailor, and a true gentleman.

Football, B Squad and Class.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DONALD GREER IRVINE

"Don" "Washington"

BIRMINGHAM, IOWA

IN four years it is easy to learn not only all about a man, his opinions, his character, his personality but also whether or not he likes cheese be it Roquefort or American, and whether or not he is fond of Ruskin or Rabellais. Concerning the cheese, the decision is decidedly in favor of the latter; however, in regard to the authors his tastes are probably decidedly in favor of both; here is proof of versatility along this line which extends not only to the literary but also the musical which encompasses appreciation of both the barbaric rhythm of Tiger Rag and the flowing sonatas of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

When you find a man enriching his mind in the treasures of philosophy, going deep into the veins of literature you can be sure that he can be judged by the company he keeps. He is well read in various histories and is a reliable authority on the Civil War, both from a military and Naval point of view. Accordingly when you consider such an accomplishment and couple with it a gift of "gab" you will believe that here is the man to refight Vicksburg; Antietam or Gettysburg; and right you'll be.

Don, when you come down to it, is a remarkable combination of qualities. The most conspicuous of these is apparent when he begins one of his stories—it's a keen and subtle sense of humor. To say that his disposition is unruffled does only half justice. He has many friends!

Reception Committee.

Lucky Bag Staff.

G. P. O.

CAMPBELL PILCHER

"Soupy" "Cam"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HAILING from Tennessee, living in Washington, appointed from Michigan, prepped in Virginia, our itinerant hero finally landed in Bancroft-by-the-Severn, which has been his home for four eventful years. His rather cosmopolite experience enabled him to take up Navy ways with ease. Academics, sub, weak and extra duty squads, Plebe Year all these held no terrors for him. Each was masterfully conquered in its turn. He found his true stride on the cinder path. Any spring day he may be seen on the track running the high hurdles with the speed that brings joy to the hearts of Navy's sons.

Over and above his accomplishments stands his sunny, even disposition which has smoothed over many rough spots in four years of study and work. Never griped or griping one can always be sure of finding him in the same mood. He has only one secret passion; to tinker with alarm clocks. Springs and wheels fascinate him. He derives untold pleasure from spinning gears. Any mechanical device that goes round is promptly operated on with screwdriver and wrench to see what makes it go.

To have been a friend of his as well as a roommate for four years has been a privilege and a pleasure not soon forgotten. His cheery "Howdy" will be remembered by all who go out to the fleet with him.

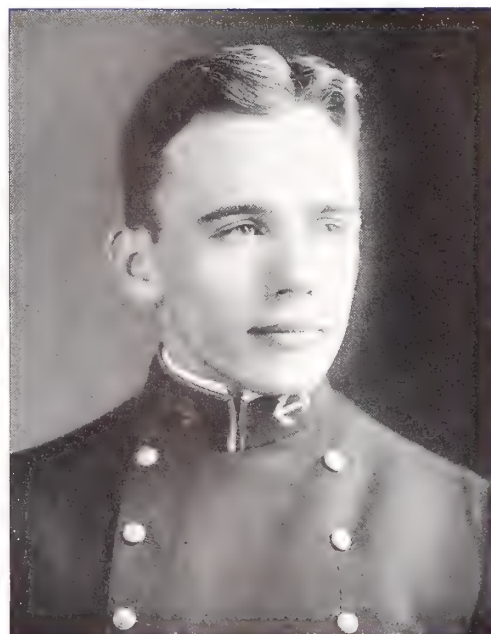
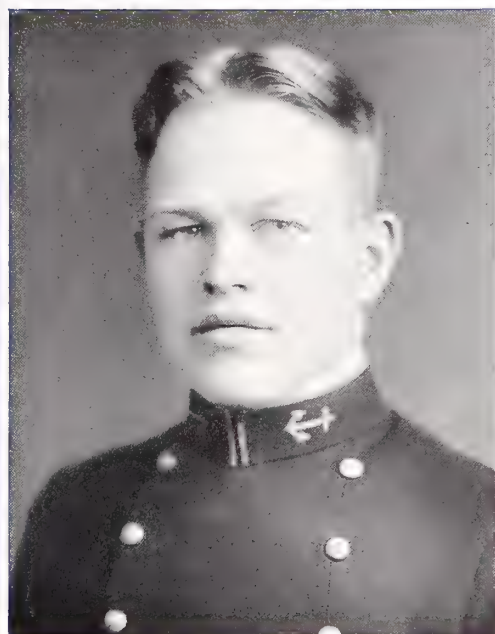
Track 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N."

Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE EVALD THEODORE PARSONS

"Chic" "Swivel" "Svenska" "Stumpy"

LYNN, MASS.

WHEN the Main Gate closed behind him for the first time Plebe Summer it was nothing new for George. He had already seen two years of service, Newport Training Station, Electrical School, N. O. B. Norfolk, and the Naval Academy Prep Class. The rigors of the summer's work held no terrors for him. When the lecturer in our first "Bull" class announced that one in every three of us would be missing at graduation day, Chic calmly looked at the men on either side of him and said, "Which one of you will it be?"

Post cards from Europe announced to the city of Lynn that George was enjoying his Youngster Cruise, including a trip "til Sverige" where he was taken for an officer in the Royal Swedish Navy. In this same year he offered his services to Coach Schutz, who immediately added another name to his "grunt and groan artist" list. A fractured ankle, suffered in a class football game nearly cost George the Army Game trip.

During Second Class Year George improved his academic standing, only to eclipse it as a First Classman. He seldom had much to say about his affairs of the heart, but we have never missed seeing him at the hops. George will be a dependable officer, one whose loyalty and devotion to duty will make it a pleasure to be shipmates again with him. A happy cruise, George!

Wrestling.

Reception Committee.

2 P. O.

FRANK MELVIN WHITAKER

"Whit" "Francis"

SPOKANE, WASH.

WHILE busily engaged building models of old-time ships, great square-rigged sailing vessels which played so prominent a part in our early history, "Whit" became conscious of a desire to become a part of that life. It was his ambition to become attached to a man-o'-war, to visit far-off ports, and to view strange lands. Opportunity offered itself in the way of an appointment during a course of study at Gonzaga University, and it wasn't long before Frank was wrestling with the academic department, amid supplications to Tecumseh, and he successfully repulsed all attacks.

His organizing ability found an outlet in the many committees with which he was invariably associated. Not content with keeping Frank on the jump only at infrequent intervals, the authorities that be decreed that he should jump considerably higher and consequently elected him chairman of the Farewell Ball. His many sketches and illustrations so frequently appearing in the *Trident* show, undeniably, his artistic talents.

Having obtained considerable training in his early striding over the mountains in and about Spokane, Frank took naturally to hurdling when he went out for track, the hurdles resembling obstacles in his pathway through the mountain fastnesses. Although occupied in various other sports throughout the year, it is on the track that he is most at home, and where he has attained considerable success. Frank has been an admirable companion, a true "wife" and a pal with whom it has been a pleasure to associate. Happy cruise, "Whit."

Orchestra 4, 3. *Trident* 4, 3, 2, 1. President 1. Hop Committee 3, 2, 1.

Class Crest Committee. Art Club 2, 1. "N" Track 3, 2, 1.

Captain 1. Chairman June Ball Committee. Four Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



NILS HARRY LUNDBERG

"Swede"

PROCTOR, VT

HARRY is not certain just what his reason was for joining us. Whatever the reason, there is not one of us who is not glad to have had the opportunity of forming with him such a valuable and lasting friendship.

Swede's collar is not decorated with a star, but neither does his name decorate the trees. Should he get a little low on velvet he bears down with a strong will, and it is not long before he is up again and "running free." He is as conscientious in the matter of athletics as he is in academics. There are very few days that he has been absent from either swimming or track practice in their respective seasons, and these two sports have occupied the greater part of his time. He is not adverse to dragging, and it is not unusual to see him with a fair one at his side.

Harry is inclined to be somewhat optimistic and in general looks on the bright side of things. Perhaps this accounts for his continual cheerful countenance and tolerant temper. This pleasant mien and his strength of character should carry him to success in all his future undertakings. We shall all miss the click of swimming clogs on the decks, the sound of his pleasant voice reverberating in the corridors, and the taste of his Vermont maple sugar and Swedish hard-tack, but most of all we shall miss the natural and good-natured personality of Harry himself.

Glee Club 2.

Swimming 4, 3.

2 P. O.

BENNET GORDON POWERS

"Ben" "Benny"

HONOLULU, HAWAII

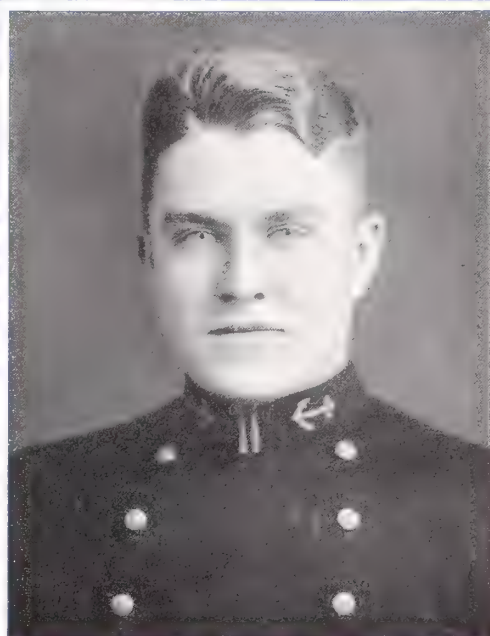
FROM the sun-kissed shores of Hawaii Ben came to us in the summer of 1930. Of their beauty we never tire of hearing him tell. Ben thinks more and says less than most of us. Things we take for granted he looks into closely. He is continually bringing forth new theories, surprising in their accuracy as well as novelty. Studies have never bothered him. When he needs a grade he makes it without much ado. Neatness is Ben's watchword. Everything he does has a finish and polish to it, be it fixing a Vic or dragging. He drags often. Like all gentlemen he prefers a blonde—this one is from Virginia. Ben has devoted most of his spare time to track and performs creditably in the dashes. In the water he handles himself like a true Islander. He could easily have made the swimming team had he so desired. Though few of us are aware of it Ben is an artist of more than average ability. Many study hours has he spent at this hobby. His generosity is boundless. He has established something of a record in the matter of skags given away; always with a smile and the words "come again." We do not predict a successful career for you. Predictions have an air of uncertainty about them. Your success is assured. A thinker with a philosophy all his own, a man who does many things well, Ben is best loved by us who know him best. Memories of you as a comrade here we shall treasure always.

Track 3, 2, 1.

1 P. O.

1934

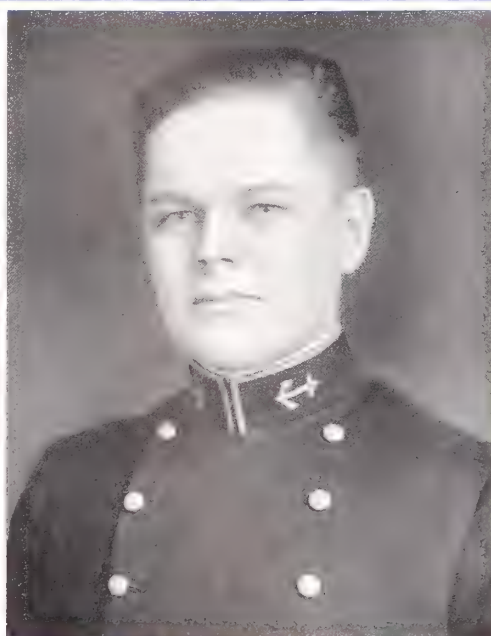
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RONALD QUENTIN RANKIN

"Rommy"

JONESBORO, ARK.



STEPHEN ZYSK

"Steve"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FROM his early youth Ronny has been a traveler. Said travels were confined to good old "terra firma." When he heard about the Navy, he saw a chance to see more of the world. June of Plebe Summer found Ronny with us far from his podunk in Arkansas. Since then he has carved his niche in the class.

A year at a junior college gave him a good foundation on which to build, but a nautical laziness and a love for the Cosmo prevented him from playing havoc with academics. His good disposition and a happy smile with an infectious laugh made him welcome everywhere. He could joke and gripe with the best of them.

Basketball has been his favorite pastime and he capitalized in this field of endeavor by coming out and making an "N" his Youngster Year. The next year he was one of Navy's guns which sank the Army on the court. Other seasons found him a member of good standing of the Radiator Club and the lacrosse squad.

Second Class Year produced a marked change in his social activities. He never was a Red Mike, but all of a sudden he discovered the girls were alive.

Discreet and friendly and at all times ready to lend a helping hand, Ronny will always have a good estimate of the situation.

Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. "N"* 2, 1.
Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

STEVE came down to the Naval Academy from New York full of hope, energy and determination to win. There is a saying that the last shall be first, and the first shall be last. This has some truth to Steve, being anchor man alphabetically.

When not immersed in books, he has participated in some form of athletics every season. Although he was not a star, he took an interest in the sports, and usually had a good work out to his credit at the end of each day. The wrestling mats were his habitat in the winter months. Reef Points work took a little more of his time.

While no one could call him a snake, he surrenders occasionally to the lures of the fairer sex, and manages to be at the hops, solo or in harness. However, his motto seems to be that "Variety is the spice of life."

His persistency in everything undertaken invoked upon him the pleasure of the God of 2.5 and thus kept him well ahead of the Academic Departments. He believed the study periods were meant for study.

Steve is one of those fellows who believe that regulations were made for a purpose. This does not mean that he has never been on the other side of the fence.

Always ready to lend a hand or a few dollars to a wife in need, Steve's qualities will assure him a leading place in whatever vocation he chooses. Here's luck to you, Steve.

Soccer 3, 2, 1. "N" 1. Rifle 2, 1. Reef Points.
Wrestling 3, 2, 1. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



PAUL McCOMBS
"Major" "Mac"
DENVER, COL.

TO paint a faithful word picture of Paul we must put him at his desk, an all important cigar jutting forth defiantly while he cons one of his treatises on academics and realms beyond. While a student of things Naval he is also intensely interested in economics and politics. In our frequent discussions we find him a keen critic, conversant on a well nigh unlimited number of subjects.

From a non-academic aspect, too, he inclines toward good music, and on occasion, a bit of the social whirl where he cuts a suave and courtly figure, but withal, maintaining a dignified and punctilious demeanor. His bearing and poise won for him as early as Plebe Summer the sobriquet of Major.

We shall remember Paul best, however, when we recall his many helpful suggestions, which reflected his conscientious endeavor. Although seriously inclined he was ever ready with a bit of gaily and good fellowship which helped alleviate the rigors of our Naval Academy days.

His relations with the fairer sex are somewhat mysterious, although a locker door moderately filled with pictures seems ample indication that appreciation of the feminine element is not altogether dormant. On close scrutiny we find several in duplicate, and we must form our conclusions accordingly.

Thus we have the portrait of a keen student, conscientiously inclined when the occasion demanded, yet possessed of a fine sense of humor, and a true friend.

Rifle 4. Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1. C. P. O.

MARVIN IRVING ROSENBERG
"Rosie"
DENVER, COL.

AFTER spending almost two years in the University of Colorado preparing to become an engineer, Rosie entered the Academy to place his engineering ability at the disposal of the Navy.

High marks were so easy for him to obtain, that he scarcely looked at a text-book except to help out the many classmates who depended upon his explanations and assistance in their technical studies; and this generosity is a salient feature of his pleasing personality.

Rosie's desire to always be doing something for his betterment led him to utilize his spare hours in studying current events and other subjects. But, in spite of his penchant for learning, every afternoon would find Rosie playing a game of basketball in the gym or on the terrace; one can't help but think that the Basketball squad lost a potential star when he did not go out for the varsity team.

As for dragging: Rosie is the champion of champions. He scarcely missed a hop and always had visitors at the Main office. When Rosie was not trying to get a quarter changed into nickels for telephone calls, he was worrying as to how he could drag two girls to the same hop.

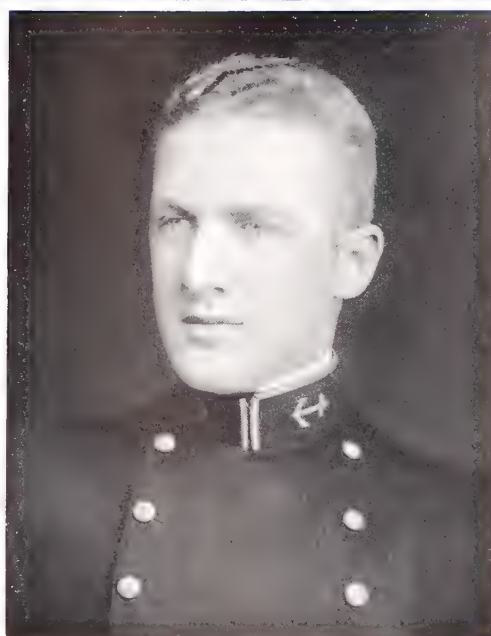
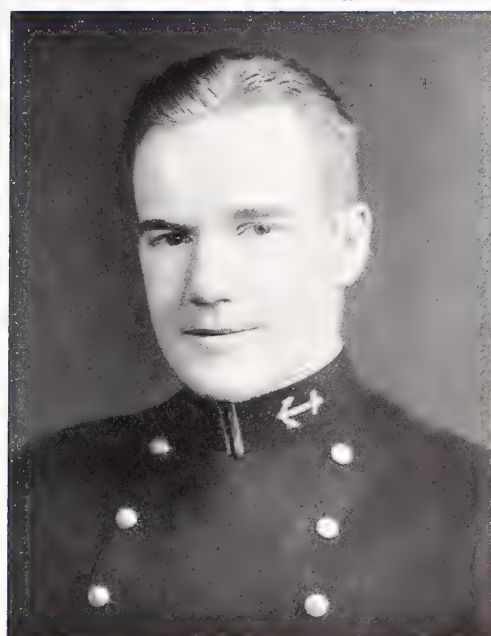
Rosie has been a most loyal friend and tolerant roommate who smiles at complaints and never permits trifles to break down his good disposition.

Radio Club 4, 3. 2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM ROBERT LENNOX
"Red" "Whiskey Bill" "Bill"
NEW YORK, N. Y.

RED came to us from a monastery, somewhere in the Pocantico Hills, New York. But his life amongst us has been all that could be from an old sea-dog.

Red was a fighter, through and through, and the tourists used to marvel at his speed and lightness for Red was an outstanding duellist. Hardly a day passed without finding Red engaged in deadly combat with some poor unfortunate classmate. The weapon used in these affairs of honor was the epee which is famous throughout Europe as the weapon of death. However, the fencing coach kept a watchful eye on our Bill and Bill developed into one of our most adept swordsmen.

However, Bill's life and joy was constantly marred by nightmares. Those weird and unearthly things Bull and Dago would creep behind him in the dark and when he least expected them would pounce upon him and seek to devour him. But, Bill by a supreme effort of the mind finally succeeded in overthrowing and destroying these two fiends.

Without Bill, what would the Log have done? Every week-end found our hero bent over a typewriter, busily typing jokes. Sometimes Bill would chuckle while working, but whether he did or not the Log received its number of jokes every week.

In the sciences and mathematics, we'll always remember Bill as the one to whom we could always turn to and say "Now, Red, how do you do this," and invariably the answer would be "fruit."

Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1. Manager 1. Log 2, 1.
Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1.
Soccer 4, 3. Black N** 2 P. O.

HÉLIODORE AIMÉ MARCOUX
"Sea Beast" "Salty" "Loup de Mer"
NASHUA, N. H.

NOT the original Sea Beast, but still original in being an old salt from Nashua, New Hampshire, which he claims is the best place in the world. He is right; it is home for him. Any morning when he stood before the open window in his room at the Academy breathing in the fresh salt zephyrs from the broad Chesapeake, he was prepared to tell a long interesting tale about the old seamen from New England. He can make up his sea stories as he goes along, so if you ever meet him ask him about the good old days when the Navy had "Iron Men and Wooden Ships." He can tell you all about it.

At no time does he show his love for the Service as he does on a cruise. Youngster Cruise there wasn't a happier man in the squadron. Up on deck or down in the fireroom, Marc didn't care. He called brightwork his daily workout and you have to love the sea to make a hobby out of brightwork. He was on a man-of-war and nothing else mattered. Not that he didn't like his liberty—he went ashore with the first boat, and came back with the last one.

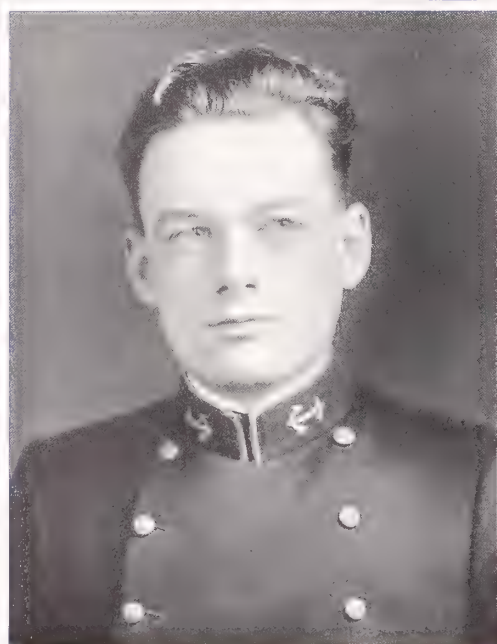
He never worried about studies, but insisted that the English language is spoken incorrectly everywhere south of Connecticut.

In his own native tongue we would say "Bonjour et Bon Voyage," but let us also add, Good Luck.

Track 4, 3. Pep Committee 2. Fencing 3. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GORMAN COADY MERRICK

"Gorm" "G. C."

GAYLORD, MICH.

BETTER late than never.

If you have anything to say against good old Michigan don't say it near Gorm, though he never becomes ruffled. Arguments aren't worth the trouble. About four years ago our hero arrived at the administration building determined to become a Midshipman. Being successful he actually did become a plebe, a quiet and studious plebe.

Gorm never was much of a hand with women. He figured if he could get rid of his backwardness in their presence he might go to hops and drag once in a while.

He completed his four years with a remarkable record—he always arrived at formation before the rest of the boys had marched off the terrace.

After practicing four years on the piano he learned to play a recognizable chopsticks with two fingers. Due to lack of time he failed to find the lost chord but the din more than made up for it.

Being a member of Navy's fine cheering section kept him out of athletics quite a bit. Studies worried him little and hardly ever interfered with his sleep. Reading did, however, it being a habit for him to read all the books and magazines nearby.

Strange, but he enjoyed leaves immensely in spite of the charms of the U. S. N. A. He was always willing to pack a bag and go on a vacation. Gorm has the qualifications—"reckon as how he'll get there some day." Better late than never.

Black N *****

2 P. O.

RICHARD HETHERINGTON O'KANE

"Dick" "OKie"

DURHAM, N. H.

ANY attempt to describe Dick adequately in a few words is bound to be futile, and to result in being insufficient to do him justice.

Early in his career he developed an ambition to go cruising, but eventually decided that one trip every other summer would suffice. Until Youngster Christmas Dick was always willing to defend the advantages to be had on the U. S. S. Outside, but he changed his mind and his chief thought since that time has been academics.

Except for the fact that he drags occasionally Dick has no minor vices. He claims that there is sound reasoning in the theory of "safety in numbers" but personally holds foremost the importance of "careful distribution." This plan seems to work out well, for to date we have seen no fair photos exhibited on his locker doors. They may be stowed in his cruise box, thus relieving his mind of the troubles of indecision. There is only one girl we think he won't be able to forget—a Youngster Year drag. If he dragged 4.0 for the rest of the course he would still be unsat.

Dick arrived with his straight-edge razor, which has done duty faithfully some twelve hundred times since . . . "One thousand two hundred shaves at six minutes each! Just think, if I had all that time saved up, and counting an eight hour working day, I could go on leave for a half month."

We'll bet he'd spend those fifteen days back where they serve pie for breakfast. Dick's a Yankee and proud of it!

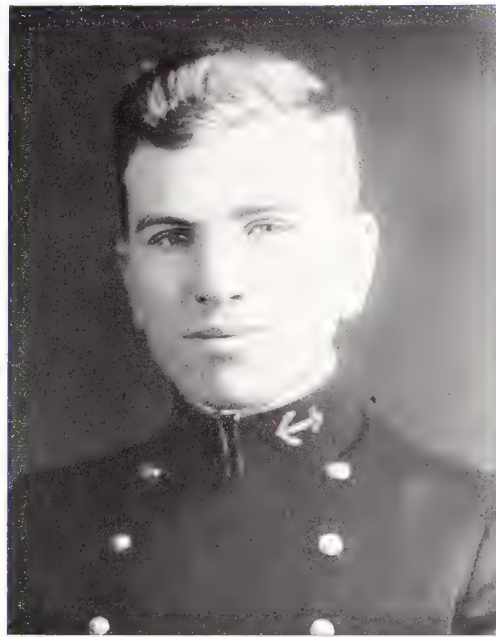
Black N *****

2 P. O.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDWARD JOSEPH MULQUIN

"Frowsy" "Mulk" "Eddie"

MERIDEN, CONN.

THE scene took place on the campus of Carnegie Tech. Heads for the competitive exams for Navy; tails to the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech football game. A flip of the coin—and heads it is. In this way our Frowsy decided that fate showed him the way to four years of Navy life.

Along with an iron-clad method of subduing academics, Eddie brought with him his true Irish wit and a characteristic frowsy smile to brighten up the winter months and half of the regiment of hard luck boys.

Frowsy enjoys a Cosmo or the New Yorker but his biggest thrill is knocking over the top-notchers in our three months of fistic duels. His nonchalant attitude, that makes the Com stop inspecting, has carried him through four years of ring battles, four years of academics, and many hours of extra duty. Frowsy has yet to miss his seat in the social whirl of Academy life, and the girls seem to love that Yankee disposition, the gallant air, and the ever-ready flow of humor of this favored son of Connecticut.

He is still undecided as to his career after graduation. With high hopes and confidence, Frowsy is prepared for the future, and, knowing him as a wonderful classmate, a true friend, and a congenial shipmate, we firmly believe in that future.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.



HENRY LOUIS MILLER

"Hank"

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

FAIRBANKS, Alaska's Golden Heart—There's a Soft Spot in it for You." A noble sentiment, presented with majesty. Hank is a ruddy cosmic ray, and underneath his grin there burns the spirit that went with Baldo to Nome on a race with diptheria germ and death, that sent Ben Eilson out to the fast frozen Nanuk to load up with a million dollars in furs, and then die in mangled agony because a man-made altimeter went haywire. The grit of Moses Lapuk, who fought his way across the frozen tundras of the Arctic for two years, leading a herd of reindeer that were to bring surcease from the famine and plague that were killing the arctic Esquimaux. That same spirit has made Hank pound his way out of many a tight corner in the ring when instinct was all that reigned. He has eternal faith that the ice-pool, the annual lottery of the time the ice breaks will come on the Alaskan River, Tanana, will fall on his day, hour, and minute, giving him enough money for coffee and cakes.

Simple in his tastes and earnest, no boy scout ever had a better design for living.

Girls? Of course he likes them, who doesn't? He worries them, they worry him, he worries me, and life is just one long roseate glow of happiness.

With a straight left he'll be a world beater, but no matter how you look at it, Spike Webb still insists he's a sucker for a left hook.

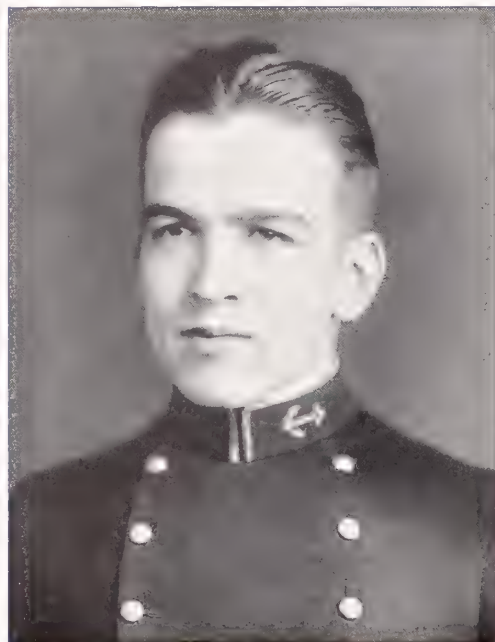
Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1.

bNt.

Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANCIS JOSEPH NOVITSKI
"Frank" "Novy" "Franz Josef"
GREEN BAY, WIS.

SAMUEL ROBERT SHAW
"Sam" "Samshaw"
DAYTON, OHIO

MAYBE you people think this is an easy job. Well it isn't. How am I supposed to paint a pen picture of Frank in just a few words. Sure I know, I can say that he came down out of the North Woods around Green Bay all full of ambition, ideals, and that sort of thing. It wasn't long before he found that as savours go, so went he. It can also be told that although light, he played on the class football team and took quite an interest in tennis. Furthermore, in his last two and a half years, he devoted much, probably most, of his time to his duties as Business Manager of the *Lucky Bag*.

But all that is merely the background. It gives no inkling of all the things that should be told, nor for that matter, of all the things that won't be told. Like the man in the story, I could give him away, but I won't. It doesn't say that he tries to read while pulling a white work blouse over his head nor that he will interrupt his reading in order to explain a prob. It also doesn't say that he drags nor that he still remains non-committal concerning such extra curricular activities. It doesn't explain his persistent attempts at reform. (All such attempts being confined to me, not to himself.) It doesn't describe his fondness for informal debate. It doesn't matter.

We all like Frank, anyway.

Class Football 4, 3, 2. Business Manager 1934 Lucky Bag.
Star 1. M. P. O.

WHY should I tell you where he comes—hails from? It is written directly above. And as for his coming to the Naval Academy—he must have or someone has played us a terrible hoax.

Having thus dispensed with the usual preliminaries, may I proceed? It is yet a moot question whether Brother Shaw's virtues outweigh his vices. My worthy opponent across the table the speaker for the affirmative, has requested that the debate be left private. And so, gentle reader, in order that you may remain gentle consider discussion of the vices censored.

To consider the virtues—whosoever has not heard the gusty roar of Shavian laughter has not lived. It has smoothed his path many a time and gained him access to our hearts. The smoothness with which he performed feats athletic is inspiring of envy. Anything from shooting to swimming was his forte. And that includes football, basketball, and track. As discus and javelin thrower, he was quite the fair-haired boy.

Not quite so fair-haired was he when in the grips of one of our beloved departments. On those more or less rare occasions his deeply religious nature manifested itself. It is impossible to forget his prayerful murmurings over some particularly mean integral. Well anyway, you could have built an excellent prayer around those words.

But my tale has a tragic ending. Our hero—I have made him out a hero haven't I?—is destined for his first love, the Marine Corps.

Football 4, 3. Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1.
Goat Keeper. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN HAYDON PARKER

"John Haydon" "Daffy"

THERMOPOLIS, WYO.

CURLEY headed, blue eyed John Haydon hails from the West. He claims Thermopolis, Wyoming as his own and is proud to state that this town is the home of the world's largest hot springs from which flow 18,600,000 gals. of water every twenty-four hours at a temperature of 135° F.

Although not showing great ability in his academic work, John Haydon has never given the Academic Department cause to worry. It can not be said that he's a student or a lover of books because he likes nothing better than a game of rummy. However at the end of each term we have always found him well out of danger and above the old 2.5.

It is a real comfort to have a man like John Haydon around. He is always cheerful and has an ever present smile. He greets each and every one with a "Wanna Wrestle." This we find is his favorite pastime. Nothing like a good free-for-all. He has not excelled in athletics but has tried them all.

Little is known of his private life and he cannot be called a snake. It is suspected however that a great change took place in him during Youngster Year. He has not been the same since. It is believed that a young lady entered his life at this time.

John Haydon has made many friends in his four years here and will retain many of them when he leaves to join the Fleet or take his place in the business world. Best of luck, old Boy.

Class Football 3, 1.

2 P. O.

RALPH KASPAR ROTTET

"Rollo" "Apollo"

SHELBYVILLE, IND.

ONE day late in 1929, Rollo gave up peddling ice to women whose husbands just didn't understand them to strive for greater things. He was accompanied to the station by a guard armed with shot guns and composed of those same husbands. Unheeding the jeers of the multitude he nonchalantly swung aboard an East-bound freight. After a short period of instruction and indoctrination at Bobby's, he successfully took the entrance exams for the Naval School.

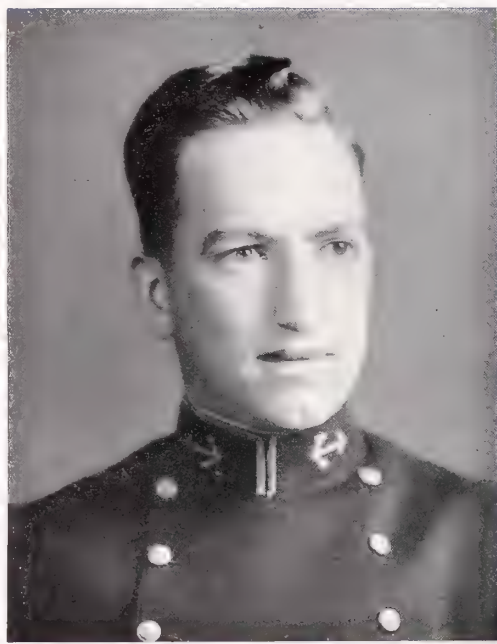
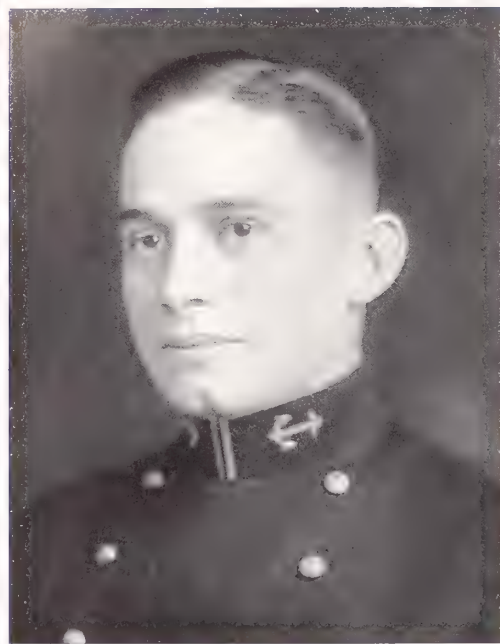
Rollo has participated in many sports, both indoor and outdoor. In the latter group, football has been his particular penchant. In the former—puhleeze! One night on the balcony at a June Ball bereft him of any desire to be a hop artist but this does not place him out of the snake class by any means. He is a bridge fiend de luxe, and his luck is phenomenal. He will also do card tricks at the slightest provocation. These are his strongest social attainments. We offer humble thanks that he can neither tap dance nor sing as it makes domestic life so much more pleasant.

As a wife, Rollo has borne up well under his cross. He is always willing to do his share of the work cheerfully and sometimes a little more than his share. Books never worry him for he stands well up in his class. He has been a loyal friend and a long suffering roommate. We prophesy a happy and successful career for him in our Navy.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Baseball 4. Track 4. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDGAR JOSIAH HAILEY

"Tex" "Ed" "Joe"

QUANAH, TEXAS

YOU have heard of long, lanky Texans, but we claim to have an original here in our class. Even in uniform Tex reminds one of cowboys and open plains. Texas rangers and gun-fights. Truly there wasn't much change for him when he answered the call of the sea to sail over desolate wastes instead of riding the plains of the Southwest.

It must have been the speed acquired from chasing cottontails and jack-rabbits over the sand that made Tex take up running at the Academy. Be that as it may, he has never missed a cross country or a track season since Plebe Year; and what an iron man! It has not been unusual the last two track seasons for Tex to run in (and place in) two events (the mile and the two mile), and then sit around and make excuses for not doing better!

On the whole Ed is a very excellent chap. Quiet, friendly and generous to a fault, he is a fine classmate and a true gentleman. Like all Southerners he has a way with the ladies—but you should ask them about that.

Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." "N" Club 2, 1.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." Boxing 4, 2.

2 P. O.

WILLIAM WALTER BEARDSLEE

"Joe" "Willie, the Dear-Slayer"

LANSING, MICH.

WILLIE, the Dear-slayer—and does he slay 'em! Ask him; he'll tell you so himself. A born enthusiast, Willie does things in a big way. Witness his pulling sat. He says that he never understands a subject until he has had a re-exam in it. The first section men come to him for dope in quite a few things. Never happy unless just pulling sat, the lad really enjoys this life. Anything above a 2.495 is just so much wasted energy; he could give the Technocrats lessons on this conservation business.

Joe's one setback came his First Plebe Year when the Art Staff of the *Log* looked much better to him than stars on his collar. He took a new start with '34 and has kept the Academic Department guessing ever since. Although an excellent tennis player and swimmer, the boy has always been much too busy to go out for varsity athletics.

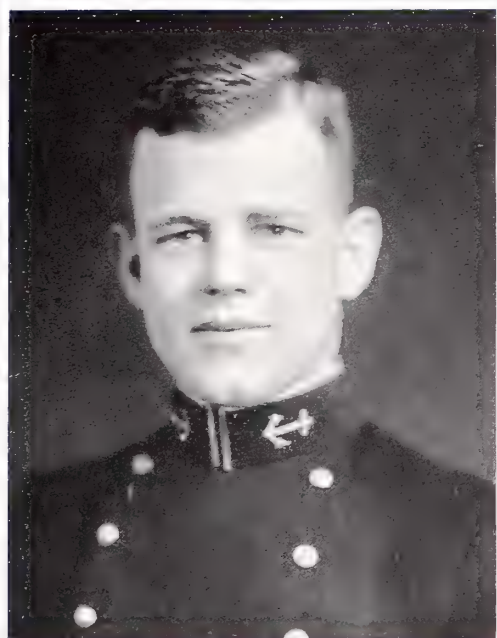
Between fighting the steam profs and celebrating his victories over them, Joe does his Dear Slaying. His contagious enthusiasm puts Schnozzle Durante in the shade. One can easily imagine him started on a description of his latest flame.

He intends to go into the business world after graduation, and with his inborn ability to organize, will probably make a big success. He will make a big splash, anyhow. A Schnozzled, energetic sandblower spouting adjectives on all twelve—Willie has come to town! and he will come to town with anything he tries.

Trees 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Re-Exam 3. Unsat 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
Clean Sleeve, Ship, Anchor Man

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALBERT LILLY BECKER

"Lil" "Al" "Nigger"

BROOKHAVEN, MISS.

LIL is a true son of the Southland with the proverbial sunny smile that advertises a good disposition. From Mis'ippi and so proud of it that four years of hard labor have resulted only in convincing us that it must be a good place.

Being a natural savoir, the academics offered little trouble to him with the exception of Spanish. Converting Dixie to Dago presented quite a stumbling block at first, but one he soon took care of in noble style. As a how and why expert for the less gifted he has done wonders, but his pet yen is debating. The place or subject matters little, although he has shown considerable favoritism to the profs, much to their chagrin. Aside from that, his pet hobbies are Cosmo, Water Polo, and rebracing caps. As the mainstay of the Palookas he showed a great ability to take it, at the same time making his own presence well-known.

A welcome and cheerful addition to any gathering, he will get what he is after everywhere he goes.

Swimming 4. Water Polo 3, 2, 1. Class Football 2, 1.
1 P. O.

MAURICE THOMPSON IRELAND

"Bunk" "Cleveland" "Babe" "Runt"

HONOLULU, T. H.

I 'VE tyken me fun where I found it,
I've roamed an' I've ranged in me time."

Bunky will have a clear conscience if he ever decides to regale his grand-chillun with Kipling's old ballad. The lad has been places and seen things. The cosmopolitan life of an Army Junior, plus a couple of battlewagon expeditions, has given him a view of the world from both sides of the port hole. From birth to the time when he managed to stretch himself enough to graze the height bar at his physical exams Babe has traveled from Army Post to Army Post and now he bids fair to continue his ramblings on a floating chunk of pig-iron.

His love for variety extends to other things besides scenery. He is physically a sandblower, temperamentally a poet, but by choice an artist. An excellent athlete, he refuses to specialize. We find him in turn a coxswain, a gymnast, a wrestler, and a tennis enthusiast. The *Log* bears witness to his artistic and poetic ability, but again he won't be tied down. Feminine anatomy is much more interesting than cartooning. Speaking of females, the Cherub runs true to form. He changes his style of handwriting with each new flame. So far, his exam papers show about six different types of script.

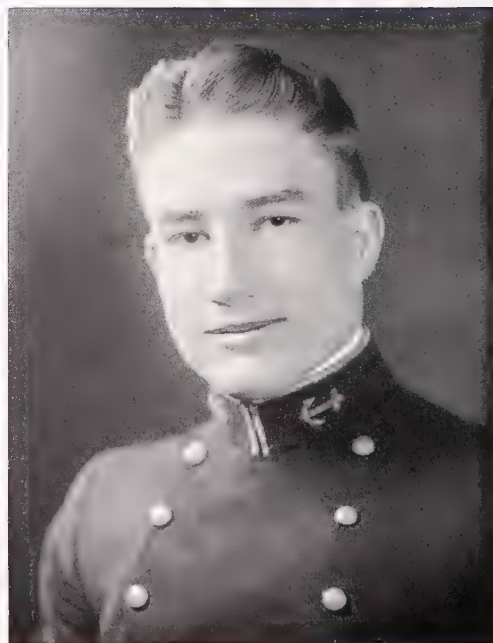
Bunk's one loss to the Academic Department came when the Hygiene Department refused to believe that sinking a ship was the best way to get rid of vermin.

Best o' luck, Runt.

Coxswain 4. Class Wrestling 2, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SPENCER MOORE ADAMS

"Red"

ORLANDO, FLA.

RED" was born in Tennessee; conquered Lookout Mountain before he was six months old; moved to Missouri and then to Florida. It is hard to imagine Red as having ever lived anywhere but in Florida, for he can snow any California man under when the well-known argument is begun.

"Red" was bestowed with plenty of strength, and can hold his own in any sport he cares to try. He would have made a name for himself in wrestling but for an unfortunate accident to an ankle, which kept him away from the loft for months. In the field of mental effort, he has a wonderful knack of taking in an entire assignment with little more than a glance. He would never have it said that he is fond of studying. He has an unlimited store of knowledge. The plebes find him an excellent source of information.

He enjoys dragging, but he is wise enough to never let a woman bother him for any length of time. At least he makes it appear that way. Some of these women might have a different story to tell.

What "Red" really adores is a good argument. He likes them because he nearly always wins them. If he wins, his satisfaction comes out in the form of a big grin. If he loses, he makes you think he has won anyway.

The Navy is good to men like "Red." He will be heard from later.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3. Reef Points 2, 1. Two Stripes.

GEORGE FRANKLIN PITTARD

"Pit"

ATHENS, GA.

REARED in the classical section of Georgia near Athens and Rome, Pit is a true Southerner and more could not be said. A desire to see what makes the world go around, and also some of the things on it, seems to be the cause of the wanderings that landed him by the Severn.

A savoir with common sense, Pit is never worried about academics and manages to turn in early every night for a bit of extra snoozing. English seems his best subject but Math and Nav rank not far behind. Pit knows a left-handed monkey wrench from a hammock ladder and a great many more things besides; so he will be at home wherever he goes or whatever he does.

As a roommate, Pit is ideal; his clothes fit and can be borrowed, and he is generous to a fault. Cheerful and good-natured, he takes things as they come without any unnecessary commotion.

At athletics, Pit is good at anything. 150 lb. crew took most of his time until he won his NA and began to get lazy. At wrestling and boxing he knows enough to more than take care of himself, and his greater strength gives him a big advantage over most of the boys.

Pit is a Red Mike at heart, but somehow the girls just can't leave him alone and he is too much of a gentleman to disappoint them. In spite of everything, Pit is a man's man and we shall always remember him and expect big things.

Crew 4, 3, 2. Wrestling 4. Three Stripes.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD GEORGE AKEROYD

"Dick"

EL PASO, TEXAS

THERE'S a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky . . .

So, out of the country of enchanted sands and eternal silence—down where El Paso watches by the Rio Grande—Dick suddenly yielded to an inborn longing, knocked off chasing the little Mexican kids, stabled his pony, took off his two-gallon sombrero and leather chaparajos, cleaned his six-shooters and stowed them away, to follow the call of the sea.

Being possessed of a natural perspicuity the academic side of the Navy has never bothered Dick. He has been amongst the leaders of the class for four years in the eternal struggle with the Board, and has also proved himself a worthy athlete. Dick is an excellent performer on the parallel bars and has captained his team.

Of course, so far as the ladies go Dick could never be accused of having been a Red Mike; but he was—er—out of circulation shortly after beginning his Navy career. Que Lastima!

Finally the jury brings in the verdict and convicts him of being a true Southern gentleman, courteous, friendly and generous; a man we are glad to have for a classmate, and feel privileged to call friend.

Gym 4, 3, 2, 1. gNt 2, 1. Captain Gym Team.
Hop Committee 1. Star 4, 2, 1. Four Stripes.

WALTER THOMAS GRIFFITH

"Griff" "Red"

MANSFIELD, LA.

NAVY men from Louisiana are not known for their quantity but rather for their quality. The Academy didn't develop Walter's qualities, it only brought them out.

They had to chase him around the mud-flats in order to put a pair of shoes on him, and he has been running ever since. His bathrobe, covered with letters and medals, bears witness to his ability on the track and cross country teams.

A lover of life and literature—during his spare time Griff can be found deep in a book on anything from "Cryptography" to "The Indian Art of Love Making."

During his lighter moments Red can be found upholding the Navy Tradition at the hops, and we will never forget Youngster Year when he proudly passed us by, much to our envy, on his way to the "N" Club dance.

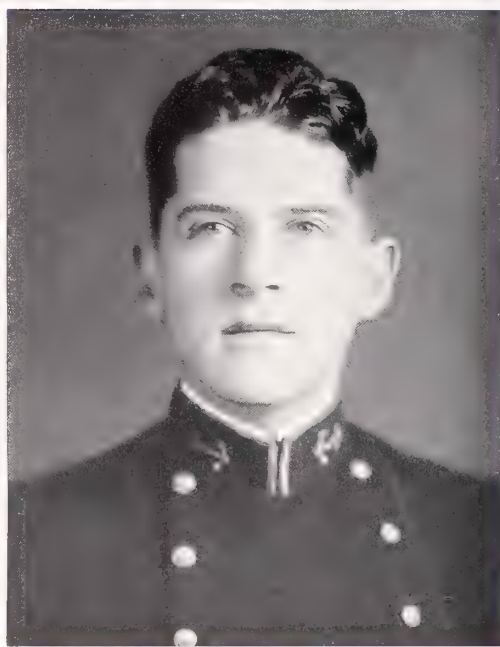
As a word of advice—don't invite him to a beer drinking contest. It took us until Second Class Summer to learn to look up at him from under the table.

A pal, a gentleman, and a scholar! We wish him full speed ahead.

Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3, 2, 1
Quarter-Deck 3, 2, 1. Program Committee 1.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HOWARD THOMAS EWING ANDERSON

"Whitey" "Andy"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

OCCASIONALLY—very occasionally, we discover a classmate who takes life and love seriously. Luckily, Whitey was born near the famous waters of Minnehaha—and acquired a sense of humor which is well blended with his other characteristics.

Plebe Year he wondered if he was in love—wondered out loud, at times. Youngster Christmas leave—and the axe—or something—fell. Since then he has been floating in a very rosy aura—coming out of it only to knock some fellow ham-and-egger's head off in the springtime—or to clear the table of food almost any season. Springtime also brings a third attack of singing to lilting accompaniment of a "uke."

Whitey's accomplishments are varied. He writes—but we'll let that rest at letters. He works hard when he works, and his academic standing usually shows it. His worst habits are as regards his shower-uniform and his weakness for talking after taps.

As the little boys in the streets of Baltimore used to shout at him (in ranks) "Hey, Whitey!—out to win!"

Track 4. Lacrosse 3, 2, 1. Masqueraders. 1 P. O.

DAVID SHELTON EDWARDS JR.

"Dave" "Dai" "Eddie"

PIEDMONT, CAL.

ACALIFORNIAN'S native pride, a ready smile, a philosophical nature, all have signified Dave Edwards as a figure in the regiment for the last four years. He has taken life just serious enough to make it enjoyable for himself and those about him.

His natural enthusiasm for everything from the investigation of the internal operations of a sink faucet to the appreciation of classical music has led him to the highest attainments in pursuing his ambitions. His interests have been varied. The Juice Gang and the Orchestras are included among those activities which have gained by his participation in their work. Certain of the fairer sex are also aware of his worth and exuberance which is easily explainable by the revelation that he and his buoyant personality are usually found at every tea fight. Tennis and sailing are his outdoor diversions. Reading good books occupies most of his spare time, however.

Readily making many friends he early began to work in harmony with the rest of us. His ability and quick adaptation to the rigorous routine lent him speedy success in the accomplishment of his many achievements in such organizations as the Crest Committee, and the Reef Points Staff. Not content with merely making only a good first impression he has kept constantly working as his academic standing shows.

Now, at the finish, the indications, from a survey of these last four years, promises an equal amount of success in the years to come.

Good Luck.

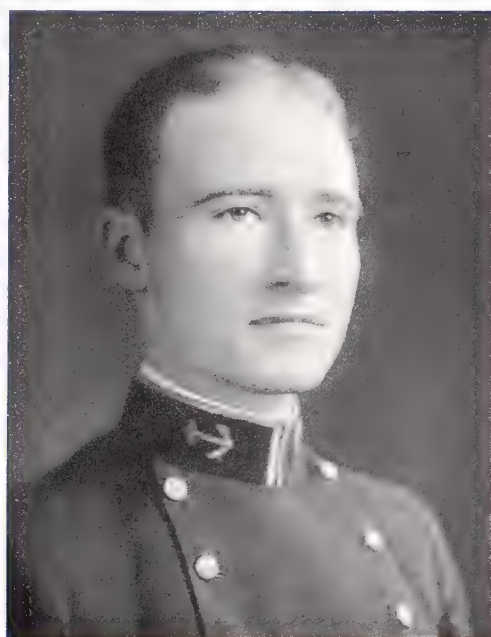
Crest Committee.

Reef Points Staff.

1 P. O.

1934

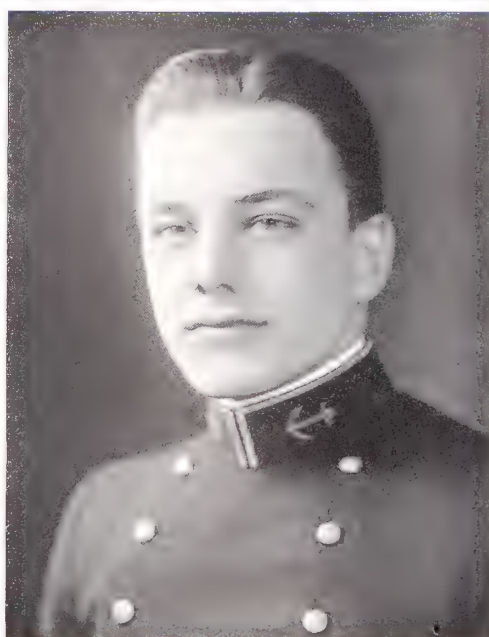
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES HENRY ASHLEY

"Farragut" "Speed" "Jimmie" "Joe" "Daug"

MELBOURNE, FLA.



WAYNE RUCKER MERRILL

"W. R." "Merrill" "Wayne"

BRUNSWICK, MO.

BACK in the old days, when Jimmie was busy learning how to fly just so he could see the sights better, he was known far and wide for his ability to talk by the hour on any and all subjects and for the ease with which he made and kept friends of both sexes. Since coming to the Academy, he has increased this reputation until now no bull session is complete without his wit and volubility, and his friends are so numerous that it would take a Regimental muster to count them.

Jimmie has made himself felt among us in many ways. We all know that he is from Florida, the land of palms and sunshine, where, according to him, all the men acquire a taste for Navy beans, hard tack, and tattoo early in life. Any afternoon will find him deep in a bridge game, with trick hands his special delight. He still maintains that one of these days he will bid and make a grand slam. Good luck, Jimmie, but we have our doubts.

Jimmie has such a mixture of the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care qualities mixed with a touch of seriousness in his nature that he is irresistible in attracting new friends to him wherever he goes. In the years to come, although it is very likely that time and again we will lose touch with him we know there will always be many who will be glad to count him as a true friend.

Plebe Crew.

Black "N" Star.

2 P. O.

PHILOSOPHER de luxe, with a lot of airy views, and a lot more sound ones that made up for them. So was Wayne, ever a born snake and ever in search of whatever life had in store.

Academics—poof! Grease—two poofs! Good times—well, not so many poofs! But the Academy was a place he never quite lost sight of, because he knew it wasn't such a bad place after all. It made one turn in at ten, it made chow much too regular, and it was, oh, *so* confining. Being a good place for a long bull session, it's good points outweighed its evil ones—for Wayne. And so he got by—which was all Uncle Sam asked.

You never really knew this Missourian until you talked with him seriously alone. Then you soon discovered that a happy-go-lucky soul isn't so happy-go-lucky as you think, but instead a concoction of some very stable, sound sense. Wayne didn't believe in letting life bore him, but neither did he look at it nor live it, at all one-sidedly. You could tell he was from Missouri as soon as he told you, so you were never long in finding out.

He hated greasiness and loved the femmes. He liked to do things but balked at the marching. A "Black N" man with a "gold N" complex—and a fellow you'd like to know—because he'd like to know you. (Anyway, he rated his 3.4 in Bull.)

Gym 4.

Wrestling 4.

Small Bore 3.

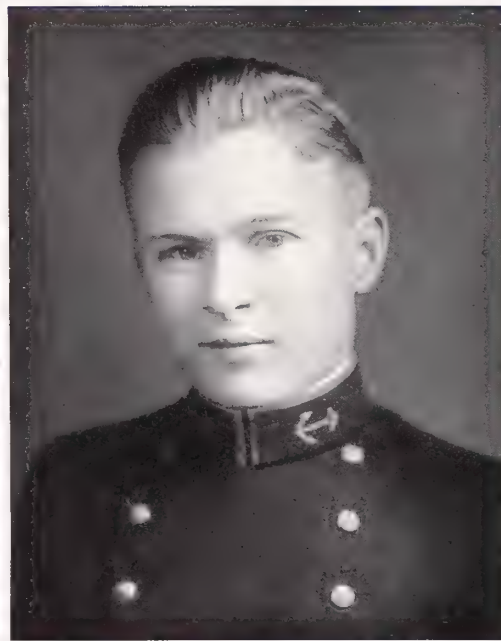
Swimming 3.

Black "N."

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLAUDE FENN BAILEY
"Claude" "According to the Book"
 MERIDIAN, MISS.

ROBERT HENRY CANON
"Knock" "Pistol" "Bob"
 TUNICA, MISS.

MANY years ago, before your time, my son, a beardless youth, suitcase in hand, gazed with innocent and wondering eyes at the grey hall that was to be his home for seven long years to come. Since that time he has had many skirmishes with academics, but he's always dragged light and won. The old guard may have surrendered a few times, but it has never died.

As a member of the Radiator Club, Claude would have been a decided asset, because his many and varied leaves, his cruises without number, and his first hand knowledge of the old Nyvee, give him the right to charter member in any bull session. Alas, he spurned the life of the well-fed-and-lazy. You'd know from his rangy frame that he was a basketball player, but to make matters worse, he also takes lacrosse seriously.

After so many hops and June Weeks, and after seeing so many drags come and go, wouldn't you think he'd be a snake? Well, he is, and an accomplished one at that. He might easily be termed the constant lover, so constant is he toward the one he drags, and in the fact that he practically always drags.

You've been a peach of a companion, Claude, and a perfect roommate, ready for anything from a fourth at bridge to a receptacle for the extra highballs on an overnight leave. May the walk you choose in life be a pleasant one.

Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1.
 Watch Squad -, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Black "N" ***. 2 P. O.

AFTER the last great flood in the Mississippi Delta, Pistol realized the futility of attempting to stop a break in the dyke with his finger and decided to take his chances on the sea. As a stepping stone he attended Marion where he formed many friendships and picked up a few habits that have made his stay at the Academy an enjoyable one. In June of '30 we find him engrossed in Academy life.

His fighting nature drew him into the ring Plebe Year, and for four years he could be seen in the gym making the going tough for some bantamweight.

Academics came easily to this blonde son of the South, but he never let studies interfere with his education. With a tendency toward brunettes he oftentimes sailed into troubled waters but always managed to escape with only a few scratches, a learned look and a new don't to add to his collection.

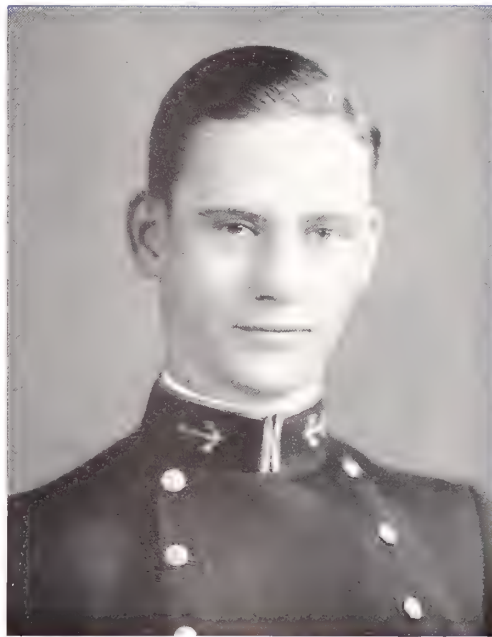
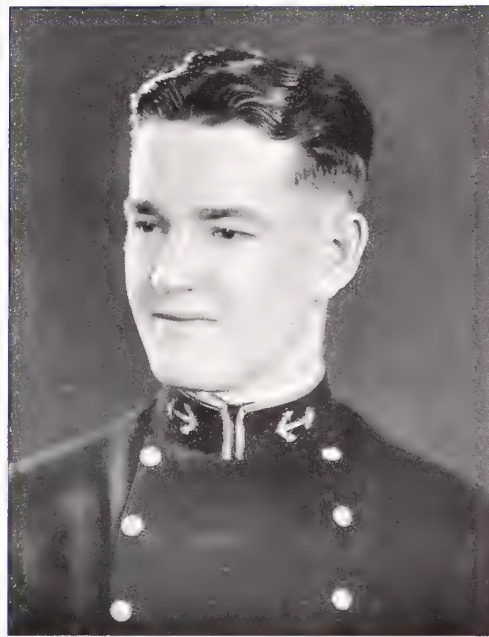
Knock's varied ambitions and his love for adventure will make his future very interesting. We can predict though that success will be his in anything that he may undertake, for once determined, he cannot be easily swayed or stopped. Wherever he may be his sunny disposition will bring him many friends, who will profit by his good advice and sound logic.

Pistol is an ardent sport fan, a good bridge player, and a good conversationalist on a wide range of subjects. Above all he is a true and trustworthy friend and a real roommate.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WALKER ETHRIDGE

"Walker" "Scottie"

MERIDIAN, MISS.

AFTER spending a year at Mississippi A' and M. this true rebel of the South decided to drop anchor on the Severn and see what kind of a school Uncle Sam had for his spoiled and pampered pets. His first impression was a favorable one and ever since he has been Navy through and through.

Plebe Year he was bothered for a while with the Steam Department, but ever since then academics have been more or less a matter of course. Nowadays most of his boning is confined to the Cosmo and Red Book.

Athletics never bothered Walker very much, but he has always been an ardent supporter of the blue and gold. His smiling face can always be seen at any athletic event no matter what the time or place. And if you want to know anything about the latest sports just ask Walker—He's right there with the dope.

Walker has always been more or less on intimate terms with the fair sex. Although he has at times dragged pretty steadily with "Miss Springfield" and talked much about the little girl back home, we believe that now there is a certain little Yankee girl that promises to stand one among all of them.

As a roommate Walker has been one of the best. Here's a toast to you and your success whether it be in the Navy or on the U. S. S. Outside.

Orchestra 4.

2 P. O.

MARK ALFRED GRANT

"Mark" "Sleepy"

MISSISSIPPI CITY, MISS.

FROM the Gulf to the Chesapeake is quite a flight, but Sleepy made it in two short hops. The first one landed him at Marion Institute. The second put him just inside No. 3 Gate, bringing us all we could ask for in the way of a true and a loyal roommate. With his ready smile and carefree humor he is a genuine son of our well loved Southland.

Academics brought no visions of trees and pre-reveille study hours until Second Class Year. After a brief struggle with charts, Dutton, and the intricacies of H. O. 208 we found him as ready as ever for a game of bridge, a week-end of dragging, or any kind of party that might reveal a little excitement.

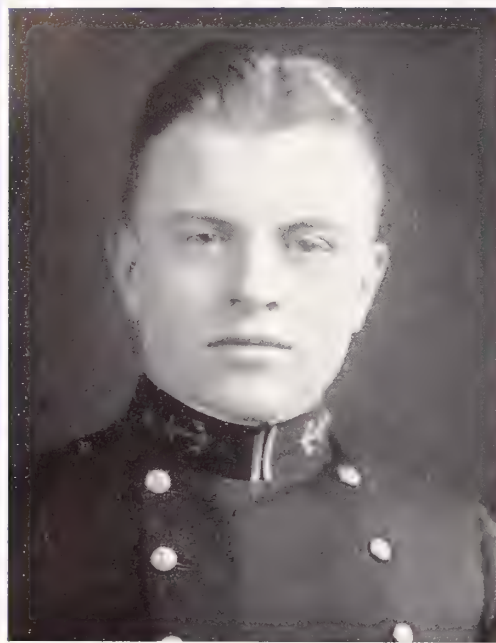
Being more or less athletically inclined, Sleepy turned his attention to the field of sports. He began his career by making an "N" in Gym his Youngster Year, and since then he has added considerably to his prowess on the horizontal bar. We might add that he considers himself quite a billiard shark, and as for bridge, one would have to go a long way in finding his equal.

Whether Mark remains in the Navy or joins the U. S. S. Outside, we know that he will make the grade and come out with flying colors. In our associations with him here we have seen in him every characteristic which is desirable in molding a successful career, and we feel sure that we will hear of great deeds from his quarter.

Gym 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Wrestling 2, 1. "N" Club 3, 2.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WALTER EUGENE BARANOWSKI

"Baron" "The Count" "Ski"

OSHKOSH, WIS.

SINCE the Count hails from Wisconsin, where men are men and women, etc., he is a red mike or, better still, a one woman man waiting for the one woman to appear. He seldom appears at the hops. He never drags. Baron says "I can't be bothered with dragging women in Annapolis." Still, he weakened once and signed up for a blind drag. Fate was kind and our hero's record remains clean and unsullied—the drag couldn't come.

Ski's great passion is the academics. From the very first, he has been an all-round scholar. As a reward, the much desired stars have continued, since Youngster Year, to grace his full dress collar. This acquired knowledge has not been hoarded, but has been very considerably passed along to the more dense. Many a wooden man owes that redeeming 2.5 to Baron's kind coaching. He is no mean athlete and his ability has materially aided company soccer and basketball teams.

When Plebe Year began, Baron appeared to be a quiet, yet active boy. Gradually he has developed into a forceful and resourceful man, whose opinions are sought, and who is ever efficient and capable. His influence and personality have been felt by all of those who have come in contact with him and their general consensus of opinion is that, if Baron should choose to enter the Navy, he will make an officer with whom one is proud to be a shipmate, and, if he should choose to enter civilian life, he will be equally successful.

Lucky Bag Staff. Company Basketball 2, 1. Stars 4, 3, 2, 1.
Company Soccer 2, 1. Black N.

WILLIAM EDWARD SWEENEY

"Sween" "Mac" "Cellini"

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

FOUR years ago, the senior class of East Orange High School lost a star man, but the Navy immediately gained an adept student. From Plebe Summer on, there has been no lull in Mac's constant endeavors to improve himself, both intellectually and physically.

Academic work has been more or less a pleasure in Mac's life, and his per subject throughout his Naval Academy career has been German. Indeed, he even sacrificed one leave in order to go to Germany to travel, and thus, improve his knowledge of the language. This same spirit of untiring enthusiasm permeated his work in other subjects, also.

Sween's athletic energy has been, to a great degree, absorbed by soccer. From his first moments at the Academy, very few days have passed without some time being devoted to his chosen game. He finally gained the acme of his ambition by winning an "N" on a team that won the intercollegiate championship. In addition to soccer, Sween is an enthusiastic follower of baseball, tennis and golf. And those exciting struggles over at the golf course, during Second Class Summer, will be recalled with pleasure by those who participated in them.

Aside from life at the Academy, it can be predicted with no small degree of assurance, that Mac will be a success at anything he may pursue. His energy, perseverance, and industry should prove to be a touchstone which will vouch for his progress in future life.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1. Lacrosse 4, 3. Track 2, 1.
Pep Committee. "N" Club 2, 1. Log Staff.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANKLIN KARL TRAVIS

"Trave" "Karl" "Kerry"

LINCOLN, NEB.

THE horizons out in Nebraska were too close to suit Trave, and in 1927 he enlisted and went west. Soon thereafter he heard rumors of a Naval Academy, and to the banks of the Severn he came. From the first Trave's banjo won its way into our hearts, and has occupied a most enviable position there ever since. Always ready with a clever remark and a smile, he is welcome in any circle.

His talents and fields of endeavor are as widely separated as the four winds. His contributions to numerous Academy publications bear witness to his ability with pen and pencil. One has but to listen to know of his musical talent. And he says his most enjoyable leave was spent as a deckhand on a freighter.

Though he can't be classed as a snake, Trave looked over the field pretty well before he found his dream girl. During his Youngster Year he suddenly began to count the hours "until I'll see her again"—and he's been counting them to every week-end ever since. He likes to argue, hates Annapolis, walks pigeon-toed, eats prodigious quantities of spaghetti, and thinks Philadelphia is God's own spot. His ambition is to be Captain of a passenger liner some day, and we think he'll make it.

Track 4. Musical Club Shows 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Wrestling 2.

Mandolin Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Leader 1. Class Football 3, 2.

Log Staff 1. Black N****. N. A. 10 4, 3, 2.

Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.

BARTON ELDRED DAY

"Bart" "Egglebert" "April" "Bed"

RIVER EDGE, N. J.

HORACE Greely said, "Go west, young man" and Barton, being stubborn, came east. New Jersey won another victory (I don't recall the first) from Washington in the person of April Day and the fight for his home town has already begun. The town having the sweetest girl not over five feet two inches tall will be April's choice.

Up to date Barton has held the Academic Departments in their places and is among the fortunate chaps that are already looking forward to a commission. His steam grades show that he is well suited as a navigator. His efforts with the academics have been short enough to allow him time for track and wrestling. Another man not in sympathy with the famed radiator club.

And has chow been mentioned? No, but Bart will undoubtedly receive another large box of food from the fair damsels in New Jersey shortly. He has proven to be a boon companion to his hungry roommates. This is confidential but it has been rumored that one of his roommates had a suit made larger the end of Second Class Year. It has oft been truly said that the way to a hop is through a Midshipman's stomach, and how well April can convince the ladies of that.

Praise is needed only for weak men and those lacking in character. It is sufficient to say that Barton is a wonderful roommate and a splendid fellow.

Good luck, April.

Soccer 4. Track 4, 3. Wrestling 4, 3. Wrestling Mgr. 2, 1.

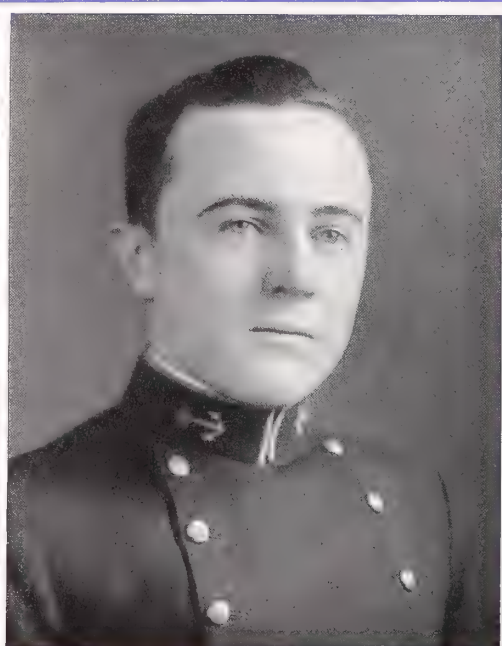
"N" 1. "N" Club 1. Class Track 2, 1.

Company Soccer 2, 1. Art Club 2, 1.

Black "N."

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDWARD GEORGE BAUER

"Eddie" "Egg" "Mussolini"

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FROM the Gopher State, the land of ten thousand lakes, came this tall, dark, handsome lad. Outwardly, his manner is quiet and reserved, but to one who knows him, this characteristic is only skin deep, and many are the laughs derived from his keen wit and sense of humor. His good looks and charms have won him many feminine admirers, and one rarely fails to see him at the hops giving the girls a break.

Unlike most of us, he experienced little difficulty in academics and breezed through his four years with comparative ease. A star man his Plebe Year, he chose to rest on his laurels during the remainder of his career and devote his time to his various hobbies.

The lakes of Minnesota gave him a love for water and taught him how to pull an oar with a sturdy arm. As a result, he has devoted most of his time to crew, although his sturdy physique and his ability in football hints that a valuable man was lost to other sports when he decided to give all his time to crew.

A gentleman, an athlete, and a student, Ed will be welcome in the Fleet or wherever he goes. His qualities will go far to make him a success in whatever field he lends his endeavors.

Plebe Year Starred.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

M. P. O.

PATRICK CHARLES MORAN

"Pat"

GREENWICH, CONN.

IT seems that there was an Irishman named Pat.—But this one is no joke. That is, if I could keep from telling you about the time some years ago, when he got all wet chasing ducks in and out of the rain. Going on with the rest of the story, Pat got right adventuresome in 1930 and, before the summer was well under way, he was pulling cutters in Dewey Basin along with the rest of '34.

Since the day he first filled out a Home Address Card, Pat has had scarcely a single worry. Plebe Year didn't phase him. He took a look at Skinny, Dago, and Math and said, "Fruit!" Thereupon he turned to athletics, going out for both Plebe water polo and track. On the Youngster Cruise he found a life that appealed to him. Knowing that Commissions would probably be given to only the upper half of the class, Moran started working. In the following years he advanced about two hundred numbers in class standing and saw his hopes of being commissioned realized. Yet all this time he kept up his athletic pursuits.

Pat has a philosophical way about him of enjoying life. He has lived happily these four years on land, but he will be more happy when he is at sea once more. All he asks of Uncle Sam is a Commission and sea duty. Knowing Moran as classmate and shipmate we predict for him a most successful career.

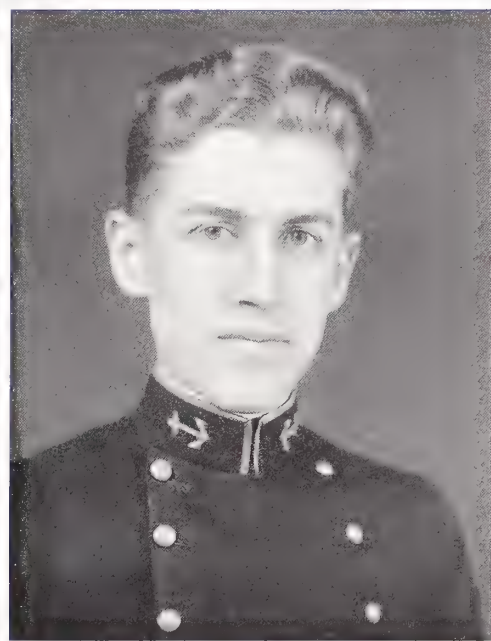
Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1.

Track 4, 3.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



PARKS MADDEN ADAMS
"Dead Reckoning" "P. M."
 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

PARKS is a man who hails from God's country, or at least if you ask him he will admit that California, especially Los Angeles, is about the best place in the world. Having lived near the ocean practically all his life, Parks felt the urge that all famous seafaring men have had, when he was but a boy. In fact he could not wait to get in the Navy to adapt his sea-legs. After graduating from High School he spent some time in the Merchant Marine and the Naval Reserve.

Snaking comes as natural to him as his ability to ride ships, and he has taken every advantage of dining out privileges and liberty to be with the fairer sex. However, sports such as rifle and fencing have taken a great deal of his spare time.

There are times when Parks has a mysterious air about him and we can never quite delve into his deep and thoughtful ponderings. He believes that the riddle of this great Universe can be solved and he spends many evening study hours trying to develop some new device for the solution of navigational problems.

A passion for dreamy music, and a cheerful and optimistic outlook on life made him a fine roommate. A craving for knowledge especially nautical, will make him a good officer.

Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1. Boxing 4.
 Small Arms Silver Medal 2. M. P. O.

GEORGE AMOS HILL, JR.
"Amos" "Andy"
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

VERY early it became apparent that George and the Academic Department were not to be bosom friends. "Why coast along 'sat,' it's much more sporting to be 'unsat' and see who crosses the finish line first." When the zero hour drew near, he always proved to be master of the situation.

Amos's hobbies are varied and numerous. Admiral of his fleet, no doubt, is golf. His drives are consistently around 200 yards, with direction of minor importance. Water fighting with the paddles while canoeing is another favorite of his. Shortly after straying into a Wild West movie, with much help he straggled aboard a horse for the first time, only to find that the first day's knocks and jolts greatly exceeded his expectations. In spite of the depression he hopes to continue. After buying an old Packard, forcing his way into Isherwood Hall to rebuild the motor, and then exciting us all hereabouts with his designs for a super-racer, he added greatly to our astonishment when we found that one G. A. Hill advertised a motor for sale in the local paper.

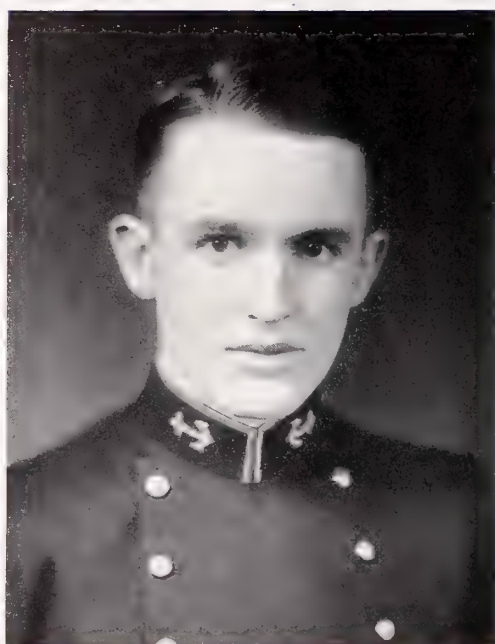
George has the old Navy fight and spirit and is willing to try anything once. He possesses that excellent habit of keeping continually busy with something. Whether he receives his commission, becomes a Texas cowboy, metamorphosis into an Egyptian automobile salesman, or ends as a talented musician is as yet uncertain. Our patient has the trait of making good, so although it's "Bon Voyage," we hope to hear from you soon, George.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES HENRY BECKER

"Charlie"

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

SOME good men have come out of old Virginia to serve their country. Charlie Becker is one of them. He entered the U. S. N. A. via Bobby Wernitz's famous war college. It was undoubtedly the influence of his famous ship building home town that sent him into the Navy. Just ask him where the biggest and best ships in the world are built and Charlie will assure you it is his home town. Also, like all good Virginians, Charlie is very loyal toward Robert E. Lee, the Old South and Southern gals.

Along with loyalty Charles has all the rest of the fundamentals of a fine character plus enough horse sense, and sense of humor, to make him a very real and likeable fellow. Not only well liked by his associates here at the Academy; someone must surely like him at home—judging from the volume of his mail. Charles does not drag often, but when he does drag, the after hop post mortems always give his girl a very high rating.

It would take more than Slip Stick Willie to calculate the number of foot-pounds Charles has given old Navy in pulling a shell up and down the Severn. He also did the Service a lot of good at Poughkeepsie his Youngster Year.

After graduation Charles will go a long ways either as a naval officer or a civilian. He has it in him to make good even if they send him back here to teach steam.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

JOHN FRINK MCGILLIS

"Johnny" "Maggie"

SEATTLE, WASH.

DO you like to be happy? If so, consult Maggie. Catch him in the proper mood and at the right time and your evening is an assured success. His quips and timely humor would bring a smile to the sphinx. Always the most ardent member of any before study-hour bull session, he can be depended upon to uphold his side of any subject of dispute—whether he be right or wrong.

What true blood of the first platoon, third company, during that memorable Plebe Summer, doesn't remember seeing this tall, rangy, son of the West come a-running to formation the echo of the late bell at his heels, struggling to arrange his neckerchief? Who does not remember the persistent chant that always arose on such an occasion which became almost a by-word throughout the following four years: "McGillis is here, McGillis is here!" But with all of the troubles of Plebe Year—and Johnny had his full share of them—ask him which year at the Academy he enjoyed most.

During the latter part of Youngster Year Johnny developed into quite a track man. One cannot say that that followed of his own volition. He became purely an innocent victim of circumstance. It was either that or spending a few hours some sunny afternoon with Miss Springfield. But one must admit that a person has to be quite adept to gallop at break-neck speed across the hills and dales of Annapolis making the return trip on hop nights.

Maggie's personality and good nature will always win for him his full share of friends.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES CALVIN BENTLEY

"Jim" "Blase"

LAPEER, MICH.

JAMES Calvin Bentley has had the courage typical of his pioneer forefathers. When the East threatened to choke them with its limited space between mountains and sea, they pushed westward to Michigan. When Jim's whole environment cried a philosophy of Main Street he answered with a broad understanding of man, nature, and supra-nature, that transcends all streets and places. Jim has an uncanny way of separating the chaff from the wheat. That is wisdom.

Bentley doesn't star in marks; he is too universal for that. But he does have the knack of keeping sat with the minimum amount of effort; that is good judgment.

As to be expected of his kind, Jim is quiet and unobtrusive, confining his remarks to little pellets of dry humor that he lets fall with great unexpectedness. And although an idealist in regard to women, Jim still continues to drag; or rather, he drags and remains an idealist. Blondes he prefers for the same reason that other gentlemen do.

In sports, Jim has served his day as fodder, and at last became so indigestible that he moved up to the second varsity team. The poetry of crew called him for a brief while until he found that the music of rowing was strangely mixed with the harmony of a girl's voice.

Roommates are not lovers, but companions—which is on a higher scale. And because Jim is sympathetic, tolerant, and interesting, he is a fine companion, anywhere.

Midshipman. Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Basketball 3, 2.
Crew 4, 3. 2 P. O.

EDWIN HILLEGAS SCHANTZ

"Ed" "Schmalz"

GETTYSBURG, PA.

RESPONDING to the call of the Service from Gettysburg, this lad gave that little city another claim to a place in the annals of history. If it was a war which first put Gettysburg on the map, it was the lure of the warship and the honorable vocation of the Naval Officer which persuaded him to devote his talents to the life on the sea.

Serious and conscientious where duty is concerned, his chief thoughts are of the tasks immediately ahead, or, if there is no task, his bed and the *Saturday Evening Post*, which fill all his wordly needs. That he has ability to concentrate and get results is evident from his high class standing. His success in academics has made his room a headquarters for those who glide silently about the deck with the ever-present query "Did 'ya get the prob'?"

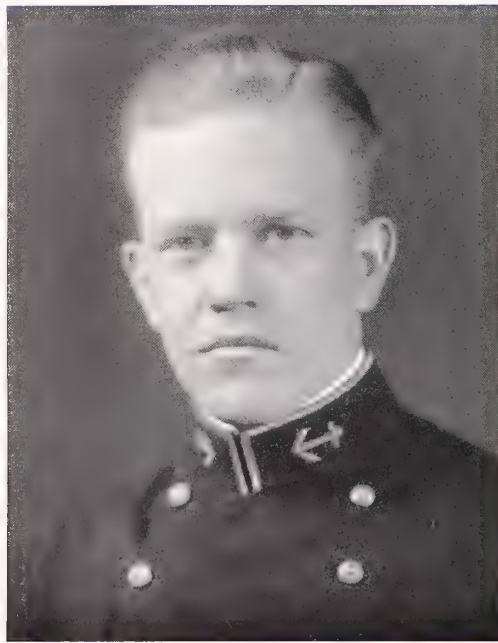
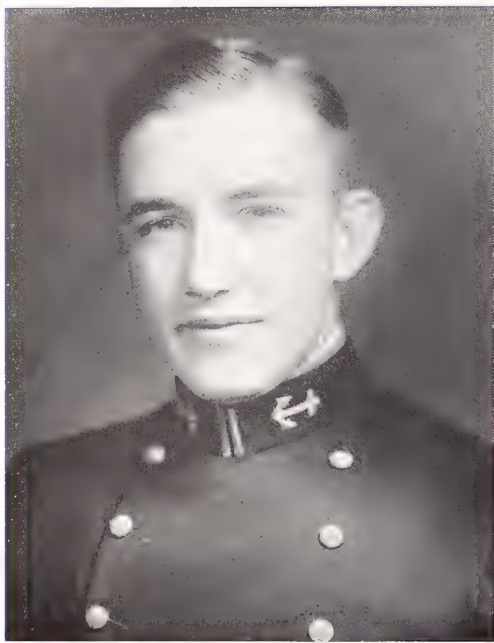
His extra-curricular activities often take him outside the walls of the Hall. Each year as a guard on the class football team he has helped the class gather points for the Harvard Shield. His musical ability has won for him a seat in the orchestra each successive time that group of musicians has appeared. For the gentler sex he boasts an obvious admiration, and from the warm correspondence which pours into his room it is apparent that his admiration is returned.

At the end of the cruise most of us bid you a fond farewell, old man. May you become a popular admiral!

Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 4 3, 2, 1. Track 4.
1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES TRUMAN BINGHAM

"Admiral" "Bing" "Sunshine" "Bell-rope"

MORGANFIELD, KY.

LITTLE did James Truman realize what his birthplace was to do for him in 1910. Regardless, that great Commonwealth of beautiful horses and fast women produced his Candidate J. T. of old aristocratic Morganfield, Kentucky.

Proceeding to the Naval Academy he was signally recognized and honored in being first in his class to board the good prison ship Mercedes. All this, during Plebe Summer before Bing had learned the innocent wiles of the non-reg as well as Navy Juniors, but then came four years of "War is Hell" and there emerges from the Academy its most finished product in that the Candidate of four years ago is lo: An Admiral! But 'tis not enough that his Commonwealth should present the only honors: athletically, Bing has gone high enough to set an unofficial Academy record in the high jump so any day now we expect the official thing and can't be particular whether it happens in a Track meet here, at the Penn relays, or at the next Olympic games.

A true Kentucky Blue-blood couldn't fail the drags by missing even one hop so how it hurt Sunshine to initial the Watchbill which confined him to the Hall for that dance! Despite his appeal, our Bing has been true to his Cynara and deservedly earned that significant title, "Bell-rope."

Just Sunshine to the boys but Admiral to the fleet, his inherent qualities of breezy friendliness and sunshine have blossomed to give a good Navy man and infallible wife.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Log Board. Lucky Bag Staff.
Manager N. A. Cut Exchange. 1 P. O.

FORREST MARION PRICE

"Red"

AUSTIN, TEXAS

RED hails from the wide open spaces of Texas and measures up to the high standards set by the boys from the Lone Star State who cast their lot with the United States Naval Academy.

Starting his career as a Texas University Longhorn, Rojo soon abandoned his former haunts about the campus to take up his abode on the banks of the Severn. Failure to make the varsity football squad did not daunt him in the least. He stuck to his guns and became an end on 34's winning football team. A versatile man—Red's activities are many and varied. Femmes and ferry boats attract him alike and with both he takes the right of way as a true son of the Southwest should.

Genuinely friendly, Red has made a host of friends throughout the Regiment. Possessing all of the qualities that a true roommate should have, he has done more than his share of work, in holding up the spirit and the traditions of the Academy.

Class Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3, 2. Swimming 4.
Class 3, 2, 1. Class Water Polo 3, 2. Ring Committee.
Lucky Bag Staff. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT MARION BRINKER

"Bob" "Bunker" "Hans"

PARK RIDGE, ILL.

DESERTING the prairies of his native Illinois, the beckon of the nearby "I will" city and the campus of his Alma Mater at Urbana. Bob came to us late in the summer of 1930, forsaking the field of architectural engineering for the Naval Academy and the Naval Service. Dame Fortune smiled upon us.

During his stay with us, Bob has made the best of wives, especially in those dark days of Calculus, when the Math Department threatened the security and sanctity of our harem. But more than that, has he been the pal at all times.

Possessed of personality, acumen, and a keen sense of wit, Bob has done much to make our home a home. Indifferent towards the femmes, willing to help out at any task, good natured and even tempered—that is Bob.

Truthfully can it be said that Bob conforms to all the requisites of a gentleman and, what is more, to Uncle Sam's exacting pattern of the perfect officer. A brilliant future for him is our benediction. Pal—the best of luck always.

Soccer 4, 2, 1. "N." Class Swimming. Boxing 4.
Company Basketball. Company Baseball.
Reception Committee. Midshipman Lt. (JG)

EDWARD GEORGE ELLENBERGER

"Ed" "Schuaz" "Ike"

BALTIMORE, MD.

TIME: Fall of 1922.

Place: Baltimore.

Occasion: Any one of Navy's football games played there that year.

As far as the eye could see in either direction along the thoroughfare were white caps bobbing up and down in time with the strains of martial music; the Regiment was on its way to the game. The street was lined with people, but what caught the eye was a group of small boys busily engaged in giving the "razzberry" to America's future admirals. Yes, you've already guessed it: the leader of that band was none other than our own Ed Ellenberger. Little did he think that he was one day to wear, and proudly, too, that same uniform of blue and gold.

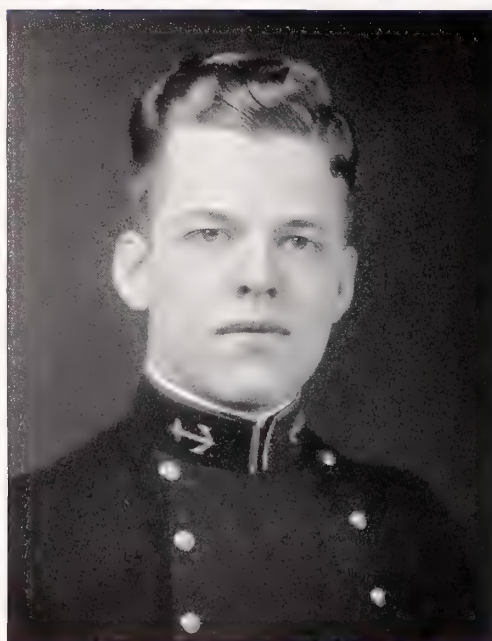
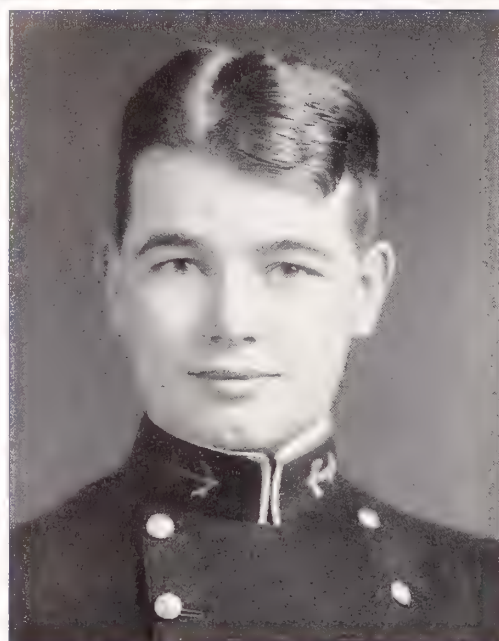
After graduating from Polytechnic, Ed suddenly decided to cast his lot with the Navy, and we are truly glad that he did. His place on Navy's championship soccer team was undisputed, though lacrosse was his favorite sport; academics for him held pains but no fears.

Ed, we're proud to have known you—how's to drag for you this week-end?

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. aNf. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES BLENMAN, JR.
"Charley" "Jed" "Beaglet"
TUCSON, ARIZ.

CLOPETY, clopety, clopety,—Whoa—!! The knee-high prairie sage brush parted and out stepped two-gun Blenman of Old Arizona. He'd got his man, for there at the end of the desert stood Bancroft Hall, gatekeeper of the sea. Legs shaped from forty years in the saddle were easily adapted to a sea going roll and an unerring aim acquired from hunting Injuns has stood him in good stead on the Academy rifle teams. Unhampered by the ordinary confusion of academics, he devoted his time to guns, cowboy songs, and the *Log*.

There seems to be a flicker of the flame of ambition along all lines mainly towards a commission in the Marine Corps. Of course, the Gold and Blue of the Navy uniform holds him fascinated, but Sam Browne belts and the Texas Ranger idea have a stronger call.

With a deep interest in all things and a keen understanding of a majority of subjects, even of the weaker sex, Charley should go far in the world of achievement. A good shipmate and friend; with the parting of the ways, may he have the success for which he strives.

Small Bore 4, 3, 2, 1. Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. r.Nt.
Capt. Small Bore Team 1. Log Art Staff 3, 2, 1.
Log Battalion Representative 2. Associate Editor Log 4.
Assistant Business Mgr. Lucky Bag. Pep Committee.
"N" Club. Three Stripes.

WILLIAM ALFRED STEVENSON
"Bill" "Steve"
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

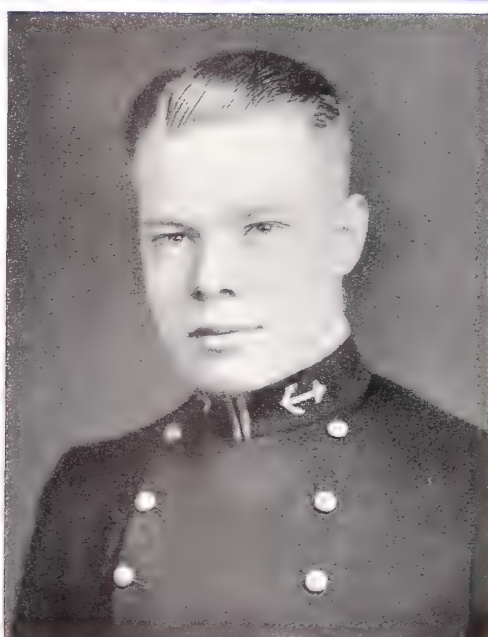
EAST Liverpool; Ohio, like Rome, is built on seven hills but unlike Rome, East Liverpool never received a vocal auxilium message from her favorite and best known son. Steve saw the glory of an Ohio River steamboat captain and came to us with the sound of swishing sidewheels in his ears.

Early in the course hard luck camped on his trail and a bad knee and long hospital confinement nipped any athletic prospects in the bud. But he escaped the clutches of the Ac Department and showed that he would never be a bilger or turn-back. He is remembered Youngster Year for the spectacular way in which he crashed through on the Steam exam following the Army game and received Christmas Leave as a reward.

The ladies come in for their share of attention too and Steve's snaking has that quiet air of refinement that is the hallmark of a true gentleman. He likes slow, dreamy waltzes, doesn't smoke or chew, prefers to mix his own drinks and although a member of the intellectual class he is always ready to unbend and mix with the unwashed. In spite of the fact that Steve falls in love entirely too often, his pleasing personality a sense of humor, an interest in everything, that most rare of gifts, the ability to listen and willingness to wear his own clothes, provide his own cap covers, and use his own shaving cream all make him a pleasant companion and desirable roommate.

Gym Team Manager. Musical Club Show 2. "N" Club.
2 P. O.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HOBART KEY, JR.
"Tex" "Colonel"
MARSHALL, TEXAS

HAROLD ELWOOD COLE
"Sergeant" "Herman" "King" "Good time Cole"
KINGSTON, PA.

WHERE'S my Steam Book?" Just Mrs. Key's little boy Hobart preparing to go to class on the late bell. When Hobart came to us he brought a certain something that would otherwise be lacking about the Academy. He rode through Plebe Year with magnificent unconcern and came into Youngster Year with the deep conviction that life is just a bowl of cherries. All that the departments could do to him failed to bother him in the least but it was only in Second Class Year that he really got going. Hobart went into a huddle with himself and emerged with the grim determination to do something. First he painted a picture of the erstwhile "Robert Centre" which now hangs in Smoke Hall. Positions on various staffs and activities followed in rapid succession and when the smoke cleared he was firmly established in his natural field—literature.

Hobart plays with words but women play with him and the fickleness of the ladies has forced him to assume an air of reserve and detachment from the affairs of the world that unsympathetic souls have termed fog. But this state of affairs hasn't detracted from his charm one bit. His flow of wit, smoothness of manner, and his charming naivete all enable him to chisel us out of our clean cap covers, tooth paste and best gloves as easily as his line enables him to stagger the women.

May you always find a fair wind and a following sea, Tex!

Class Wrestling 4. Gym Manager 3, 2. Art Editor Reef Points.
Art Club 2, 1. Trident. Assistant Editor Log.
Musical Clubs 2. Class Sec. & Treas.
Log Staff 3, 2. 2 P. O.

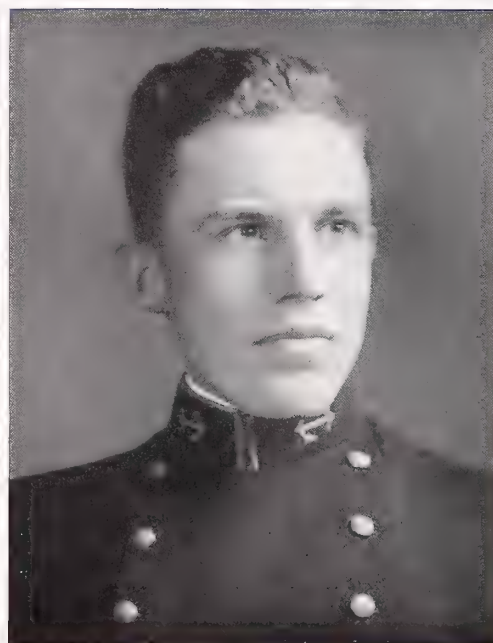
OUR own Red Mike. The Third Battalion's chief entry in the world championship contest for misogynists. Says, quote, "I don't like Naval Academy Hops," unquote. Has attended the June ball regularly under pressure from his friends, but insists that he only went over for the chow. Spent a year at Bobby's War College and succeeded in getting two-to-one odds against his getting into the Academy. Upset the dope and has been our congenial companion ever since. He has been an ideal roommate; always having on hand practically anything we wanted to borrow. He has devoted practically his entire extra-curricular activity to the Stage Gang, starting out as a lowly stage hand in his Plebe Year, he has risen from the ranks and inherited the Prop Room with its Java and cookies which is the Stage Managers reward.

A man of the mob, he's always in the middle of every movement for the betterment of the laborer, for whom he'd give his all, as though he were actually one himself. Yes, and that's not all, he plays a mean pinochle hand and is a statistician of note. He has at his fingertips all the dope on everything, including the answer to that now famous question, "how much does it cost?" He is the fatherly type of person, in whom one likes to confide, and he has the inside dope on more inside stories than perhaps any other man in the Academy. Always cheerful, seldom discouraged, a fine shipmate, and a real pal.

Stage Gang 4, 3, 2. Stage Manager 1. Radio Club 2, 1.
Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2, 1. Quarter-Deck Society. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANCIS DENNIS BOYLE

"Bunch" "F. D."

EVERETT, WASH.

FRANCIS saw a battleship in Bremerton some years ago and the sight of it gave him an idea. As he grew older the idea crystallized into his one ambition—and thus the Navy gained another member.

In all honesty, we believe him to be the most obliging and thoughtful person we have ever known. This characteristic is so prominent that many of us misunderstood him during Plebe Year. Francis has one other dominating characteristic—a passion for dreaming. This fact has been the cause of minor academic difficulties from time to time. He is possessed of a keen brain that functions admirably when he finally does take his feet off the table and comes "back to earth." Next to dreaming, he loves most to meditate on ancient travel books that he somehow ferrets out of the library.

So far as we know, and we know perfectly well, he has never gone to a hop. This is not because he is a Red Mike but simply because he isn't interested. He has eyes for only one and she, unfortunately, is six hundred miles away.

Francis does not possess outstanding personal ability as an athlete but he nevertheless takes a keen interest in sports. For the past four years he has been a manager of crew.

Francis has no desire for material success but, in our eyes, and doubtless in his own, he will be successful for he will lead the life that to him is the only one worth living.

Manager of Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Asst. Mgr. Basketball 4, 3.

Log Staff 4. Class Football 2. Lucky Bag Staff.

"N" Club 1 P. O. Masqueraders 1.

PAUL CHRONICAL COOK

"Cooky" "Pablo"

GALLATIN, TENN.

WITH memories of the good old Southland and its good old Barleycorn Paul hastened from home to "Bobbies" to learn that famous trigonometry before he entered the Academy. With an operation before entrance and the Regimental Order 71-30 to speed him along he was "gwine to be" a naval officer.

His first cruise found him lost in the heart of a bonnie Scotch lass from the Highlands. Youngster Year he wallowed in love's golden garden but it only took one trip with Mac over the wall to bring him to earth. Second Class Summer introduced him to so many Four-ohs that the Scotch lassie was reputed to be singing "And I'll never see my darling any more." It may have been the sand on the beach or maybe the water, but September found him dutifully trudging back to dear old Gallatin.

Second Class Year both skylights began to show signs of weakening. It might have been the mellow "corn" but, anyway, he managed to stay sat in the neighborhood of the Academy's four hundred.

The First Class Cruise seemed to change this sunny lad of the South. He probably didn't do so well in Madeira, so we found him back in September with a yearning eye towards old Scotland. Since she sent him a picture that eye never changed its bearing. Consequently, you must not be surprised to hear of his fame in a foreign land. Good luck, Paul!

150 lb. Crew 4. Outdoor Rifle 4. Reception Committee 3, 2.

2 P. O.

Black N****.

1934

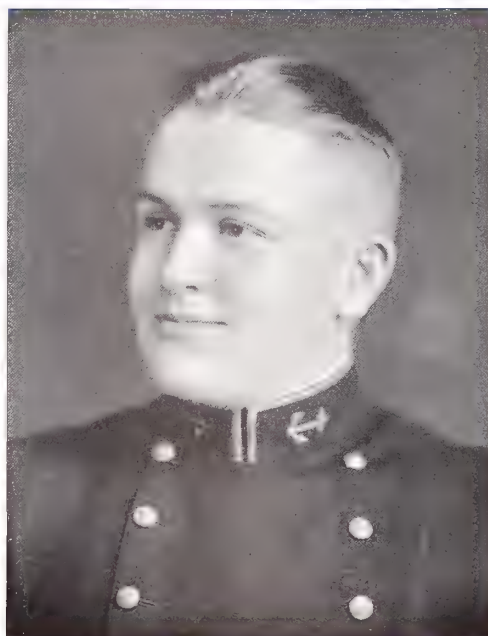
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ERNEST LEO EDWARD RITSON

"Ely" "Ernie"

NEWARK, N. J.



EUGENE CARTER RIDER

"Gene"

ROWLETT, KY.

I DON'T know just why Ely decided to join his fortunes with the Navy. Perhaps it was a desire for adventure that he gained on a trip from the East coast to the West coast when he shipped on a tramp steamer. Or maybe it was because he has always been interested in our Navy. But the important thing is that he did come to us, found that he liked it and we liked him, and stayed.

After establishing a new record for walking extra duty Plebe Year, he decided that Miss Springfield had monopolized his time too much, so he stepped out into a society of less-exacting femmes. Finding the primrose path of love was not what it might be he assumed a more philosophical outlook on life, in which the fair sex played a role of secondary importance.

Ely decided at an early date that athletics were invented for men with strong backs and weak minds, and as such should be carefully avoided. Moreover, there is nothing like a little nap in the afternoon to put one in a condition for a long sleep at night.

The future is a long way off and should not be worried about too much. But when it does roll around our guess is that this carefree youth will be a success. And he will be enjoying this business of living to the fullest extent because he will not be taking it too seriously.

2 P. O.

THIS genial gentleman brought the spirit of Southern hospitality with him when he left the land of blue grass and mint juleps. After a boyhood spent in the Kentucky hills, he came to Annapolis for a season of prepping. Not discouraged by this near view of the place he entered the Academy and faced Plebe Year with a grin on his face that has rarely left it since.

After knowing him we are forced to conclude that most of Gene's weight is made up of heart. Never was a man more generous. No matter how large or small the favor, a friend could always be sure of his help. His thoughtfulness and consideration for other people have endeared him to all of us.

One of Gene's favorite pastimes is a good bull session. Nothing pleases him more than to prop his feet on the table, light up a smoke, and start an argument. Kentucky, of course, is his favorite topic, but when his weary listeners will hear it no longer, then women, the Navy or any subject will do.

While he does not commit himself, he is strongly suspected of being a confirmed snake. Rare is the hop which does not find him circling the armory deck with some girl listening in admiring wonder to his line.

Our years with Gene have been mighty pleasant, and, whether he stays with the Service or returns to settle down in Kentucky, we wish and expect for him all success.

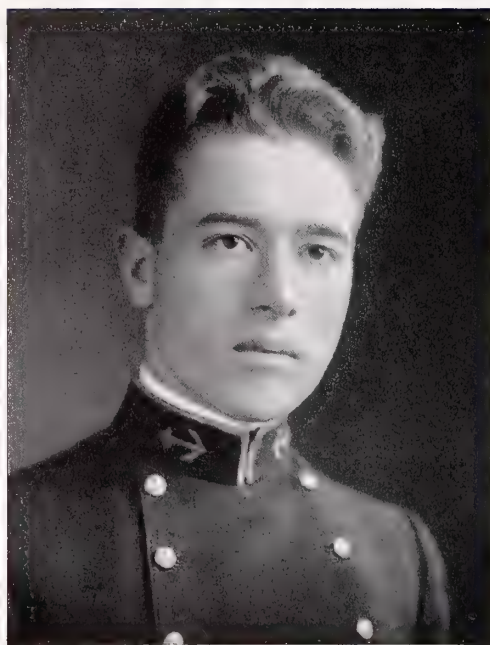
Wrestling 4, 3, 2.

2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE HENRY BROWNE

"Red" "Brownie"

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.

GEORGE came to the Academy after having won a reputation as a gentleman, scholar, and an athlete, and he has confirmed them all in his days at the Naval Academy. Every year he invades the intercollegiates as a fencer and has been extremely successful, as he has brought back an epee championship and an "N" star for his troubles.

Academics holds no terrors for Brownie; he merely uses it as a field to win another star. He stays among the leaders in academics with ease, yet he always has time to bring the dawn to any of the 40%.

His life at the Naval Academy has been one of fond memories to his roommates and friends. Such things as his marvelous voice as he accompanies the victrola or radio, his willingness to share the troubles, cares, and worries of the room, and his sterling qualities and cheerful nature wins him many friends among both sexes, and his readiness to help a friend in need marks him as a true pal. To George goes our best wishes for a happy journey and a speedy success in life.

Star 4. Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1. fN Star 1. Orchestra 1.
2 P. O.

LESTER JAY STONE

"Stono"

PASADENA, CAL.

FAMOUS for his work on the horse and flying rings, and his "home-made" violins, Stono is equally adept at making pencil sketches and paintings of beautiful girls. A hobby of his less widely known but to which he contributed considerable time and talent out on the West Coast is the building of model sailing boats and model airplanes that actually fly.

Stono is a living example of the curiosity that killed the cat; but so far he has escaped. The moment he sees something new, he cannot rest until he has dissected it and has presented it to each of his five well-developed senses. He scarcely considers a day well spent if he has not learned something he did not know before, or acquired further ability and skill. Que Hombree!

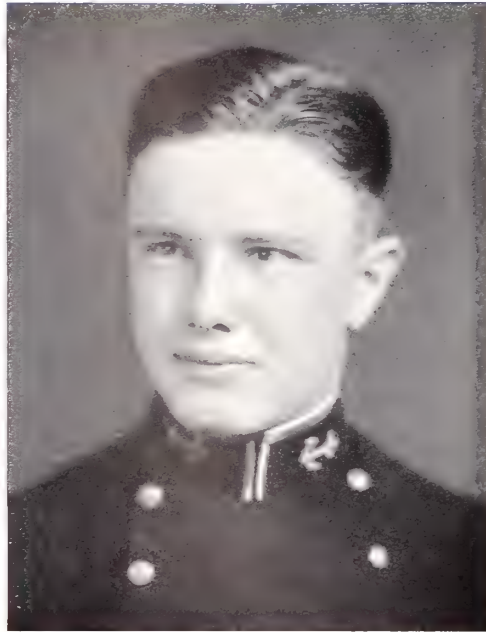
A saving sense of humor offsets a bit of stubbornness and added to old-fashioned ideas of honesty makes him a congenial acquaintance and a true friend whom one respects as well as admires.

Stono will not soon be forgotten by the gym team or those members of the regiment fortunate enough to have sailed with him on the Severn, where he is in his glory, or listened to his endeavors on the violin, or thrilled to his artistry on canvas. Perhaps some day in his famous studio he will pause in his daily labors long enough to look back upon the four years at Annapolis with wistful gaze and sigh, "Them was the days!"

Gym 4, 3, 2, 1. gNt 2. Log Staff. Orchestra 2, 1.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALLYN COLE, JR.

"Red"

LAMAR, COL.

RED came to us from the far west with high hopes of making a name for himself as an athlete. With this idea in view he answered the first call for Plebe Football. However, after the first few days he became aware of the fact that the long walk from Bancroft Hall to Farragut Field was far too strenuous for him. After giving a few of the other sports a try and finding that they all required the expenditure of energy he retired from the field of sport to become a member of the Radiator Club. On most any afternoon you can find Red leaning back in his chair with his feet perched on the table, a cigarette in his hand and a stack of magazines by his side.

However, his life here at the Academy has not always been one of ease. For three long years, Red was one of Instructor Sazama's favorite pupils.

He claims to be a Red Mike, and to all outward appearances he is, but just ask those who have seen him on leave.

Red's great generosity has caused him no end of grief. For early Plebe Year some one discovered that Red and his skags were easily parted.

Whichever one of life's many paths he chooses to follow, be it a cowboy on the home ranch or a Naval Officer, his great generosity, sympathetic nature and congeniality will insure his success and surround him with friends.

2 P. O.

CHARLES COSTON COLEY

"Madame" "Charlie"

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

MADAME comes from Oklahoma, land of Indians, oil wells, and Will Rogers. Perhaps his slight tendency toward making too much noise may be attributed to his having roaring gas wells in the back yard and whooping Indians for next door neighbors.

Plebe Year he found very pleasant; the rough blusterings of the First Class were to him as a gentle breeze compared to the none too gentle chidings of some older brothers.

Youngster Year, too, was a happy one, at least until June Week. A mischievous nature plus a soft pie provided too great a temptation, an exchange of missiles called down the wrath of the D. O. upon his head, and June Week found Madame cooling his heels on the good ship Reina Mercedes. Since then his conduct in the Messhall has been irreproachable.

Neither Red Mike nor a snake, Madame takes his fun as he finds it. When he drags he drags well, but only too often his drag's much heralded friend is not so charming.

As a sandblower his chances of becoming an athlete were rather poor. However, he went out for boxing and was progressing promisingly until difficulties with the academics destroyed his chances of obtaining a regular berth.

A ready smile and a happy disposition have helped him to make more than his share of friends. Disregarding frequent and unsuccessful attempts to emulate Caruso he has been an ideal roommate and classmate, and he will make a good shipmate. Here's luck, Charlie!

Class Boxing 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILBUR HAINES CHENEY, JR.

"Bill" "Lon"

SEDAN, KAN.

EVEN a highly imaginative person would find it difficult to persuade himself that this personification of the traditional old salt hailed from the wind-blown prairies of Dry Kansas, but such is the fact.

Our Bill, for such he has come to be with all, has proven himself to be as loyal and steadfast a pal as sturdy seaman. Never a snake, he has reserved his better moments for the winning of a lofty place in the estimation of his shipmates. The lady that dry-docks our Bill, will necessarily be something more than a field general.

As Lon he lives up to his namesake in his capacity for assuming highly diversified roles. 'Tis but the work of a moment for him to plunge from being an ardent boner of Cosmo to that of "un terador de tore." In the latter he amply proves his superiority.

Bill might be called a lover of the proverbial wine, women and song if it were not for his having a perfectly lousy voice and a feeling toward the fair sex verging nearly upon contempt. Always a true supporter of the famed radiator club, Bill has done his part in proving the advantages of Red Book over Juice, Cosmo over Steam, etc.

As a Middie, Bill has proven that he can take it, and we're betting our last wooden nickle that in case of trouble he'll prove he can give it as well.

Buen viaje, pal, we're with you to the end.

z P. O.

BERNARD ADRIAN SMITH

"Barney" "Smitty" "Baa"

SPOKANE, WASH.

A TRUE representative of the West—and proud of it, Barney came into our midst to share the trials and tribulations of life as a Midshipman via Washington State. To him academics proved to be a bore as he is one of the boys who has a brain which does not need coaching.

Barney's greatest worry since he has been with us was his height, however, he has been fortunate enough the night before his physical exams to grow a quarter of an inch. It was fruit from then on, but thanks of course, is due to his wives. Ask him about taking measurements of his height on locker doors.

As for the fairer sex—Barney likes them all, but his heart lies firmly entrenched in the hands of the Washington maidens. Washington—he never tires of telling us of the wonders of that state.

His loyalty, patience, and ever-readiness to lend a helping hand have endeared him to the hearts of his host of friends at the Naval Academy. A good mixer, a real pal, and a dependable classmate are only a few of his characteristics which should go far to make Barney a real success in the Navy or U. S. S. Outside.

Good luck, Barney.

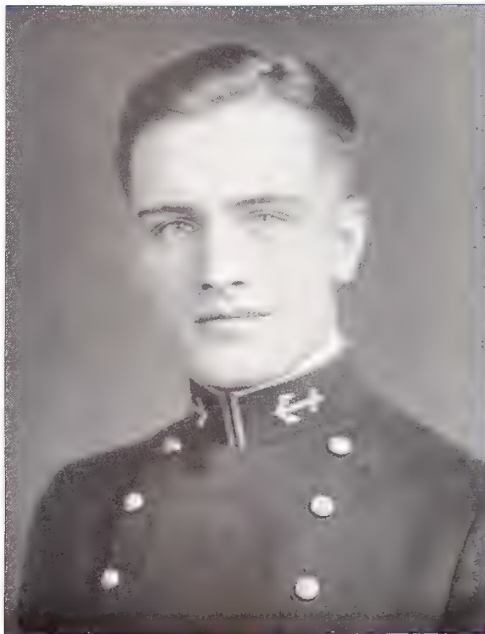
Wrestling 4, 3. Boxing 4. Mgr. Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1. "N"

"N" Club. Star 2, 1. Log Staff 3. M. P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALBERT RABORN
"Red" "Al" "Raby"
TRENTON, FLA.

NOT content with piloting a canoe through the Alligator infested Everglades of swampy Florida, Red betook himself to Crabtown to see just what there really was to deep-sea navigation.

Once there, he quickly adapted himself to his varied yet hum-drum existence and showed us that he was anyone's equal in anything, except for a few encounters with the Dago and Bull Departments. Even at that he managed to keep his head above water each time long enough to snatch the deep breath necessary to survive the next sinking spell.

Long years of constant companionship with the sun-kissed maidens of sunny Florida have engendered in Red a great love of the fairer sex equaled only by a greater love for sleep. He combines with all his industrious habits a characteristic quite in keeping with that well-known Southern temperament, that of a slight aversion to fatiguing labor such as winding phonographs.

In these few short years that Red has been with us, we have learned to appreciate his many virtues. We admire him for his sense of fairness, his sound common sense, and his self-discipline, and we know that when these years come to an end the world will receive a man well worthy of its respect.

Class Football 4, 3. Class Lacrosse 4, 3. Two Stripes.

GEORGE FRANCIS STANISH
"George" "Stan"
GREAT FALLS, MONT.

FROM Montana, the land of sage brush and high smoke-stacks, comes George with his slightly sardonic smile. Rumor has it that George caught in a sandstorm in the middle of his native desert, wished most fervently that he was some place where sand was unknown. We can imagine his surprise, Youngster Cruise, when he found that a ship has a regular sand locker and it was his duty to spread it over the decks. However, being a natural philosopher, he let it pass as one of life's ironic jests.

George came to us from Marion; well fitted to battle the Academic Departments. The fact that his name graces an occasional tree has never discouraged him. Far from it! He can always be depended upon for the dope on any lesson, past, present, or future.

Like the rest of us, George was determined to be a Red Mike but was lost before the end of Plebe Year. He will still not admit that he finds the company of the fairer sex enjoyable.

As we contemplate the future, we realize that for George with his sunny disposition, unselfish interest, and ability to make and retain friends, it holds no terrors. We know that he will conquer life and justify our unlimited faith in him.

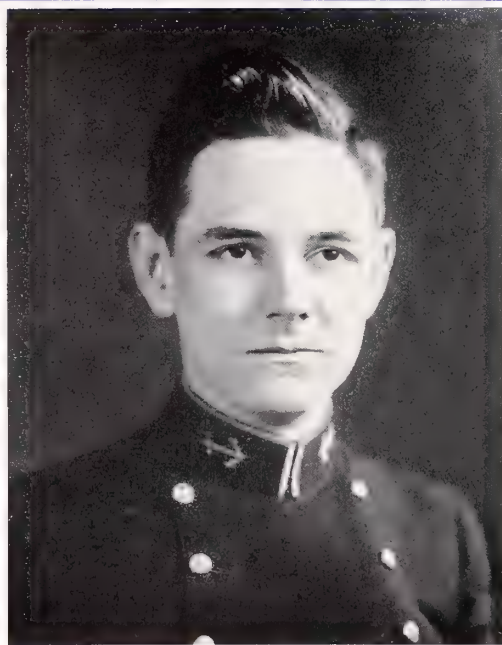
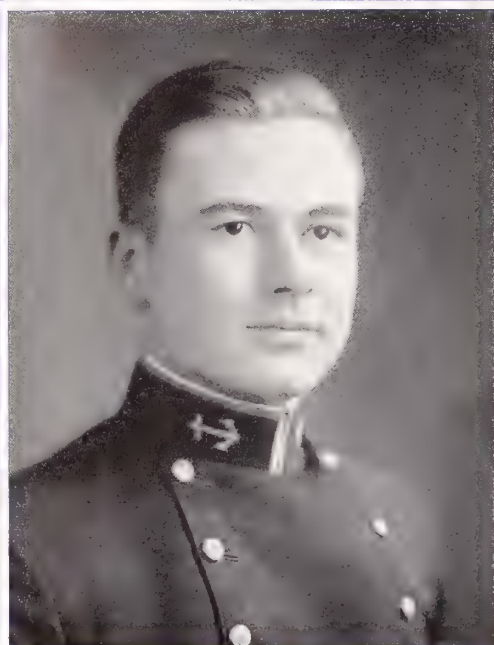
Lacrosse 4, 3.

Soccer 4, 3.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ALEXANDER BENSON CLOUD

"Al" "Blatz"

WENONAH, N. J.

A ROLLING stone gathers no moss" . . . "you can't saw sawdust" . . . "and how's your Great Aunt Tillie?" . . . a philosopher of the first rank, a lover of the second, and a linguist of the last . . . dago was his worry and woman his downfall . . . nor do we mean *women*. Not a pessimist, but he avoided disappointment by expecting the worst . . . at times it irked, and at times it worked.

Al entered with the best wishes of Southern Jersey behind him and proceeded right away to make this place a better one in which to live. From Plebe Year we have memories of McKinney, the "you're an old woman" episodes, Scotty McIver's victrola, and tending the baseball scoreboard in . . . we blush to think . . . full dress!! Youngster Year brought Berlin, the four-man room, the Widow's delight . . . and going through, there are a million bright spots in four years, in every one of which Al seems to center. That's why we say he was indispensable . . . a necessity which we would have missed had we never known him. The favorite meal was Saturday noon; favorite expression "What time's formation?" Among the many things we owe him are the Second Class Summer week-ends in Wenonah, a case of measles, and individual chows on the football trips.

All in all and piece by piece, a great fellow, and it's going to take a long time to get used to things out there without him.

2 P. O.

EDWIN SHELTON FISHER

"Shelton" "Pete" "Fish"

MEMPHIS, TENN.

MEMPHIS, down in Dixie, Columbia and D. K. E., Plebe Summer and Fisher under a pile of jokes editing the Plebe Log. Ac Year and all night discourses on freedom with dejected "Why did I ever do this?" ended by a destructive hammock-swinging the last night. Youngster Year and we shook our heads, gritted our teeth and moaned "Boy he's gone this time"—only to soon add another to the list of broken hearts in his wake. Not fickle, just taking the pick of them as they fall. Summer, and his eye-opener for breakfast in Washington, followed by Ac Year and Fisher cussing the strange noises from the galley.

For four years he's had the record of having won every argument with all three roommates through fair means or technicalities. He's an addition to any bull session, with tales of the Sunny South, moans because leave is over, and rapid calculations on the number of days until the next.

This year he's struggled as Ye Ed of the Log, desk and all. In spite of his athletic figure he prefers this activity and plans to be a literary genius rather than a full-fledged Ensign.

But most of all we must remember the hilarious June Week of '33, picnic and all, with crossed wires, and too many drags. Things changed when he made the mistake of dragging blind for Al, and so, as this swell pal leaves humming his theme song, we'll wish him Happy Landings wherever he goes.

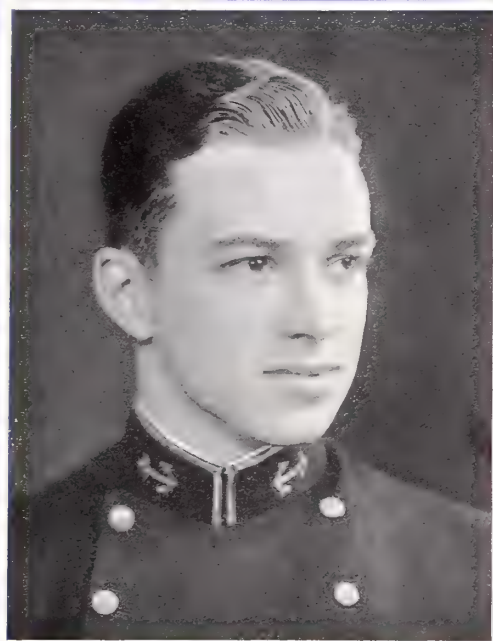
Hop Committee. N. Y. Times Prize. Ring Dance Committee.

Log 4, 3, 2, 1. Editor-in-Chief. Lucky Bag, Associate Editor.

Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN CULVER NICHOLS

"Jawn" "Nick"

CHICAGO, ILL.

IF Chicago can produce once in every generation a cow like Mrs. O'Leary's, or a little boy like Mrs. Nichols', Capone and the rest of them can hang up their coats, because the Windy City will need no other advertising.

Somehow the University of Illinois let Johnny slip through its fingers, but not without first making of him a loyal Psi U and giving him just enough of the campus polish to complete the rout of the fair things in Norfolk at the end of Youngster Cruise.

Nick is a business man, a kid-going-to-a-party, and a debutante in one. Meticulous to the nth degree, his periods of hitting the pap for anything of consequence were too infrequent for mention. *Lucky Bag* work and the PT of NJ kept him toeing the mark during Second Class Year, and the radio (when we finally got it) absolutely refused to work for anyone else.

Nothing ever seemed to worry him—least of all academics, and he had the rare distinction of never dreading a dental appointment. On leave he was a fiend for brown neckties and Gladstone Bags. An ardent football fan, Nick seldom missed a practice, and at company basketball seldom missed a goal.

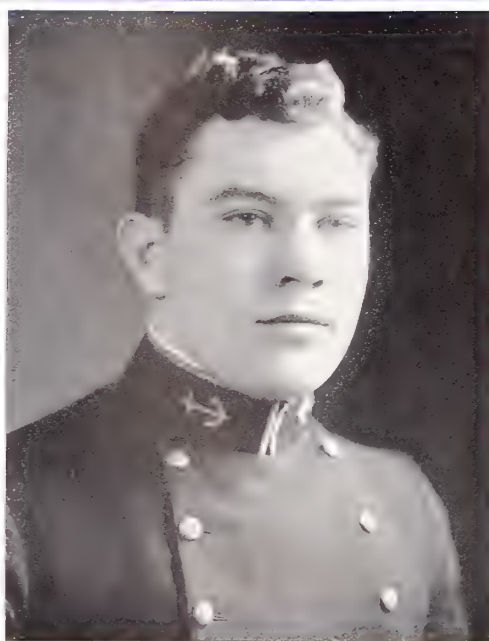
A fine fellow and a mighty big addition to the happy family. If this is goodbye, it's hard to say, and we wish Nick all the luck in this very wide world.

"Did you go to the World's Fair?"

Lucky Bag Staff.

Reception Committee.

1 P. O.



CLYDE JAMES VAN ARSDALL, JR.

"Chubby-Gobbles" "Van" "Eagle"

INDIANOLA, MISS.

SHORT, chubby, and oh how cute! Van hails from the good old muddy Mississippi Delta and one listen to his broad "yassah" tells you that someday there will be a retired Admiral living in the land of cabins and cotton.

Carvel Hall couldn't have done without him on Sunday any more than the baseball team could have spared his services behind the plate each spring . . . and he was just as proficient at burning the well-known oil as he was at getting his pegs down to second.

Youngster Year gave Chubby his first real chance to come into his own, and when Fate, or rather Nick, prevented, Civil War almost broke out among the wives. Then came Second Class Summer, Washington, and Wenonah . . . the femmes were there and Van was there. Just a second Dewey, that's all.

For a warm-blooded son-of-the-South it was unorthodox the way he delighted in driving home Christmas, and thanks to Allah, luck was with him every time. But when we think about it he had incentive enough, because six beautiful bulls are a lot of beautiful bulls.

Van has the sunniest disposition we have ever come in contact with, and time and again he tipped the scales that turned probable riot into a good-natured brawl. We will miss him, too, and we can only hope that it won't be for so very long.

Chairman Class Supper Committee 1.

Log Staff 1.

Reception Committee 2, 1.

Class Water Polo 2, 1.

Football 4. Class 2, 1. Class Captain 1. "N" Club 2, 1.

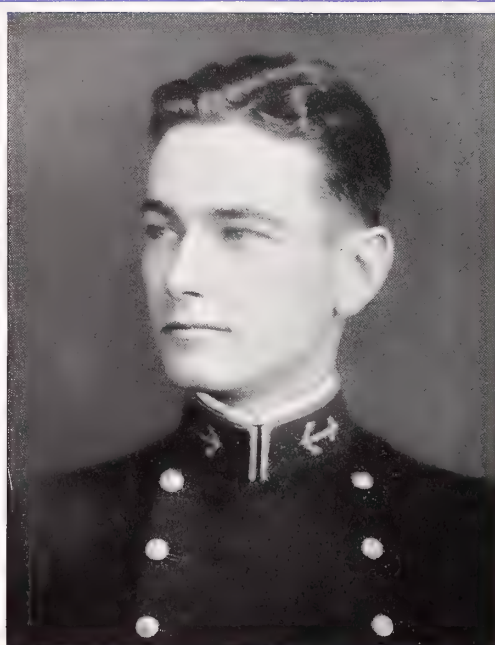
Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N."

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DOUGLAS LEE LIPSCOMB CORDINER

"Spectre" "Doug" "Casanova"

AT LARGE

GHOSTS?
No, the spectre.
Motive?

Love.

Again?

No, still.

Thus the eternal triangle is completed, "Love, Doug and trouble."

A Navy Junior—born in Virginia—gentleman—athlete of ability, but prefers bridge—blond—nice looking—a million dollar smile—a romanticist—idealist and thoroughbred in every sense of the word. His mind is uncanny, he can get a 2.5 and not know the book that the class is studying.

It is his humor and natural acting ability that strikes the first chord of appreciation; it is his idealistic viewpoint toward friendship and his true character that ties the knot. He is in truth a man to be asked for, not just tolerated.

Good luck, Doug, do not forget the fourth deck and Auld Lang Syne.

Black N*****.

2 P. O.

MALCOLM CLEPHANE REEVES

"Mickey" "Rigger" "Cellophane"

BEAUFORT, S. C.

LIFE is happy, life is free, life is what we make it."

Mickey is the descendant of a long line of Navy men; in spite of his wanderings which have taken him from Honolulu to Copenhagen he calls South Carolina home, and he does well by the home state booster club. Rigger is carefree and happy-go-lucky as they make 'em, but fails to completely hide the brilliance of his philosophically inclined mind. He is at home in any crowd and his natural charm and humor make him greatly in demand. Trouble goes hand in glove with Mickey and has led him to many tite a tites with the powers that be. As a Plebe Verman was the cause of much insomnia among '31; we suspect he was given up in despair. Academics came easily to Mickey, but he is satisfied with a 2.5. He contracted a bad case of spring fever in the summer of '30 and never recovered sufficiently to yearn for a 2.6. What anchor section is complete without him? Breaking fair hearts was in his weekly routine until he met—but of course you know her name. Hello, Ronnie!

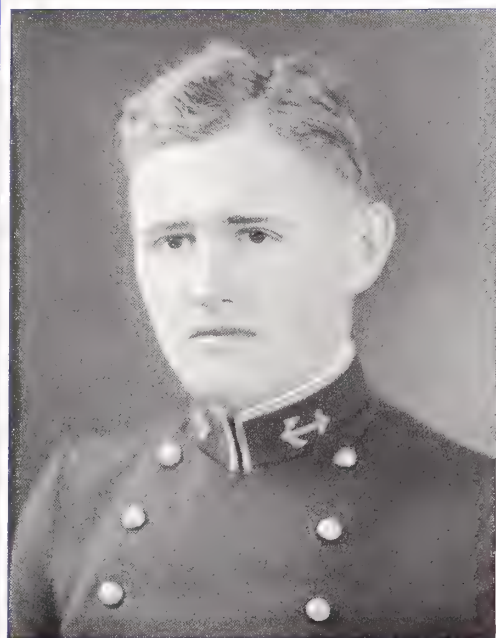
Mickey has strong opinions and loves to argue. He is a perfect roommate and what is more, a true friend. Happy landings, Rigger.

Class Swimming. Wrestling and Football. Hop Committee (in '31).
Ship Squad. "N"***. 2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FLETCHER LAMAR SHEFFIELD

"Sheff" "Fletcher"

AT LARGE

SHEFF claims no state as his home, but he is much the Southern Gentleman, true to Macon, Georgia, the place of his nativity. As have most sons of the Service, he has wandered quite a bit, and in so doing, acquired many traits which combine to make him the more likeable.

A most ambitious person, he has hopes of some day teaching bridge, or raising pigs and—on a little farm down in Georgia.

Not getting his due share of recognition Second Class Year, he blossomed out by taking a Hooley Position Plotter to a Dago P-work.

Nothing fazes him, always a pink cheeked boyish smile, with his subtle humor, to pull one out of the depths of serious thought.

In the four years that are spent here in hopes of something or other, one makes many friends and acquaintances, but here is one of those friends that you can count on no matter what—not just a person from whom you bummed skags, or went to movies with, but a real friend and companion.

"Black N." 2 P. O.

FRANCIS O'CONNER FLETCHER, JR.

"Chute" "Fletcher"

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ONE sultry day in June, in the year of 1930, this drawling Southern Cavalier from the place they call "The City in the Sky" down in North Carolina walked through Gate Three, set down his suitcase, glanced around, and remarks: "Reckon this heah place doesn't look much like Gudgah Tech, but guess Ah'll stay a while anyway." And stay he did, for when this suave gentleman once makes up his mind to do something there is no use in persuading him to do otherwise.

Chute lost no time in becoming a regular classmate and friend. Possessed of an easy going, affable nature, he had no trouble in becoming well-known in the class, and to be sure his Plebe Year, because of this imperturbable nature, went along quite smoothly and pleasantly. Blessed with such a personality, we may expect our friend to face the rigors of the world with all the calm and assurance necessary to insure success.

Academics have never proved to be alarming to this son of the South. Many were the times that Chute boned his Cosmo while the rest of us sweated over our Steam and Juice. Athletics never particularly excited him either. Outdoor rifle usually managed to get him off the radiator in the afternoons for a period, but most of his spare time in the afternoons was spent enjoying the arts of Culbertson and Lenz with some old cronies.

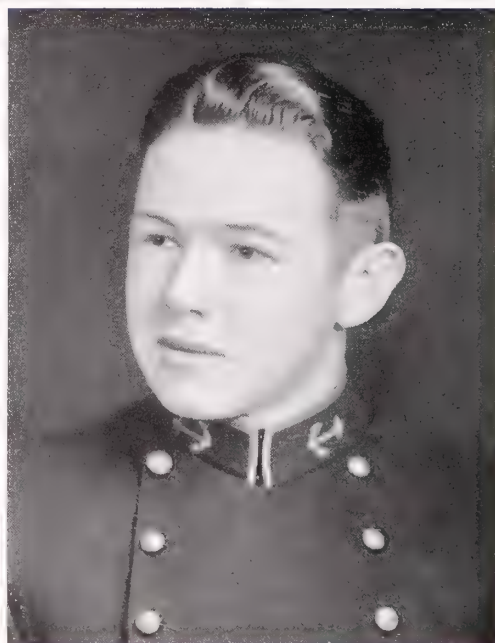
F. O'C. Fletcher, Jr., is all there in every respect. Anybody looking for a good man?

Rifle 4. Black N**. 2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM ARTHUR DEAN, JR.
"Tex" "Bill" "Wad" "Dicks"
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

DURING Plebe Summer a hundred and fifty pounds of bronzed, bronco-riding Texas manhood joined our ranks. This event, noteworthy as it may be to Tex is even more so to us when we contemplate a class without his cheery smile and ready through somewhat caustic wit. In taking the final step to don the brass buttons he followed in the footsteps of other San Antonians, but once firmly seated in the saddle, he showed us all that he needed no footprints to guide him. His ability to steer a Dead Reckoning Course through Life is the life-long envy of Dreisengatch and St. Hilaire, not to mention a few of us who are less expert in the gentle art of bringing the world to one's feet.

Our curly-haired Tejano found it but a short step from the hurricane deck of a cow pony to the more spacious but none the less turbulent deck of a battleship. His ease in adapting himself to the ideas and ideals of his new life bears witness that he has the makings of a true officer. His unique philosophy of life and love proclaim him to be more than a mere novice in the study of life.

These years together by the Severn have brought forth in Tex a love of the Navy; these years have given us a man of sterling worth, a man well equipped to battle the future and wring from it his share of glory.

Basketball 4.

Boxing 4.

M. P. O.

FRANCIS ALBERT GEORGS KELLY
"Fag" "Frank" "Shipwreck"
BEAUMONT, TEXAS

FAG heard the call of the briny deep from down Texas way. Yes, he's just another one of those hard riding lads from the open spaces.

Although quiet and unassuming, we find a heart of the greatest capacity for understanding, sympathy, and good will. He is decidedly wordly-wise, and can discuss freely any subject in Webster, and some that are not found therein. He is good-natured and even tempered. These traits, added to his ability to laugh when a laugh is needed, make him a good friend and roommate. Shipwreck has a knack of making friends and a personality which keeps them. His weaknesses are the femmes and semi-classical music—preferably the latter.

Frank is a philosopher of the first water. Socrates would, no doubt be quite consumed with jealousy if he could hear this lad expounding his ideas on Life, Love and the Pursuit of Happiness.

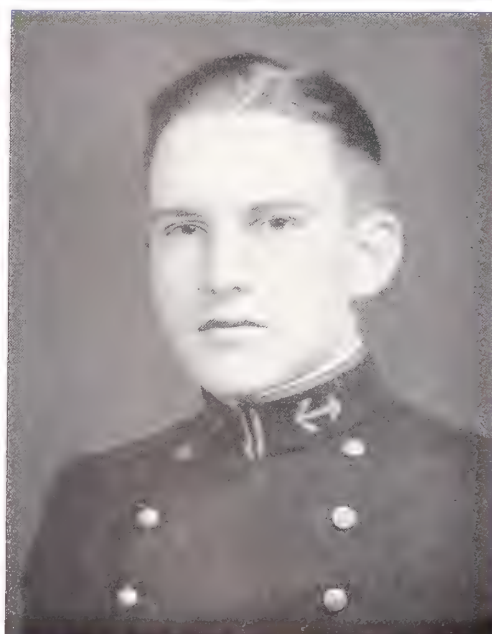
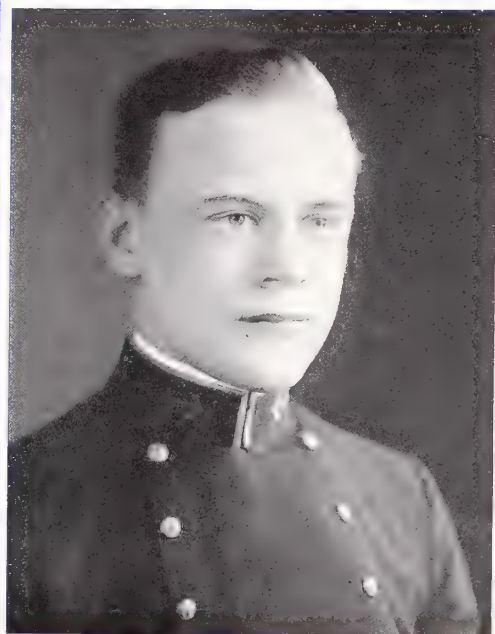
Four years together by the sea have transformed the easy going lad into a man whose worth cannot be overestimated. That he is instilled with the Old Navy Fight is shown by his duel with the Math Department; for two and a half years this battle raged with undiminished fury. His slogan was "He who endures, wins" and win he did.

We feel sure that he will be a credit to whatever life he chooses, whether it be the Navy or the U. S. S. Outside. The Academy will certainly miss him but offers him a hearty Good Luck!

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES FINK FISCHER
"C. Fink" "Pinky"
ERIE, PA.

FINK, at an early age decided that Lake Erie was too small for him to sail on, therefore he turned to the Navy to satisfy his desire for adventure. Not bothering to graduate from high school, he joined our midst at the age of sixteen, and like most of us, he soon found himself in a fog with many large ships close at hand.

After successfully weathering the storms of Plebe Year, we soon found that the handling of difficult problems in electricity and radio were second nature to him. Not content with his achievements in the electrical field he ventured into the literary field, and took an active part on the Trident staff. Although not a star man, Academics have always been the least of his worries.

Taking into account all of his idiosyncrasies, Fink has been a fine roommate, always ready to help unwind the mystery of any problem. He may not be a Michelson or a Marconi, but just the same when the subject is radio, he is the only one who knows what he is talking about.

With his ease of mastering complicated situations (especially on the front steps of Bancroft Hall) it is certain that he will make a success of anything he may attempt. Here's luck to you, Fink. We know a man with your determination will win.

Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Trident Society 3, 2. Trident Staff 2.
Class Lacrosse 3. Lucky Bag Staff 1. 2 P. O.

EDWIN KUYKENDALL JONES
"Ed" "Kuyk" "E. K."
AT LARGE

EDWIN is indeed a man of the world. As the son of a Naval Officer he was born in Texas, spent his early childhood in the Philippines, was raised in Texas, South Carolina, and California and completed his pre-Academy training in a second tour of the Philippines. In spite of this Ed claims to be a Red Mike and we never have seen him drag around here but still, who knows?

E. K. is a charter member of the Radiator Club and never worries about eating desserts because it might hurt his wind. However we feel that had Ed ever thought it worth while to work and sweat night after night for athletic honors, he would have been a star in any sport. He has a physique which is the wholehearted envy of his roommates.

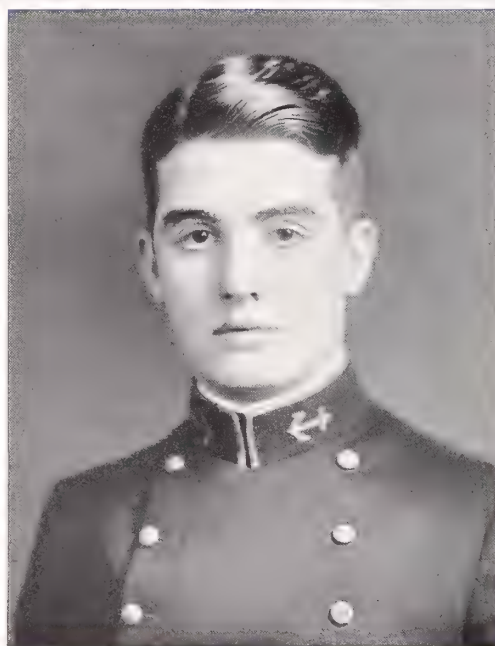
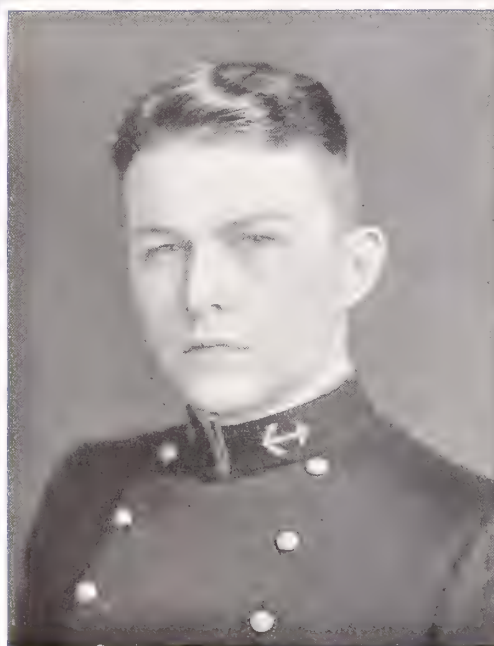
Academics never particularly trouble Kuyk. He does not star but he is always able to turn in early while the rest of us are still boning. When there is a tough problem Ed is very often the one to offer a helping hand with a simple explanation.

Ed has a cheerful, helpful, and optimistic disposition which has made him an excellent roommate. These qualities plus his ability to gain the cheerful cooperation of others will make him a valuable asset to the Naval Service.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES DOUGLAS FULP, JR.

"Calinco" "J. D."

GREENWOOD, S. C.

A SOUTHERNER and darn proud of it, and a true Southern gentleman. J. D. came to us from the fair state of South Carolina, bringing with him a prep school militarism which has made him a natural leader at the Naval Academy.

If he is a fair sample of the home state manhood, there must be some real men down there, for ever since knowing him we have been wondering of just what he is made—probably some mixture of iron. It's just too bad if you happen to run into him. Must be tough on the other side when he is playing football.

Although not a star man, he has no trouble and his name is found well up on the list. The opposite sex seems to have little attraction for him and many are those who have given up in despair. Still if we were inclined to tell secrets—but we're not.

J. D.'s greatest passion is athletics. If you happened to be looking for him you might find him out on Farragut Field, knocking down some big tackle and helping him up so he could do it again, or if it were in the Spring on Saturday afternoon when all hands rated liberty, you would have to go up the Severn where you would find him in a Navy shell.

In leaving we say, "Best of luck, J. D., sad is the parting, for we have enjoyed and been grateful for your companionship these four years."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1.

N. A. C. A. Council 1.

"N" Club.

Rifle Expert.

Crew 3, 2, 1.

Three Stripes.

HUGH MARION MAPLES

"Hugb" "Arkansas"

GREEN FOREST, ARK.

FROM an Arkansas farm and the College of Ozarks came this ambitious fellow. Beyond that we know little of his past. We don't need to know any more; he has shown us what he is and we are satisfied.

He is never too busy to help someone with an assignment or to write a letter. This last is his short-coming. Nor is he ever content to listen to a piece of music without trying to sing or doing a tap dance. Our own comment here had better be withheld. It is safe to say that he'll never leave the Navy for the stage.

It was not chance that brought Hugh to the Naval Academy. Long before he had ever crossed his State border he began laying the foundations of his naval career. This preparation has served him admirably in the more intensive years at the Academy, for all professional subjects come to him with ease. However, he has not restricted his training. Physically, socially and morally he is equal to any of us. He is the type of fellow that the Navy is proud to accept.

Basketball 4, 3, 2. Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 3, 2, 1.

Expert Rifleman. 2 P. O.

1934

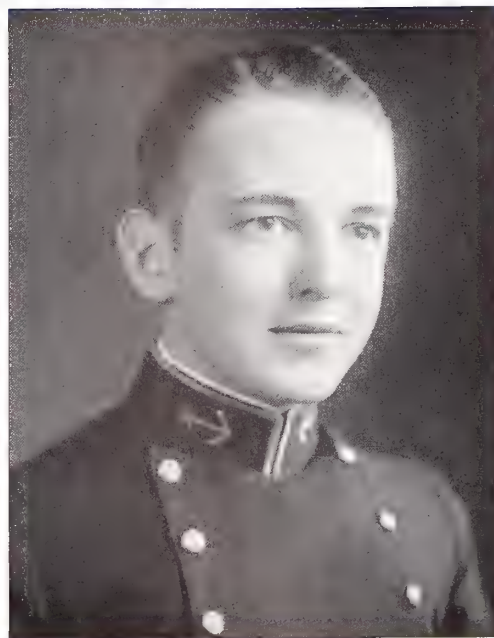
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MERTON DALE HAWORTH

"M. D." "Doc" "Red"

SALINA, KAN.



GEORGE WARREN WELCH

"G. W." "George"

FREELAND, PA.

HERE we have a real character and we know him well enough to decide that no material thing is too much for him to obtain. He is one of that kind who has to have things against him before he can "step out and go." Red is fun loving, but the fun is mostly on those who should attempt to "snow him under."

He's a savoir and not one of us can remember the time when Red found the academics a stumbling block. And he was always free with his information and only too willing to help any anchor or near anchor section classmate to solve the mysteries of some of the perplexing problems encountered in the academics at the Naval Academy. A savviness in his studies, coupled with a store of good common horse sense, has made him a star man academically. His good nature and remarkably pleasant personality have set him among those few who are universally liked and respected wherever they happen to be.

They that stand high have many adversities to shake them, but Dale, we prophesy, will profit by every buffet and rise to the heights he deserves.

Not a snake—not a Red Mike, but has a way with the Femmes and what a way! He has made many a heart flutter and will continue to do so until that fatal day; some person will be quite lucky and we are wondering who she'll be.

We're all proud of Red and pulling for him. We also expect to hear of him doing big things. Here's hoping there are more like him out in the Middle West.

Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. Outdoor, Small Bore 4. Log Staff.
Plebe 150's. Class Sec.-Treas. 3. Star 4, 3.
One Stripe.

ONE reason why Pennsylvania might be complimented. For you could travel far and wide, and meet all the people living there, and know them well, and still miss finding a truer friend.

George didn't get through the Academy as if it were presented, all cooked and palatable, on a platter. He had his turns of luck, and most of them were down. But he made the grade, because of himself, and no other. He didn't love books but waded through them anyway. He didn't love regulations but he stayed off the pap-sheet. And he earned what he got by working for it, so that there wasn't any question of deserving.

Oh he had his faults—he was a peach of a griper—disgust made him talkative, and he was a man of many words.

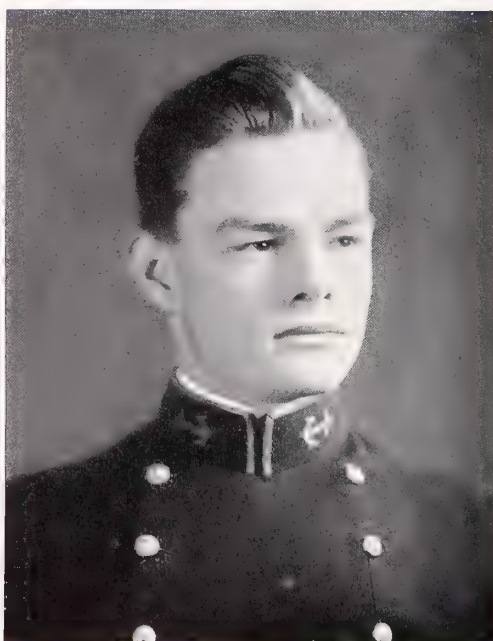
Ask him about women, and he'd only smile—the kind of a smile that explained more than words. George dragged little but he was far from a Red Mike. He had the smile and the face that Red Mikes don't and he was wise—of, wise—in the ways of this old sphere.

George was above all a real friend. For a friend he'd do more than for himself, and he wasn't any slouch in looking after G. W. That made him what he was—one of those rare specimens—a solid chunk of good common sense, action speaking louder than words, a friend in need—all in the blue and gold.

Football 2. Basketball 2, 1. Sub Squad 4, 3, 2. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FREDERICK WILLIAM HAWES

"Fredly" "Fritz"

CENTRALIA, WASH.

FREDDY came to us from the State of Washington but rapidly became acclimated to the Sing Sing on the Severn. During Plebe Summer he won the admiration of his classmates by demonstrating his ability to take it in the ring; since then he has been taking everything the Exec. Department has been able to dish out. The closing weeks of Second Class Year found him on the zero line in demerits but he crashed through nobly. Perseverance is his dominating quality which combined with his natural brilliance has resulted in a high class standing. His heart is tied up in Washington—D. C. this time, but has dragged blind many times with widely varying results. Plebes tremble at the mention of his name, but his classmates are not to be fooled and know him as a good natured, likeable fellow with a captivating ear-to-ear grin. His future shipmates will find him a most welcome addition just as his classmates have found him. Good luck, Fritz.

Boxing 4. Class Boxing 3. 2 P. O.
Black N***** Sub. Squad 2, 3, 4.

RAYMOND PAYNE

"Abo" "Dolor"

CORINTH, MISS.

WHEN this young son of the state named after the mighty river left his hometown and cast his lot with the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam the Navy had received a good man, one to whom she could be proud to point and say "He is one of my officers."

The choice of the Navy probably came with one of the overflows of the Father of Waters. The decision being that things would be easier if one were at home on the water.

From a place on his father's farm he easily and quickly slid into the routine of naval life. Before Plebe Summer had gone far he was rowing and drilling as heartily as any of his classmates.

Plebe Year he assayed the task of knocking his classmates heads off in the boxing room but for the next three years took greater delight in tying them in knots in the wrestling loft.

Being easy going he never did put out much effort where academics were concerned, anything above a 2.5 being considered wasted effort. He nevertheless stayed with the middle sections and many a time paid the savoirs at the head of the class a visit.

Unlike many of his classmates he has only one O. A. O. He likes to dance and sings with a fine voice. Ingenious and thrifty he has a clever knack of doing things and is sure to succeed in life.

Hail Mississippi! Here is a son of whom you may well be proud.

Boxing 4. Wrestling 3, 2, 1. Track 2. Black "N."
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LYLE EUGENE STRICKLER

"Strick"

ENID, OKLA.

ASK Lyle where he gets his inspiration, and he will probably tell you that it comes from curiosity. This seems to have been his biggest reason for coming East, and leaving the good old state of Oklahoma. Since then his personality has earned him a place among us, and we are proud to call him one of our best.

Though he professes to be a hard worker his ability to sock academics allows him to take it easy and get in great shape for leave. These are the happiest occasions of his life as he is one of the first to shove off and the last to come aboard.

Strick has a good eye for many things. His records of plastering the bulls-eye during the winter and spring seasons have established him as a Big Shot. In addition he performed capably in the Academy orchestra.

His sunny disposition and never fading smile combined with a strong determination make him the pleasing friend and the real man that he is. Whether friend or enemy (if he has any) you will find in Strick a world of optimism and sound advice. Though somewhat boastful during his less serious moments, he is always willing to step down and take the advice of a person whom he admires. These qualities alone will take him far into the Service.

As for the future we can only see the best. This we wish him with the very best of luck which he justly deserves.

Rifle, Out-door 4, 2, 1. Capt. 1. Rifle, Small Bore 4, 3, 2, 1.
Black "N." Orchestra 4, 3. "N" Club 3, 2, 1.
Cut Exchange 4. Reception Committee 1. G. P. O.

ERVIN RUSSELL JETER

"Russ" "Jew" "In-the-Footbills" "Jet"

CORINTH, MISS.

IF you see a long lanky form, a sandy complexion, snapping blue eyes, and curly brown hair ambling to a sunny spot in the yard you can say "Howdy Russ," feeling sure that it is Ervin Russell Jeter to whom you are speaking.

His industriousness, good temper, never-failing good humor, and consideration make him an ideal roommate, and have won for him a host of friends in the Regiment and out of it. If you want to borrow money, find a man to drag blind for you, or want a few words of good advice, go see Jew and you are sure of all the help that he can offer.

Russ is an ardent supporter of athletics and never fails to back a Navy team for all he is worth. Ask him the records for any sport and you'll be overwhelmed by the flood of information that he can put out. Indoors, he has leanings toward bridge; while a bull session isn't complete without him.

His happy-go-lucky nature supports him whenever the two-point-fives are hard to get, and his ability combined with his energy and hard work render these periods few and far between. Just the same, when they do occur he doesn't gripe at having to get up before reveille in order to bone.

Russ has made a splendid Midshipman and we feel sure that his good qualities will carry him over the many obstacles that life will present to him.

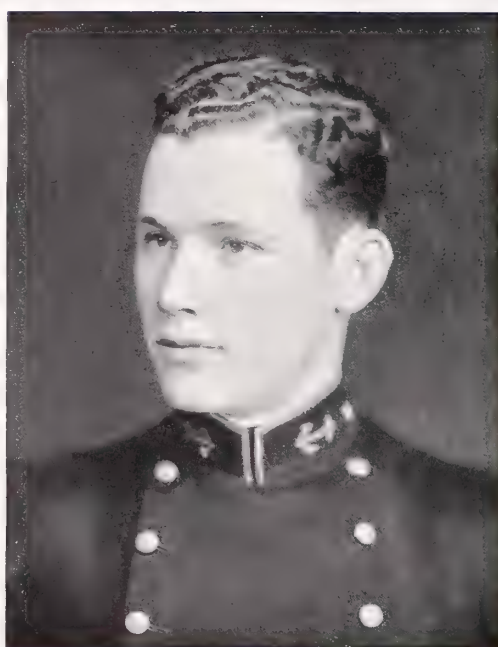
Black N*****.

2 P. O.

Sub Squad 4, 3, 2.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



PAUL LAMAR JOACHIM

"Joach" "Paul"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE last day of June '30, Paul decided to shift his abode from the Capitol of the Nation to the cradle of the Navy. Immediately there was noticed a lull in the beatings of fair hearts in Washington and decided acceleration in those of Annapolis and vicinity.

There is probably a no more conscientious worker in the class, and even the unfortunate "Palloon Attenshun," as a two striper Second Class Summer did not dim his ardor to join the charmed circle of Midshipmen officers—to be a leader among those striving to be leaders. And any failure to reach the goal he sets for himself will never be due to indolence or lack of effort.

An inherent skill with the brush has brought Paul's name before the Regiment repeatedly in *Logs*, *Lucky Bags*, and *Tridents*. The reason that he does not have a pretty cover on the *Log* every week is that he has so many class positions to fulfill. We of his class are indebted to him for guiding the destinies of our class Ring, our Art Department in the *Lucky Bag*, and our Christmas Card—not to mention the fact that he has, since Youngster Year been the Fifth Company Representative.

And no matter what branch of the Service wins him—be it the Navy or the Marines—it will gain a man whose only thought will be for the benefit of the organization of which he is a member.

Log Board 1. Christmas Card Committee. Log Staff 4, 3, 2.
Reception Committee. Lucky Bag Staff, Art Editor.
Pep Committee. Ring Committee. Company Representative 3, 2.
Art Club, President. C. P. O.

CHARLES HENRY GERLACH

"Charlie"

MARIETTA, OHIO

IT was on a bright sunny day, the 12th of June, 1930, that Marietta, Ohio yielded up one of her sons to the Navy. After having made his mark at Marietta College, Charlie decided to take a try at the Naval profession.

Charlie likes best to gain knowledge—for knowledge's sake and not for marks—and he has done exceptionally well. Note the stars on his collar! There are many men in the Academy at present who owe their existence here to Charlie's willingness to help out those who are not so savvy. Aside from pure intellectual achievements, he always has time to read a good story and even gets around to "Liberty" when he can muster the necessary nickel.

This cheerful, happy, savvy son of Ohio might have had a brilliant record in track had not a temporary illness caused him to withdraw his services. At that, he can still run any cop in the country a good race.

We won't touch very heavily on the dragging situation. There is a girl back home in Ohio who is known as the O. A. O. That is all that need be said.

If Charlie chooses to remain in the Service, the civilian world will lose a good man, and if he goes out into civilian life, the Navy will be the loser. Someone will lose, but Charlie will make his mark in whatever field he chooses.

Hop Committee 1. Plebe Cross Country. Reception Committee.
Class Cross Country 3. Class Council 1. Expert Rifleman.
Plebe Rifle. Star 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 3, 2. G. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDGAR HADLEY BATCHELLER

"Ed" "Batch"

CORVALLIS, ORE.

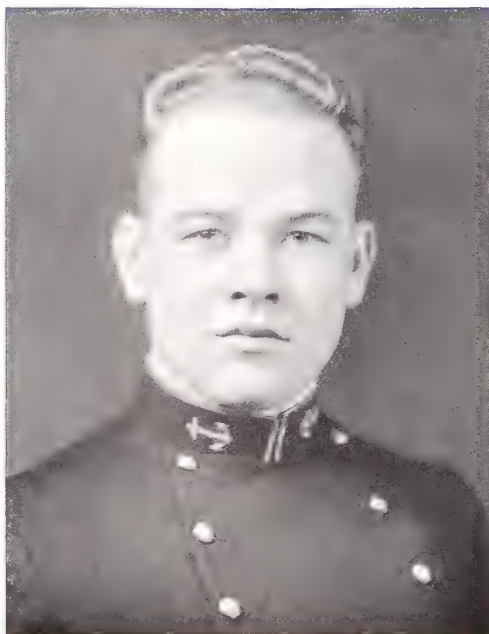
ASIDE from his Bostonian broad "a" accent there is nothing particularly remarkable about Batch unless it be his aversion to "hitting the pap" but on this subject he is rabid. At the mention of the word "demerits" he will pale visible and at its re-utterance will tremble like a leaf. This aversion dates back to Plebe Summer when a protracted series of duty drags with "Miss Springfield" curdled the milk of human kindness in his veins.

His activities at the Academy have been limited largely to those of an athletic and social nature. In the first field he has been more aspiring than skilled, for although he eschews the radiator club his name appears more often among the "also rans" than among the winners. On the other hand, while he just escapes the classification of "snake" his social activities have been wide and varied. Getting off to a flying start his Plebe June Week, he has assiduously haunted the hops and Carvel Hall until his name has become a by-word at both places.

A conscientious rather than brilliant student, he has managed to hold his own with the academic department, and while excessively prone to worry about staying "sat" usually manages to eke out a 3.35 decision.

Above all else he loves the Navy, and wherever he may be called in the line of duty, the Service may rest assured that here is one who will whole-heartedly and unreservedly give his best.

Crew 4. Basketball 4, 3, 2. Reception Committee.
Masqueraders 1. Star 2. Two Stripes.



FRED DORST PFOTENHAUER

"Pfor" "Foty" "Hot Shot"

CRYSTAL CITY, MO.

LOCHINVAR had nothing on Foty. Foty, too, came out of the West, although not on a Missourian steed, and, like Lochinvar, he did things in a distinctive way. Foty, though, had no definite inspiration that we know of unless it lay in the traditional native incredulity.

Not given to taking things too seriously, and being naturally savvy he weathered the storm here peacefully, and contributed much to his classmates' comfort, both academically and socially. He was never too busy writing letters—his chief occupation—to explain to the less fortunate how the probs were worked; his penchant for spinning yarns and telling jokes cost him class standing; but many an hour has passed more pleasantly by virtue of his entertainment. His abilities are as varied as his stories; he usually drags, and since he can keep two jumps ahead of women without their realizing it, he is still at large; the football team lost a good man when he had a knee damaged in his first year of varsity football, but in his last year he served the team yet by keeping Bill pointed the right way.

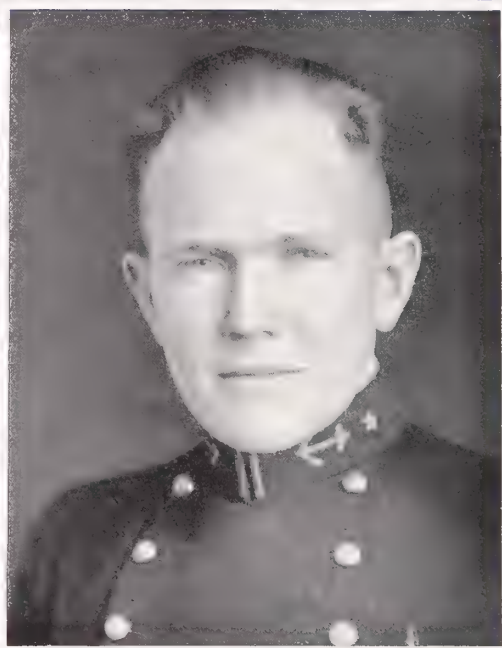
Wherever he goes and whatever he does, his good nature, sociability, and talents will win for him as secure a place as they have won for him here.

"What! only one letter—something's wrong."

Choir. Football. Wrestling. Goat Keeper 1. I N. A. 19.
Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT KING JOHNSTON

"Bob" "Whitey" "Suede" "Johnny"

ABERDEEN, S. D.

THIS blond giant, who has never convinced us that his name is English, left the plains of Dakota after a year of normal school to see what Annapolis was like. He not only liked the place but was not long in showing his worth to it.

"What!" said Whitey, "Only three sport seasons a year? Well, anyway, I can get pretty good in three sports."

You have only to look at the collection of awards on his bathrobe to see how he has done this. He did not limit his activities to battering opponents around the gridiron and drowning them in the natatorium, but later became expert at tiddledy winks. Showing himself to be that rare combination of athlete and scholar, he has always stood in the upper part of his class.

His nationality has always puzzled us—English in name, Scandinavian in appearance, and Scotch by instinct. His best friends, however, have never known Whitey's Scotch thriftiness in personal matters to interfere with his generosity toward any other person.

By nature one of the quietest of men, he has followed the policy of minding strictly his own business, but he can be as boisterous as any. His passion for destruction became evident Second Class Summer. When not breaking light switches or glass doors he was seeing how hard he could hit locker doors. Whitey is a sincere, methodical, straight-forward and well-balanced chap. To know him is a real pleasure, and we wish him all happiness and success.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3, 2, 1.
Star 4, 2. "N" Club. M. P. O.

FRANK ALLEN NUSOM

"General"

ROCKPORT, TEXAS

FRESH from a Lone Star State high school came this blond savoir to continue his career of savviness and helpfulness in the United States Naval Academy. He started his naval career by passing the regular entrance exams and with that as a background he struggled through Plebe Year helping First Classmen with their Dago. Early Plebe Year he acquired the name of General. Rather obviously it came from his last name—General Nuisance. He is certainly in command of every situation which arises.

On Youngster Cruise General acted as interpreter in Spanish speaking sectors, and in Cádiz he was always seen conversing fluently with the towns people.

Throughout our years together General has always been out for a sport. The wrestlers broke his collar bone; the football team ruined his ankle; the baseball team turned him down. Now he is a lightweight crew man and is achieving some success. Through these efforts his determination stands out.

General is also endowed with the courage of his convictions. Contradict him some time and see how fast he offers to bet you a gedunk on it.

Many Midshipmen owe their present status to our General. He has never yet refused to help anyone in need who comes to him for help in their studies. He has pulled many a man sat. All in all he is a friend in need and a friend indeed. He'll succeed. Here's hoping we're shipmates again, Frank!

150 lb. Crew 3, 2, 1. Class Football 2, 1. Star 4, 3, 2.
Reg. C. P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLARENCE JOHN WALTERS

"Pete" "Walt" "C. J."

POCATELLO, IDAHO

I KNOW I'm not good looking, but what's my opinion against thousands of others?" Did you ever hear that pun? If you haven't, you couldn't possibly have known Walt.

He came from the Blackfoot Hills of Idaho in the summer of 1930, a tall, frail, black-headed boy with an ambition to graduate from the Naval Academy. Since then he has changed in many ways. He has gained weight, absorbed all kinds of knowledge, became much more good natured and carefree, and his sense of humor is ever increasing. He is extremely generous, and no favor that one might ask is too big for him to attempt. He might fuss about your asking him to do something but it is only because he doesn't want to appear easy, he would have trouble refusing to do it without it bothering his conscience.

During his career here, Pete has had some trouble with academics, but at such times he went to work with a determination that speaks well for him and won him a safe passage through the forest of too many trees.

Whether he remains in the Navy or whether he enters civilian life, we believe he will make a success, and we wish him the best of everything.

Track Manager 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N" 1.

1 P. O.

REUBEN THORNTON WHITAKER

"Whit"

HELENA, ARK.

WHIT began his military life at the Citadel Military Academy in Charleston, South Carolina. As a result he fell into the routine of the Academy life easily. The academics were the least of his worries and as a wife he was always willing to impart his knowledge and aid to the wooden. There was one thing that he didn't have to impart—his care-free attitude. That was contagious.

A versatile man is our Whit. He is equally at home at the bridge table, tiddly winks table, or radiator. As he hails from the South, his love of ease is inherent and naturally these sports have an added attraction to him. His greatest passion being to push his feet on the table, lean back in his chair, and proceed to snow the boys under. Although he never attached himself to one sport he had possibilities in several, but that required hours of work so he stuck to tiddly winks and soon became one of the champs of the Third Battalion.

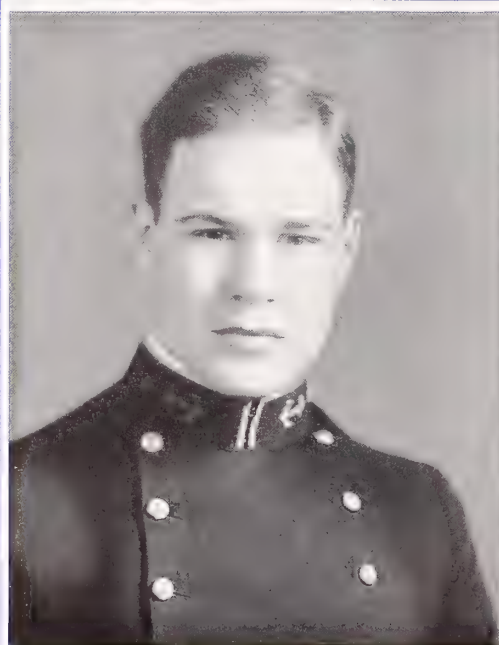
We who have known Whit these four years can say in all earnestness that his is a true friendship. Anything is yours for the asking providing he has it to give—including griping at the Navy and the world in general. "Yes sir, he was an ideal wife—why, he would argue with you on anything and everything, all you had to do was take one side and he would uphold the other," we will be saying years hence when reminiscing.

Co. Rifle Team 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



NEIL EDGAR KINGSLEY

"Butch"

WAVERLY, IA.

THE summer of 1930 found the ranks and annals of savoir Midshipmen about to be swelled with a new-found prodigy. Hailing from the great middle west, our young hero, flushed with the excitement of the moment and the expectation of the future, arrived in Annapolis; vowing to crash through the seemingly impenetrable barriers erected by examining medical officers of Hotel Bancroft. After a terrific struggle against unforeseen odds, Butch, as he later came to be known, attained his end and embarked upon an enviable career.

A star man, Butch has plunged and waded through the terrifying academics with undaunted ease. Comrades not so fortunate as he have found him a haven in the storm, for he never fails to pause awhile, at his own expense, and help them up to their feet.

Big and powerful, Butch has nevertheless kept his athletic prowess in the background, only bringing it to the fore when his services were required in such things as class football and water polo.

Although he is not exactly a Red Mike, Butch has little time for the ladies. Many a tale of broken hearts, due to his impartiality, could be told. Yet, despite such shortcomings, he remains steadfast and true to his set ideals.

At present we can only bid him adieu, hoping the next contact with him will be soon. As a shipmate he will further prove his merit as a real friend and comrade.

*Plebe Crew. Class Football 3, 2, 1. Class Water Polo 2, 1.
Star 4, 3, 2, 1. Quarter-Deck Society. C. P. O.*



WILLIAM ASTRUP SMYTH

"Bill" "Willie" "Smitty"

CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN Bill Smyth graduates, the Plebe who fills his vacancy will in all probability increase Chicago's physical representation 100%. It will take more than bulk, however, to make up for Bill's graduation, because Bill, although a sandblower, shares a large place in the minds of all those who know him.

Plebe Summer Bill began displaying the aggressiveness which has characterized his life here at the Academy. Wrestling and boxing took his time then. In the intervening years boxing has been his specialty, although every Fall he has helped keep the Sixth Company in top place by playing Company soccer.

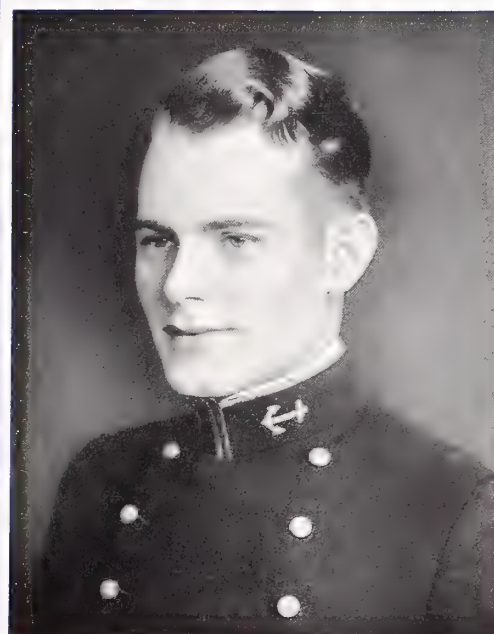
Although not previously a Red Mike, nor subsequently an orthodox snake, Bill underwent a change of heart towards the opposite sex during Second Class Summer. Saturday noons preceding week-end leaves invariably found him applying the odiferous after-shave lotion for which he entertained a weakness, prior to his departure to the home of one of his several favorites. Since then he has been a consistent dragger to Hops and has maintained an average high enough to make his locker door a center of attraction.

In spite of incessant worrying and fretting over exams, Bill's Academic mind has kept him well up in the top half. His biggest asset, however, is the common sense which pervades his actions, and which we, who have been his intimates, know will see him through the successful and happy life which we wish him.

*Boxing 2, 1. Rifle 4, 3. Soccer 4. Quarter-Deck Society.
M. P. O.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOSEPH JARLATHE STALEY, JR.

"Jo-Jo" "Little Feller" "Jig-Jig"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

WHEN our youthful Adonis left Ohio to enter the Academy the girls sighed with lament, the men with relief. The first year here was almost unbearable for our young hero, for it was written that Plebes shall not drag. But soon academics started bothering Jo-Jo and it was night and day for him and his books.

His first, last, and only athletic leanings have merited him praise as one of our most persevering mariners (?) for, after all, a four years' membership on the sub squad is no small accomplishment in itself.

To omit Jo-Jo's name from the ranks of the greatest lovers of all times would be a great oversight. His successes cover the habitable parts of the East coast, Europe, and New Jersey. His flowery descriptions of sieges, lasting days on end and terminating only when starvation threatened the participants, overshadow the most gripping of Foreign Legion stories.

If it is the night before a big exam you can always do well to set aside two hours to listen to one of his true-romance confessions. We oftentimes suspect that such stories are impromptu concoctions, but they are entertaining.

Jo-Jo claims credit for getting one man "five stripes" while he himself went unsat. All in all, though, his virtues can eke out a close victory over his faults.

Here's hoping we find him our shipmate again. It has been a long, hard pull, Jo-Jo—and we find you a "Hail fellow, well met."

Christmas Card Committee. Hop Committee. Sub Squad 4, 3, 2.
1 P. O.

OTTO CARL SCHATZ, JR.

"Otto"

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

OTTO began Plebe Year with a nickname, Sweetheart, which he has outlived, and an ambition which encompasses the three constant topics—academics, athletics, and women. At times inconsistent, his interest in the practical subjects overshadows his distaste for dates and reigns of kings allowing him to gain an envied multiple.

During the first two years Otto tried almost every sport. Second Class Year he settled down to achieve an "N" in soccer, small-bore and outdoor rifle. An injured knee kept him from wrestling.

His success in the gentle art has been remarkable. One glance at his locker door might lead one to believe that Schatzie is a photographer by trade. The conjecture cannot be supported, so we listen to each new tale of conquest. The stories are the same—she came, he saw, she conquered—the little Dutch girl, the physical Ed., La Seniority, and Prom Trotter. He is true to the girl back home, of course, but a bird in the hand?

As a roommate he will bum skags and stamps, and return the favor; tell you stories when you wish to work, and want to study when you have a story; seek your advice and disregard it. Like most helpmates he makes you wish to be rid of him, yet wonder what you will do without him when the fourth year is finished. We will be shipmates again, I hope.

Glory to your colors, feller!

Small Bore Rifle 2, 1.

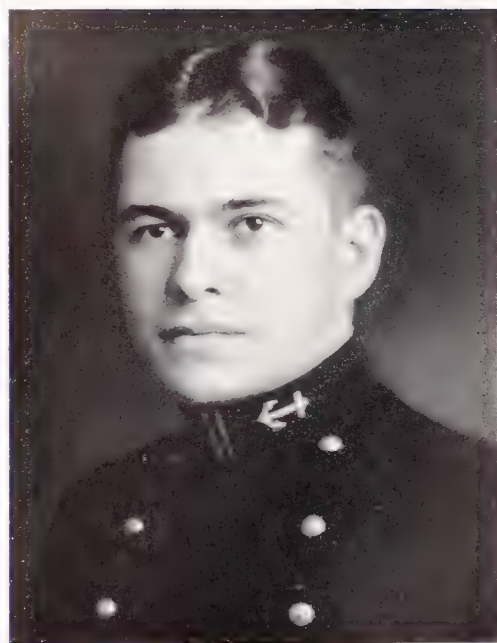
Soccer 2, 1.

Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1.

Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARTHUR ELMER KRAPF

"Krapf" "Art"

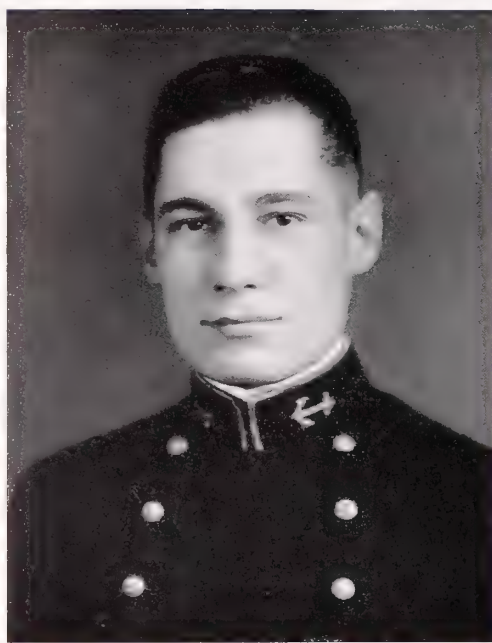
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

JUST an old torpedo-boat man, or shall we say tin can sailor. After first startling the world with his sudden appearance in Pennsylvania, the young sailor shipped to Maryland—Annapolis to be exact, and rapidly became a male crab. He soon allowed the salt air to seep into his soul, and off he went to see the world. After spending two years developing his sea legs on a tin can he decided he would like to be a Midshipman. Our hero successfully crashed the main gate, and shaking the salt and sea dust out of his clothes, settled down to the old grind of trying to remain a Midshipman, with no little success.

As far as academics go, he has enough of the well-known common sense to keep clear of the heaviest fogs, and when it comes to juice—fruit! Anything you want to know, why just come around. He can turn out such convincing and decisive statements and arguments and snow you under so deeply that you want to yell for help. And, naturally, he's a big radio club man who can hang lots of wires and tubes together and make music come out of them.

Although a hell-cat it can be said for him that he is a drummer and not a bugler. If his name appears on trees once in a while, it matters not, for he has a big "four-O" heart. May he ever walk arm in arm with Happiness and Success.

Orchestra. Drum and Bugle Corps. NA Ten.
Company Rifle. Radio Club. One Stripe.



ALBERT LOUIS GEBELIN

"Al" "Geb" "Gerbubilin"

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

THE roaming spirit comes natural to our friend "Geb" having lived in eleven different states and Porto Rico before he decided to continue his adventures on the briny deep. He entered the Service of Uncle Sam as an Apprentice Seaman, but his high ideals and ambitions soon proved that you can't keep a good man down and we next see him as a humble plebe.

His lust for the wide open spaces and manly virtues led him to the gridiron, the boxing ring and the track. Despite the fact that his features generally resembled the old cigar store Indian, due to dabs of mercurochrome, he has been able to achieve success in all his athletic activities.

Geb's success does not stop with the athletic field as may be shown by the product of his pen reproduced in *The Log*. Friday night finds him hard at work over a sketch, it may be of a beautiful girl or a forlorn, droopy-eared dog. One is as life like as the other.

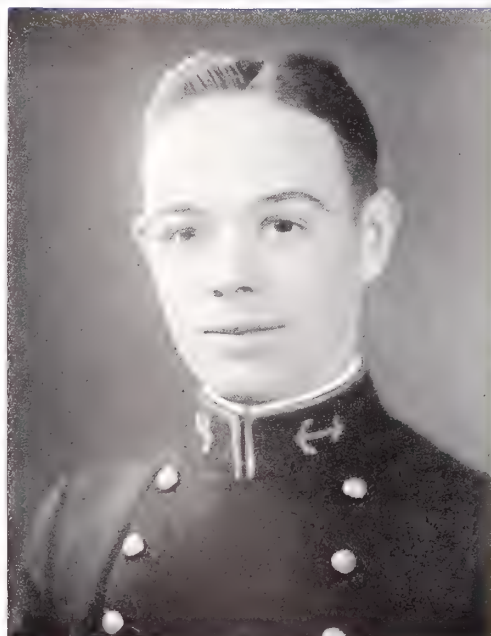
A curly head untouched by feminine hands and a sunny disposition places "Al" as a desirable companion and a true worthy friend among both sexes.

Ever since he won a prize from the hands of Lindbergh for a model Aeroplane his ambitions have soared skyward. Truly we foresee many promises in the future and whether his career takes him into the sky, over land or sea we know that his associates will profit for having known him.

Football. Boxing. Track. Art Club. Log Staff. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



COLIN JACK MACKENZIE

"Mac" "Jack" "Scotty" "Makoochie" "Napoleon"
CASPER, WYO.

HAVE you ever seen a heavy tug start to move from rest, first slowly and with effort and then gather headway and move powerfully along its course? Mac is much like a tug. His start has been rather slow and for a time it looked like he would finish his Academy course the end of Plebe Year but he is now getting up speed and he is on his way to a fast finish.

He is known from Cheyenne to Cody and from Jackson to Sheridan as one of the best Dude Ranch hands in the state of Wyoming. The diamond hitch he throws is the envy of old packers and the bronc hasn't been born that he couldn't break. Give Makoochie a little time and he will break any subject the Academy can produce.

Jack abhors the radiator club and can always be found delving into the science of publishing, playing soccer, running on the track or playing tennis. His love affairs have been as varied as his activities but the senioritas are now in the lead. June Week will undoubtedly be the culmination of the latest romance but we all know that there are as many more to come.

Mac has one claim to fame. Whenever we have a hard drill in juice or steam Mac's feet always go bad and he is found on the Gold Brick squad. Oh, yes, I do know that he did have a blister on his left foot once but how that blister did linger!

Good luck, Mac.

Editor Reef Points. Company Representative 4, 1. "N" Club 1.
Cross Country 1. Track 2, 1. Small Bore 4, 3. Radio Club 4, 3.
Reception Committee 3, 1. Reef Points 2, 1. "N."
1 P. O.

JOHN WESLEY SAPP, JR.

"Sock-eye" "Cicero" "Angel-Child"
THERMOPOLIS, WYO.

POWDER River! A mile wide and an inch deep and God only knows where she flows." This, folks, is what John calls home; or, to be more specific, Thermopolis, Wyoming, home of the world's largest hot springs. Flows eighteen million six hundred thousand gallons of hot water every twenty-four hours at a temperature of one hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Those who remember what a hard time John had Plebe Summer getting used to regulation shoes after wearing high-heeled cowboy boots all his life, which probably accounts in part for his ability to play feminine roles in the Masqueraders' performances, will not question that John is a true and proud son of Old Wyoming. After getting a taste of college life for a year, he embarked on his Naval career.

John is one of those lucky individuals who is a natural born mixer. He has a personality that makes him stand out in any assemblage and an ability to adapt himself to any group in such a manner that it is more interesting because of his presence. The one thing that John likes best is a good bull session and many a famous piece of scuttlebutt has had its origin in these sessions. However, his greatest asset is that he gives his best to anything he enters into. These characteristics are going to carry him a long way towards fitting into his place in the Fleet and making it a mite better organization because of his presence.

Masqueraders 4, 3, 2, 1. Coxswain 150 lb. Crew 2.
Pres. Masqueraders. Business Mgr. Reef Points 1.
Musical Club Shows 1. Lucky Bag Staff 1.
Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES DOUGLAS LEWIS

"Charlie" "Lonie"

STREET, MISS.

IT was a bright sunny day 'way down in Mississippi when Charlie left the old plantation and made his way to Annapolis. That must have been a day of lament and deep sighs among the members of the fairer sex, for was not the perfect lover leaving them for new fields? Whether or not he found them we will leave unsaid, for it would be impossible for us to give an account of his varied achievements during his four years with us.

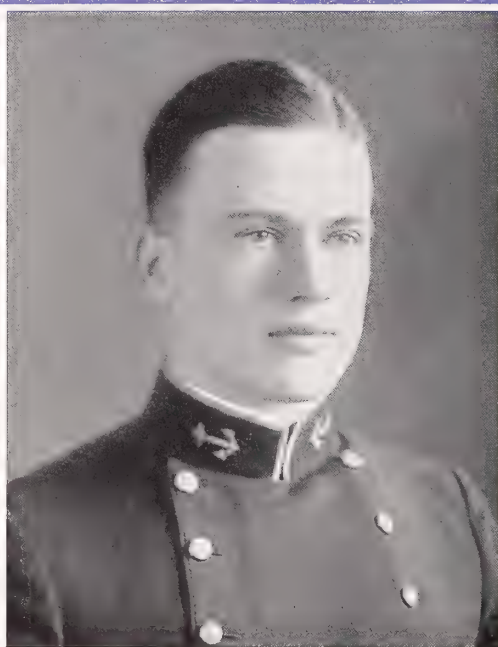
Though perhaps not classed among the savours, those of us who know him well realize that he is not lacking in ability, and had not a magazine or a tennis game often been more appealing than Juice or Thermo, he would have been among the first.

However much he loved other diversions, still, when duty or an exam called, he showed a diligence and perseverance surprising in one who hails from the lazy South.

As a friend and classmate, we could ask for no better, and it is with many regrets that we part. Ever ready and willing to serve his friends, kind and just in his criticism, helpful in his advice, faithful to his comrades, he has proved his worth. His are the qualities which we all desire, and they must always shine through. In life, they must surely bring many returns.

We shall part with the happiest of memories, Charlie. We believe in you and know that our expectations will be justified. Remember us as you go upward and onward.

2 P. O.



STUART STEPHENS

"Stew" "Champ"

NEWPORT, ARK.

MR. SPEAKER! Mr. Speaker!" this young man must have shouted as he wandered into the Rotunda way back there so long ago, fresh from the hills of Arkansas. However, he was "out of order," for soon he became a plebe, much to the gain of '34 and to the loss of the old home town.

Either they didn't teach him much back there, or Stew refused to listen, for Plebe Year he found himself tossed about on stormy waters. Arriving a little dazed from Plebe Year and the cruise, he once again started the struggle, and but for his dauntless courage and tireless energy no doubt we would have lost him. However, virtue is ever rewarded, and he won through. Then he found easy sailing, so much so in fact, that much of his time has been devoted to other fields, one we might mention—Carvel Hall.

As for his habits and character, we could hardly attempt to give those of a life so full. "Broadened" by travel, cultured by study, a lover of music and literature, and above all an officer and gentleman, some day he must return home to gladden the hearts of those who have waited.

We cannot think of him going entirely out of our lives, but know that some day we will meet him again. Perhaps he will come sailing down from the clouds or maybe over the seas in a battleship, but we know that if he is needed he will be there. Till we do meet, Stew, buen viaje.

Class Swimming Squad. Water Polo. Plebe Swimming.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT LEE TOWNSEND

"Bob" "Tex"

HARLINGEN, TEXAS

FROM the wide domains of the Lone Star State to the restraining life of Bancroft Hall came our "Chivalrous Bob" with those long eyelashes that have caused many a maiden's heart to flutter. However, with few exceptions, he has been quite impervious to their charms; seemingly unaware of their admiring glances, and unaffected by their praise.

Academics are easy for him and he is always ready and glad to help anyone having trouble with Dago or Nav. He's easy going and steady and can always be depended upon in a pinch. His counsel is always sought and esteemed and those who follow it never regret.

He is good at baseball and wrestling, but really shows his class on the football field or on the Severn, where he can be found any afternoon stroking his crew to a fighting start and a victorious finish.

The four years at the Academy have made Bob many and staunch friends. The same qualities that made them and gave him success in academics and athletics will prove a valuable asset to him. Bob will go far and make the trip with ease. His good nature and good looks will make lasting friends of all with whom he comes in contact. We can see nothing except the brightest of futures for you Bob, and we hope that we may very often have that great pleasure of being your companion.

Reef Points. Company Representative. 150 lb. Crew.
Class Football. Plebe Wrestling and Baseball. Two Stripes.

CHARLES ROLLINS WARE

"Charlie" "Rollo" "Chuck"

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

HE has dragged from fourteen states, two territories, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain. All in all quite a favorite with the ladies. You know some are born with it, others acquire it—reference is suggested to Baltimore. Enough about the femmes.

Classical music and in fact most any kind appeals to him, although he was one of two men who went their entire Second Class Year without a Vic. Brain power, quoting Charlie, is something to be acquired after long years of arduous struggle. During our sojourn here he has come up from behind more than once.

His early days were spent in sunny Tennessee. Receiving the cosmic urge, or whatever one cares to call it, for higher education he entrenched himself in our stronghold here on the Severn.

In dabbling in various fields of endeavor this character has no peer—all the way from firing a rifle to tumbling. Possessing a seemingly natural bent for cheer leading and being an ardent sport enthusiast our All-American cheering section was greatly benefited by his presence in the cheer leader's boots.

Charlie is an interesting fellow to talk to and quite an asset to any gathering. A good smile coupled with the knack of getting along with people will serve him well in the future. After visiting about half the globe he says it's a jolly old world after all. We feel that his time here was well spent. On parting we say with all sincerity "adios" . . . until we meet again.

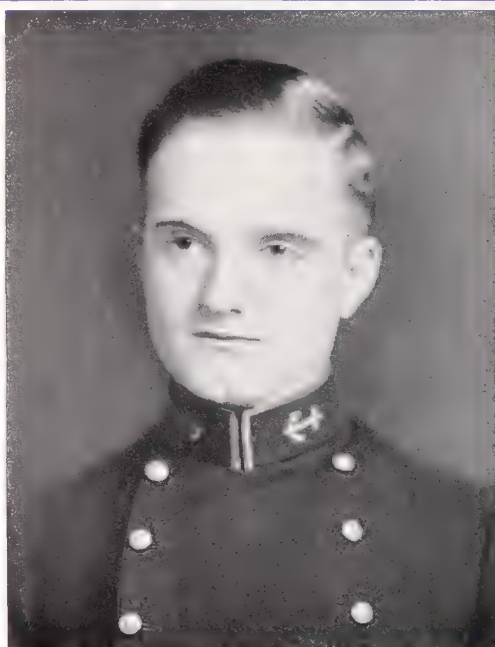
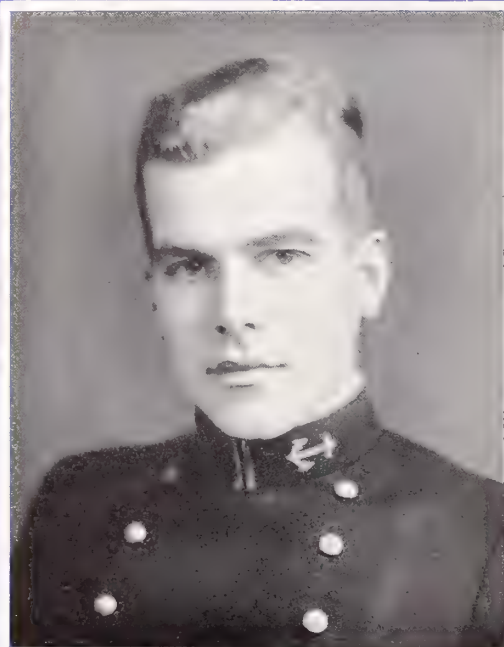
Cheer-leader.

Rifle Team 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GLEN WARREN LEYDE

"Bud"

ONAMIA, MINN.

FROM the North Woods of Minnesota came this husky, good looking youth with a look of health and the outdoors on his face and a winning smile that captivated all with whom he came in contact.

His early life was spent mostly in the open, trapping and hunting, but he decided to forsake all of this and hunt for bigger game—an education and a Naval career.

There are few of us who have not at times come into contact with his likeable, happy-go-lucky personality and fewer of us who have ever out-matched his clever wit and repartee. Those who know him are proud of his friendship and delight in his companionship. Always sympathetic where sympathy is needed, his sparkling humor forces one to see a silver lining in every cloud.

Possessing a natural athletic ability in whatever sport he lends his endeavors, Bud is too easy going to take his athletics seriously, although he was a track man of some promise before he decided that cinder path would require too much of his time.

He learned early Plebe Year that academics were doomed to occupy second place after his good times, and has continued his policy throughout the four years. Nevertheless, his keen, analytical mind has served him in such stead that he has experienced very few of the difficulties encountered by most of us.

We leave Bud with a feeling of happy memories and regrets, hoping that it is not good-bye but only—Au Revoir.

Rifle 3. Football 3. Track 3, 2, 1. Baseball 3.
Basketball 3. 2 P. O.

WARD JOSEPH PETERSON

"Pete"

ST. PAUL, MINN.

GOT a skag? How about 'two bits' until 'payday?' Yes, it's Pete making his daily rounds. However, we are glad to exchange a skag or two for his well developed line. This athletic lad hails from God's country where men are men and the women are glad when their Pete comes home. His good looks and pleasing personality rival his natural athletic ability, and who can tell which has led him to the highest reward. Those who know him will remember him for his good humor and sparkling wit. A master of the gentle art of repartee, always laughing, Ward kindles a spirit of companionship in the hearts of all who know him.

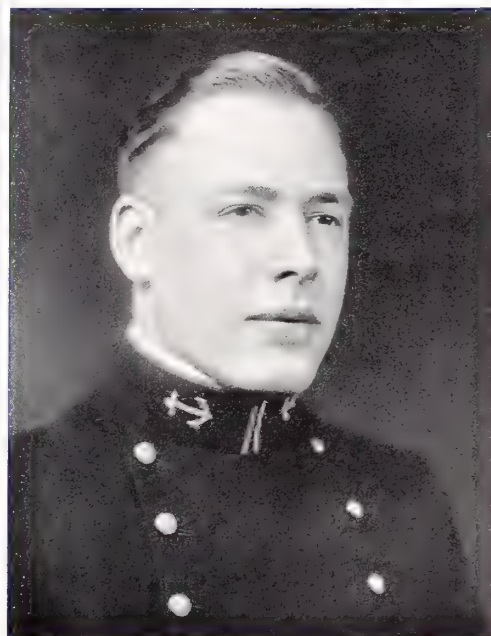
Academics are a minor problem to Pete. How he gets such good marks on so little study will forever remain a mystery to many of us. Perhaps that particular strain of genius that was responsible for his setting a "four month leave" record is the answer.

Pete is a man who deserves the best in life and we know that with his perseverance he will soon add Dame Fortune to his list of numerous conquests.

Plebe Boxing. Plebe Football. Plebe Baseball.
Plebe Tennis. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARTHUR REBERG MANNING

"Art"

OGDEN, UTAH

STATON RAY OURS

"Nuestro" "Ray" "Rallo"

MOOREFIELD, W. VA.

YES, Sir! Streets as wide as parade grounds; marble buildings; and trees on the main drag. The most beautiful women in the United States, and mountains—man, we've mountains that make ant hills out of anything this side of the Mississippi.

Whoa!

That's Art, the Mormon from Ogden, doing his bit for the local rotary club. He's a fine chap, Art, in spite of his homing tendencies. We all intend to visit his Utopia some day and see what it is really like.

Art is a whiz with a rifle—we imagine he picked up his talent in the woolly West. He's quite a bear on the mat, and thereon has done much in intramural matches to make '34 proud of him.

He likes to sail, read good books, and receive letters. Not that he isn't a mean hand at writing them too! The Mormon in him permits him to keep many irons in the fire without ever getting burned.

Not a savoir but industriously close to it. He never had need to greatly fear the threat of 2.5. We hope his class number grows small enough to allow him a commission if he wishes it. Should he choose school teaching out West or politics in scrupulous Utah, the Navy will miss him.

He is well liked, with numerous friends from the sand blowers, where he holds forth, to the first platoon. We hope that every time '34 may get together we can see his cheerful countenance in evidence.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

RAY was first discovered, after casting his lot with the Navy, buried in a mass of newly acquired property. Since that day he has been slowly gaining momentum not only academically, but in the esteem of his many friends.

He is a native son of West Virginia and is proud of his state, a Republican at heart, and has a mania for tramping through the woods with an old shot gun over his shoulders. Like all mountaineers he tells a good story and some of those which he tells of the feuds staged in those parts are really hair raising. Realizing that some day he might return to seek his fortune in the old home town, he has made himself so proficient with the rifle and pistol that he ranks with the best produced by the Navy.

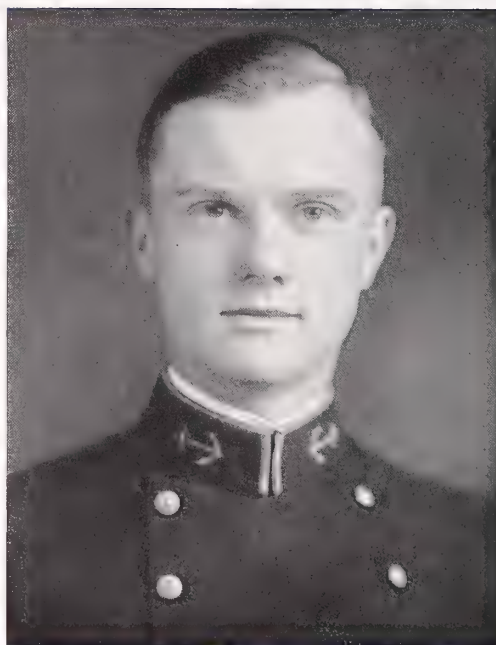
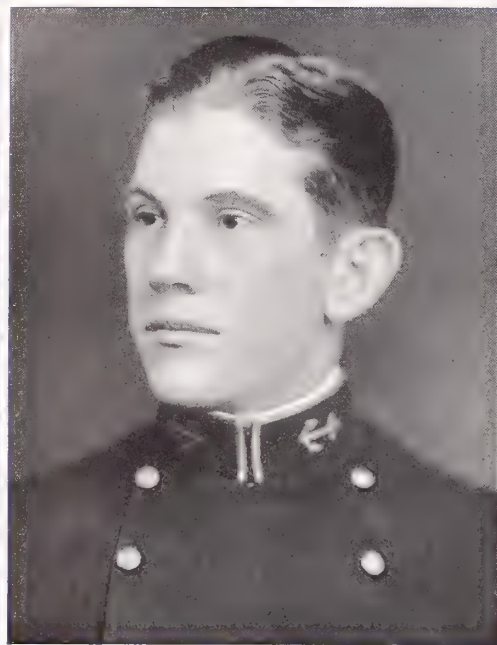
As a roommate there are none better. He is characterized by his good common sense, industry, unselfishness, and his ability to have money when everyone else is broke. His quiet unassuming manner and lack of affectation explains the fact that one's admiration and friendship for him grows with the passing years.

The traits which have made him such a good roommate and friend will surely carry him to success whether it be in the Service or civilian life.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM INMAN MARTIN

"Bill" "W. I." "Marty"

Ava, Mo.

A MAN from the Ozarks. And a gentleman, too, of whom the people in that most picturesque part of Missouri may justly be proud.

Bill had never known a great deal about the Navy, before becoming an integral part of it back in the summer of 1930. But it didn't seem to take long for him to acquire the real spirit of the organization. "Good old Navy" he would say if he was on the pap two mornings straight during the early days of Plebe Summer.

The Academic Department hasn't always been Bill's best friend, but with an unusual degree of perseverance he has well held his own against Math, Steam, and Dago. A little thing like heavy odds didn't seem to bother him much.

Bill's continual state of good nature and light heartedness are a pleasure to any one with whom he associates. His spirit has even refused to be dampened by Annapolis's rainy week-ends, when the uniform for liberty is rain clothes and overshoes.

Water sports have been his chief field of athletic activities. The winter months have always found him hard at work with either swimming or water polo. His interest in athletics extends to all fields, and any Navy team has in him a loyal supporter—even to the point of risking the wager of a bathrobe.

Bill's ability to make friends of everyone, his sincerity, and his optimistic enthusiasm in everything he does will undoubtedly bring him the success we wish him to have in all his endeavors.

Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Choir 4, 3, 2. Swimming 1. "N." Two Stripes.

CEDRIC WARREN STIRLING

"Pap" "Smut"

PASADENA, CAL.

WARREN is extremely versatile and not easily characterized in a small space. Hard work, perseverance, and fight are his outstanding characteristics, proved by his accomplishments in both academics and athletics. This man's great energy is not wasted. He played on the championship team which brought Navy its first gold soccer ball. He has a lust for knowledge and culture; he reads good books; he knows and loves good music; he is observant and subscribes to a good paper in order to keep himself well informed—and he is. You will find no difficulty in conversing with him on any subject.

Not a fault but certainly a trait which prompts a good deal of hazing by his roommates is the thought he gives a matter before he makes his decision. He gives even the most minor of matters minute consideration. Once he gives his thought-out opinion, don't argue with him—he's right. Don't let me lead you to believe that he is a slow thinker. On the contrary he is very quick and shrewd when the occasion calls for it. Give him ten minutes and he'll have Gandhis' shirt; what's more Mahatma will be satisfied. He has that gyroscopic steadiness which gives him complete control of himself and the situation.

After four years beside this man, I can vouch for him wherever he is placed. He's a gentleman, a scholar, a shipmate; in short he's a man's man with universal adaptations.

Soccer 2, 1.

Star 4.

C. P. O.

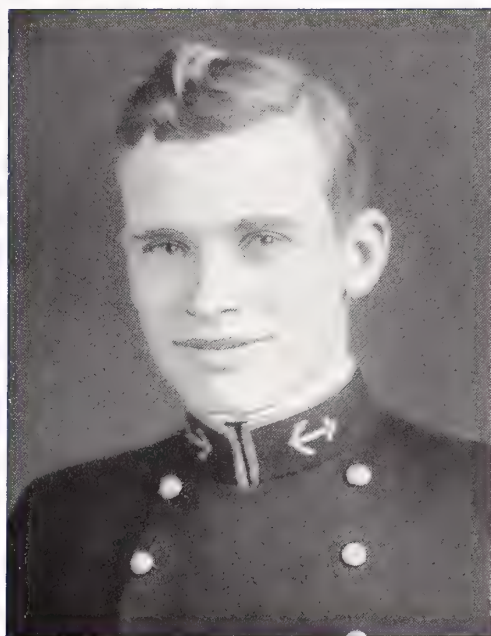
Baseball Manager 4, 3.

"N" Club.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN BENJAMIN MORLAND

"Eddie" "Joe" "Jasper" "Jay Bee" "Ben" "Johnny"
HAVEN, KAN.

WAY back in the summer of '30 Eddie came to us from the wheat fields of Kansas with his curly hair and broad grin. He actually grinned his way through Plebe Year with the minimum of the Old Navy Gripe. Came the cruise and Eddie's first encounter with his boon companion—the sea. Then came Youngster Year with its much dreaded calculus. He actually lived on probs all year. In fact he'd rather work a prob than sleep. During Second Class Summer Eddie's platoon, the well-known and much talked of second of the Third Company, did its best to freeze that grin with its strange antics but it was a hopeless task because the grin had come to be a fixture. It was that grin alone that carried him successfully over to the quiet waters of First Class Year.

In the academics Eddie was no slouch. He was outstanding in Math and Juice. Standing well up in the upper half of his class, he was content to drift along and was always willing to help some less fortunate classmate with some sticker in math or juice. Eddie's secret passion is soccer. Any fall afternoon he could be seen barking his shins attempting to kick the ball out of a scrimmage and pushing some poor soccerite's face in the damp turf.

To us it will always be Eddie with the grin, Eddie with his barked shin or Eddie and his juice. God's speed to you, Eddie.

Juice Gang 3, 2, 1. Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 1. 1 P. O.

HARRY LEROY THOMPSON, JR.

"Tramp" "Harry" "Tommy" "Fatso"
AT LARGE

NAVY Junior who was destined from birth to enter the Service, Harry takes things easy and apparently doesn't expend much energy, but when the marks come up he has as good or better ones than his wives who expend much time (most of it useless) in trying for the upper strata. This probably explains why he is one of the few men who hasn't gone crazy since he entered the Academy.

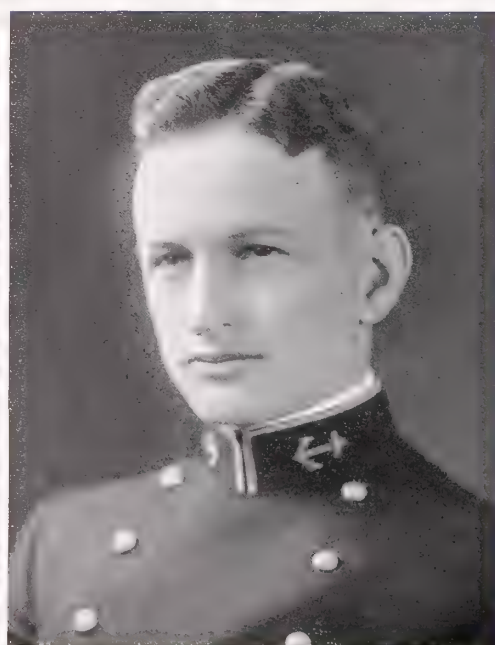
Harry, of course, has had to learn his lessons along with the rest of us much to our enjoyment and to his chagrin. Plebe Year to Tommy was just one big lark. Youngster Cruise found him the pride and joy of the Wyoming. His specialty was bright-works—my, the time and patience he took with it. Youngster Year found him with two additional roommates and he has since been the sole defendant of the room's peace, and happiness. His affairs of the heart have been very few and far between and this fact in view of his three love-sick wives is a matter to be specially commended.

Harry is friendly and quiet. He also has the great accomplishment of saying anything, anytime, anywhere in such a manner as to be amusing to all hands without ever inciting anger in any. He is probably the greatest statesman of us all. Harry is a fine classmate and bodes well to be the best of shipmates.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EARLE KENNETH McLAREN

"Mac" "Ken"

DIXON, ILL.

MAC started life in the far West but he was destined to be a true son of the sea. At an early age he began to wonder and wander. His family stopped at Dixon but he came on east to the embryo admirals' hangout. He decided that riding the ocean waves would be lots of fun and that the Navy was the ideal place for him. A girl in every port? Well, no. But his inland apprenticeship shows that he has possibilities.

In the fall and winter you will find him boning a Cosmo or Liberty in his spare time or even indulging in an occasional session with the Radiator Club, but when the sap begins to rise and the trees turn green you will find him up around the two mile mark all set for a racing start. Where is he going? Down to the finish line. Everything is put behind as he struggles to make the first boat lightweights. In spite of the fact that he develops a strong back his mind never seems to weaken and since Plebe Year he has been slowly rising to the upper half of the class. He makes an ideal roommate. At anytime he is willing to help a friend if to do nothing more than gripe about the last order the Executive Department put out. He is always cheerful and ready to argue on any subject, whether it pertains to anything or not. His consistent good work should carry him a long way.

150 lb. Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Football 3. Soccer 4.
2 P. O.

TERRY LYNN WATKINS

"Terry" "Wat"

TERRELL WELLS, TEXAS

POSSIBLY it was the sight of the muddy waters of the Rio Grande and maybe it was just a good old wanderlust that made Terry forsake the sand hills around San Antonio for the salt spray and sea breezes. Nobody really knows. But he came here from somewhere inside one of Uncle Sam's battle-wagons and claimed from the very first that he knew what it was all about. This statement he still stands by, and we can add that he does get the news enough to be classed as one of the sixty percent. His quiet nature and good looks have caused havoc in many a maiden's heart. If he hasn't a girl in every port it is because he hasn't been in every one—although his efforts are commendable. Always ready to sit in on a good bull session, he invariably adds something of interest to the general conversation.

A real member of the Spanish Athletic Association, in the fall and winter his dormant ambitions burst into flame with the buds and green leaves and he leisurely strolls with his javelin out to Thompson Field.

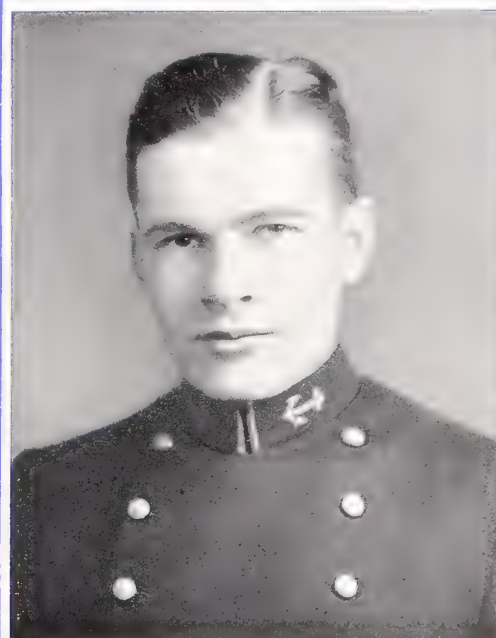
Near the middle of Youngster Year, Terry decided that to spend another Christmas Leave in Bancroft Hall wasn't to his liking, and from that time hence the academics have caused him little worry.

For four years we have laughed and griped and worked with him, and at the end we draw the conclusion that they don't have better wives anywhere in the U. S. He will go far in whatever he decides to do.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Class Boxing 4. Card Stunts 4, 3, 2.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD EUGENE NICHOLS

"Nick" "Hysterests" "Dick"

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

WELL, I guess we sure took those guys over again." "In what?" "Tiddley Winks—this makes the third Sunday straight we've beat them mugs from the zero deck—are we good? Heh! Heh!"

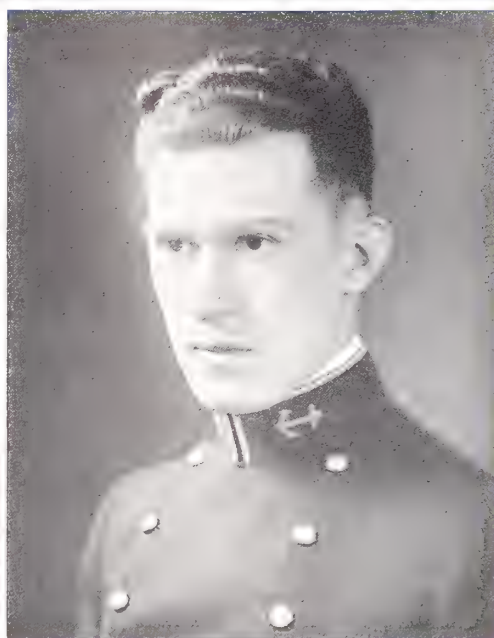
This is just a bit of the usual Sunday morning talk that comes from him as he busts into the room to inform us of his new conquests in his favorite indoor sport. He is also a big cinder and dirt man on the track team—working hard every evening on the ol' field, then coming in and spreading all the latest dirt.

Few things bother him. Academics—no—he just seems to get that stuff by his natural ability. He got excited once in four years that was when an airplane knocked the chapel dome off—and Nick lost his place in the Liberty he was reading. Says he "Aw nerts—and the villain was about to kiss the fair damsel."

Even love cannot make him respond to its gentle lull. Girls are taken for granted—not slighted to be sure—on the contrary he is as attentive as is necessary. We always know when love has smitten him because he is always certain to say "Hey! Any cake or food in the mail today?"

Nick's loyalty is to the sea and the flag—first and last. The loyalty, comradeship and ability that has marked his four years with us will go with him to the Fleet and with it our hearty wishes for a successful cruise.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Swimming 4. Class Football 4, 3. Boxing 4. Lucky Bag Staff. Pep Committee 2. 2 P. O.



JOHN EDMUND WEBER

"Jack" "Von" "Baron"

SEATTLE, WASH.

DID I ever tell you about the time I put out a forest fire, single handed, out in the state of Washington? You see I was head man of the ranger station and—" Many unsuspecting victims have listened to innocent beginnings such as this by the Baron and at the end of two hours have been reduced to feeble, wild-eyed, and gibbering shadows of their former selves. In spite of the lad's lethal narratives, however, he has gained a host of friends during his career at the Naval Academy. What's a few exaggerations between friends, says our hero.

Like all ambitious young men, Jack had a craving to do something big. Washing elephants didn't appeal to him so he found an outlet to this desire in managing of the Academy big shots. Winter and spring found him frantically adding score cards wrong for the rifle team. The remainder of his spare time is taken up by balancing budgets in a somewhat futile attempt to outsmart the Midshipmen's store and Exec Department, Incorporated and in stoutly resisting the attempts of his roommate to get him to baptize his pedal extremities.

The end of Second Class Leave, however, found him a changed man and we think we know the cause—the gal back home. Our hero yearns to sport a gold bar on each shoulder in that thar Marine Corps and we hope he gets them. During his four years here we have found him a real shipmate and wherever he goes he will carry our wishes for good luck and a happy future.

Manager Small Bore 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." Swimming Team 4. Manager Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." Company Crew Plebe Summer. Class Football 3. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CARL WHITE MIDDLETON, JR.

"Carl" "Mid"

POMONA, CAL.

HERE my good man, let me show you how we do that out in California." Carl, an enthusiastic native son, would at one time have volunteered to sell you anything from Aimee Semple MacPherson's tabernacle to a suburb lot in Pomona, but we who are in the know, deeply suspect that of late he is more interested in selling stock to a certain cute little trick in Washington. They say she is investing heavily, too—tsk.

Inherently pleasant, plenty savvy, but not disgustingly so, always more than willing to help anyone out of any difficulty, and a man that can perform miracles with a hammer and a screw driver. All of these and more are the qualities which have made him a wonderful wife and pal, and which in years to come will make the upper fifty percent an admirable shipmate.

Carl has never been an outstanding athlete in any one sport, but is adept in all sports. His broken leg in the class football game Youngster Year, helping '34 win the Harvard Shield, curbed his further athletic activities.

We have lived with you for four years wife, and if the future can be predicted from the past, don't forget when you are Admiral Middleton that "we told you so!"

Basketball 4.

1 P. O.

DONALD ELLSWORTH PUGH

"Don"

PUEBLO, COL.

IF you want to know something of Colorado here is the man that will tell you. Don comes from that part of the west where the Rockies are tallest and the canyons deepest and where it used to be said that men were men and—; well, we are given the impression that that condition still exists. Perhaps Pueblo's steel mills have taken the place of the range and the six-shooter.

Somehow we fail to believe the story that his intimates were overjoyed to see him off for the Academy, even to the point of offering salaams as the train disappeared down the track. We have found a real friend and roommate in Don. He is ultra-democratic, incessantly amiable and never lacking in that quality of humor which is pre-requisite to a good "mixer." His cigarette bill gives proof of a wide circle of friends about the Hall.

Although Don did not excel in any form of athletics he served the Academy as one of four cheer-leaders who kept the Regiment instilled with the traditional "Navy Fight." A natural leadership backed with perseverance and enthusiasm helps him to make a success of his undertakings. In short, Don has the makings of a fine officer, and will be a credit to the service.

Class Tennis 4, 3, 2.

Pep Committee.

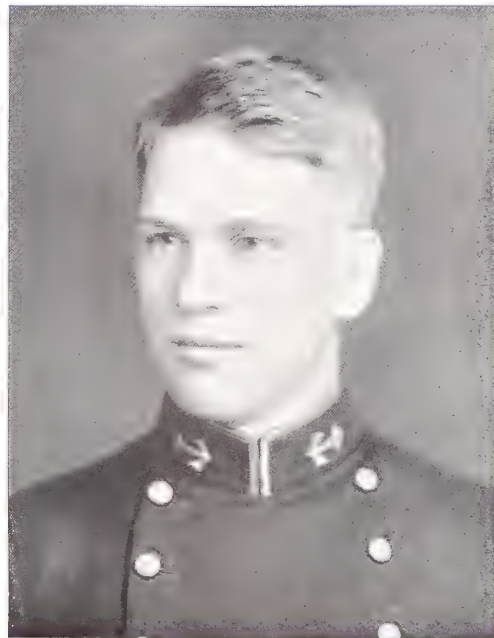
Company Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1.

Cheer-leader.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



BURTON MCKEEN ROBBINS

"Robbie"

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

BORN in Tennessee, comes from Florida, entered Academy from California via Navy, goes to Ohio on leave. Why have only one state to be from?

Likes puzzles, music, tinkering. Hates arguments, sometimes. "Also ran" on gym team, but got a lot of fun out of it anyway. Would rather not have his picture taken, and doesn't want to be remembered except by his best friends, whom he hopes are many.

Gymnasium.

Radio Club.

2 P. O.

EARL SOLENBERGER

"Gus" "Sols" "Olaf"

DOUGLAS, N. D.

WHILE the rest of the new '34 were getting the first taste of drills, formations and paps, Gus was still idling in Panama. But, since he cruised up here and entered as one of the last members of the class, he has made himself felt as one of the first friends of everyone.

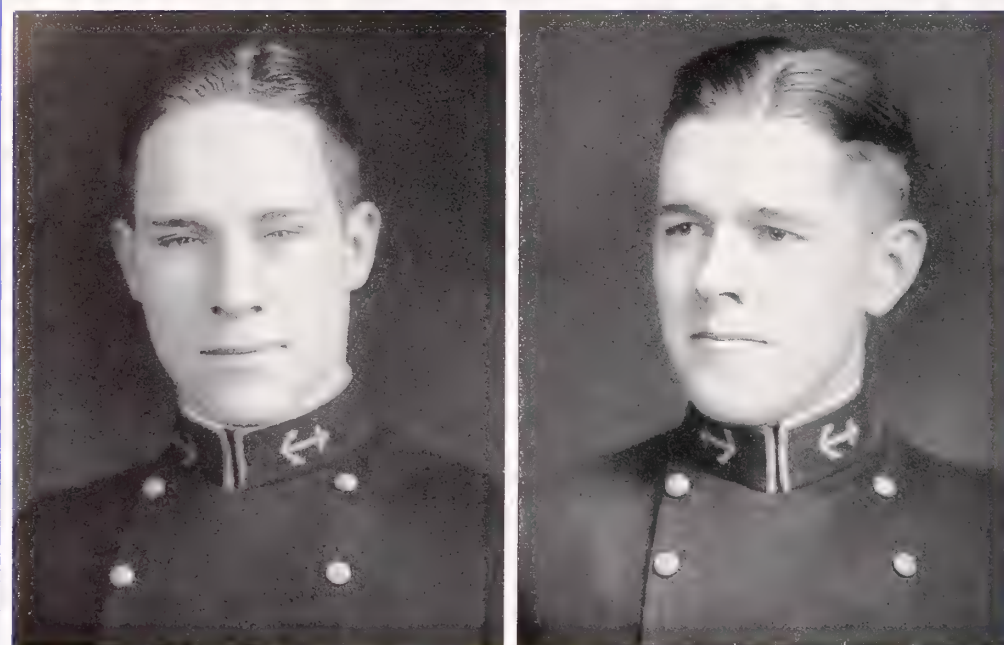
We have lived with him and liked him, and, in the end, nothing else matters quite as much as that. Close associations with him never wear thin. He is one who is willing to give more than he receives and does it cheerfully whether in studies or athletics.

Gus started out to study which was no novel thing for him but, with his twenty minutes against our hours, he manages to stand where we all want to and that with helping us to get over all the rough spots. And, on the soccer field or wrestling mat, you can see him getting there to win. Gus is a sincere worker and consistent in it all. We are lucky to have had him as a classmate and hope to be lucky enough to have him as a shipmate.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ELMORE WILLARD SEEDS

"Bud"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BUD attended one of the Nations Capitol's most esteemed high schools. From his own reports he didn't star, but managed to win a diploma. Launched on a naval career, his schoolboy attitude of "don't study" changed to one in which he became a diligent and serious young man. However, he has retained a good nature and sense of humor which has never failed to demand friendship from those who are lucky enough to know him. His sense of right and wrong is very acute. If he believes something to be right, it is right, and if he doesn't he'll let you know very emphatically.

On the field of battle, be his foe academics or lacrosse players, Bud can always be expected to come out on top. From football "B" Squad cannon fodder to varsity center on Navy's Lacrosse Team is quite an accomplishment.

Taken as a whole, Bud is the type of man who would be a success at anything he undertook. He has learned that elusive art of perseverance, which, combined with his reliability will take him far in this little world of ours.

A real friend who will lend you "five," but expects it back when your lease is up.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N."

1 P. O.

FRANK KIDDER UPHAM

"Up" "Frankie" "Kidder"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A WISE young man who perceived the errors of his father and two brothers, who belong to the Army grey, and chose the Navy blue and gold. His Uncle has set him a good example in what it takes to make an admiral in this man's Navy.

Kidder, the man who is champ of anything and everything. There is no feat of which he is not capable. However, beneath this exterior of humor, good wit, and don't give a darnedness lie those qualities which go to make up a character envied by many. A true friend and a good wife, proved by four years of trying experience

Frank was not idle during his time spent here but did his bit on the soccer field.

Women are one of his unfailing weaknesses along with all the latest dance hits. However, he is wise and never sticks to one girl, just drifting along looking them all over until he finds the right one.

Kidder's ambition is to serve Uncle Sam in the air, so if sometime in the future someone comes zooming over your ship doing the craziest of stunts and not seeming to care what happens, it will probably be the same devil-may-care Upham.

Frank is the type of man who will make the Navy a great organization to which to belong, and he will carry on its best tradition.

Plebe and Cruise Tennis.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N"

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HENRY CALVIN SPICER, JR.
"Henry" "Bad Dope" "Percolator"
WAYCROSS, GA.

ALTHOUGH Waycross is a great center for railroading in the South, one of its native sons decided that he preferred riding the waves to riding the rails, preferred seeing the world thru a porthole to seeing it thru a Pullman car window, preferred being the Officer of the Deck of a battleship to being an engineer of a steam engine and preferred being an Admiral to being a railroad executive.

As soon as this native son of Georgia entered in Plebe Summer, he decided that he couldn't get enough of the salt of the Severn during the regular cutter drills, so he went out and coxswained the company boat. But, when Ac Year came along, Henry decided that studies came before pleasure, so the crew lost a good coxswain.

During Youngster Cruise most of us came to know this Georgian who had been so engrossed in books during Ac Year. We found that he was full of fun, and that he possessed that great quality of raising the spirit of everyone with whom he came in contact. We soon became used to tracing bad dope and finding at its source, Henry.

The Fifth Company Sandblowers will never forget Henry and his sea-sick rhythm boys on those railroad trips to football games. Whenever we needed a song to cheer us up, we would look for Henry; and we were well rewarded, because Henry knew a score of songs which he coupled with his skill on the violin to give every listener a treat.

We take this opportunity to wish you all the happiness and success that life can bring in whatever field you enter.

Orchestra 4, 2.

Musical Club 4.

2 P. O.

CREIGHTON LAMBERT WHEELER
"Put-Put" "Creighton"
FALLS CHURCH, VA.

FROM the State of Presidents comes this man of profound reasoning and logic. Just a short distance from our nation's Capital we find the home-town—not very large but—well, just ask him about it. This one man informed debating society will argue with you on anything from the deepest psychological subjects to why the grass grows green. His nickname being given because of the rapidity with which he fires away words when in a heated discussion.

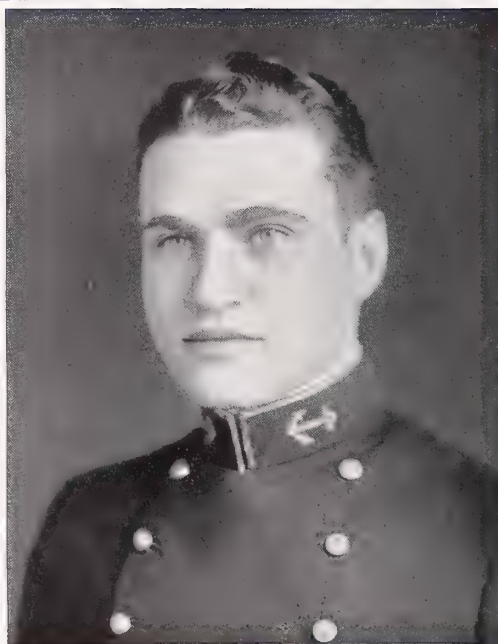
Put-Put came down to the great Annapolis and told the first class a few things they didn't know about our Navy, his knowledge coming from previous experience in that line. Put's fame soon spread, when '34 became Youngsters, as a happy-go-lucky type. The usual academic worries could not phase him. If he found anything not to his liking it was immediately vetoed with the expression "I'm tired, guess I'll turn in." Although not a star athlete Put has won his numerals in wrestling and is a constant visitor to the gym and tennis courts. Our Creighton also has a taste for the better things. He has a passion for good music and literature which, combined with the hops, tends to place him in the Red Mike class. One would never find Put anything but a desirable roommate, always ready to help a friend, maybe a little dogmatic at times, but never in anyone's way.

Wrestling 3.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LOWELL SCHERICH PRICE

"Precio" "Sherry"

STILLWATER, OKLA.

PRECIO came to us from the Indian-infested plains of Oklahoma, looking forward with much anticipation to life on the Severn. It was but a brief while before he was thoroughly indoctrinated for things that smacked of the sea came quickly and easily for him. His choice of a naval career was inevitable and not surprising as he had had leanings toward it ever since he launched his first ship in the adventurous sea, the bathtub.

Previous to his Annapolis sojourn, Precio had fallen for a brunette—fallen clear off a motorcycle. First Class Year found him at the other extreme—falling for a blonde. "Hasn't she the nicest eyes?" During the intervening interval, many feminine hearts had beaten faster at his fleeing attentions, and many were the new correspondents at the end of a Sep leave, but this last held great promise.

Precio is an ardent sportsman, but liked his Cosmo and Post too well to seriously consider centering his interest on some one sport. Plebe Year found him rowing on the lightweight crew, but Youngster Year found him too heavy.

China looms large on his horizon, and many's the time we've heard the old maxim "It won't be like this in Shanghai." An argument is most interesting to him, and he'll do equally as well on either side—probably ending up with "So what?"

An all round good fellow—we wish him well and know that he'll travel far in the Service.

150 lb. Crew 4, 2.

2 P. O.

SAMUEL FRANCIS ZEILER

"Zip" "Franny"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOSH I'm hungry, got any chow?" And by these immortal words were we made aware of the presence in our midst, of our esteemed classmate Franny. A native of Washington, D. C., Francis was from a tender young age exposed to the Navy by his proximity to Annapolis, and being an apt student he encounters no trouble in passing the required entrance exams.

Second only to his ability as a connoisseur of foodstuffs is Franny's grace in the art of the dance. No hop during the past three years has lacked his presence and many are the hearts of the fair young ladies, which have been gladdened by a dance with this, our illustrious snake.

In the field of athletics Francis has engaged in the two branches of lightweight crew, and swimming. The former was by choice and the latter by necessity.

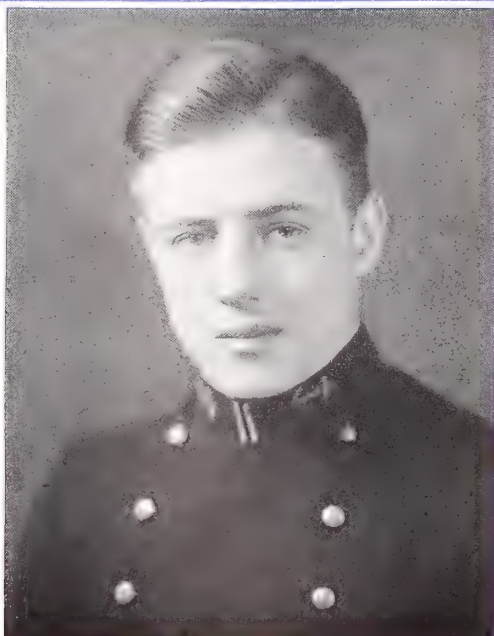
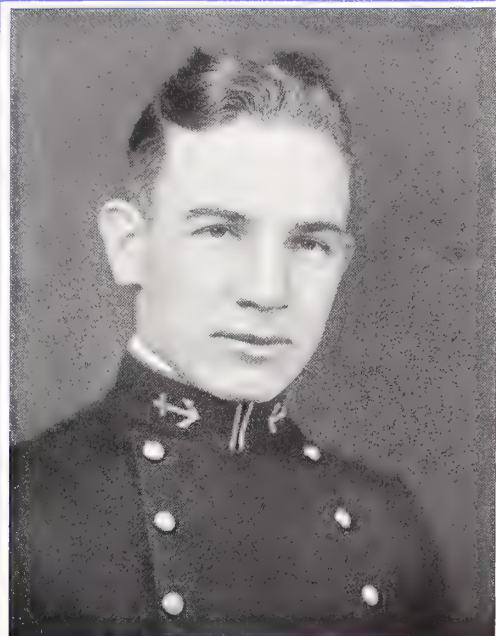
Francis is cheerful and has a keen sense of humor. Of his bad habits perhaps the worst is that of singing, if one may call it singing, in the shower. His songs are both loud and off-key and it is only by very strong persuasive action, that he can be made to desist. We might mention in passing that Franny is an accomplished sea lawyer.

Francis plans perhaps to pursue the career of an officer in the United States Marine Corps and being a member of that hard-fighting life-loving organization. We can be well assured that he will make a success of whatever career he may pursue.

150 lb. Crew. Plebe and Varsity. Company Wrestling.
Plebe Summer. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM MENEFEE WILCOX

"Billy" "Fifi" "Bill"

TEXAS CITY, TEXAS

WELL slay me with an ostrich feather." To be sure there were a few more of his oft repeated enigmas, but that one should be quite enough to start you thinking of this man from the coast of the Lone Star State. The sea air quelled any would be desires of his becoming another Zane Grey Ranger and he brought his smile to the Academy. This smile has always been a part of him whether plunging and fighting on the football field or spreading his wild stories into the innocent ears (all right, call it what you like) of the gang.

The permanence of this smile and the happy nature it portrayed called for some discussion until his weakness for a femme was discovered and from then on it was partially attributed to his inspiration from that direction. Even though the assumption may be right or wrong, any number of envious pals were right in knowing that with such a femme anyone would rate wearing a happy smile.

With so many good qualities he has made true friends of all who know him and that is, as it should be, a tribute that covers many things and says a great deal. In short, although any summation, ballistic calculation, or dead reckoning of this man Bill that would truly set forth the splendid opinion everyone has of him would be difficult, one might be adequately expressed in the words of some famous someone or other who has nobly said "He has the stuff it takes."

Football 4, 3, 2, 1.

Track 4.

Two Stripes.

JOHN JENNINGS WAYBRIGHT

"Willy" "Johnny" "Juanito" "Waybrightes"

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

THE pride and joy of '34!' Johnny Waybright came to the Naval Academy from Clarksburg, nestled in the West Virginia Hills. He received the major part of his high school education in that city and then ventured forth to try his brain and ability in the pursuit of a Naval career. He found that academics at the Naval Academy held no terrors for him; in fact he succeeded so admirably in his assaults against the Academic Departments that he finds himself among the lower numbers in his class. The fact that he accomplished this no mean feat without too much boning indicates that his is no average intellect. Combine with this intellectual ability the power of sane reasoning (when he desires to reason sanely), a remarkable personality, a sunny and carefree disposition and we do not wonder at the prominent position he occupies in his class.

In the athletic field of Academy life, John has gained most distinction on the cinders. He has shown his heels to many an invader in the 100 and 220. He spends the winter on the board track getting in shape for spring work. During the fall he plays football and his speed makes him a dangerous man for the opposition.

We cannot express in words our appreciation of those with whom we associate. Let it suffice then to say that Johnny is one of those about whom we can say with pride, "My Friend John!"

Football 4, 3, 2. "N" 3. Track 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3.

Class President 3, 2. Ring Committee. Christian Association 2, 1.

President.

Star 2.

Four Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RAYMOND LEONARD ABRAHAMSON

"Ray" "Abe"

PORTLAND, ME.

LET me tell you about this man from the rockbound coast of Maine, whose motto is, "Live and let live." Abe has what it takes. There's a quiet way about him that is the mark of a strong, silent man, and yet, you'll find that, bent on a good time, he's the sunny side of life itself. He has the uncanny faculty of getting the right "news"—even on the weather and blue-eyed, fair-haired maidens! "A—h!" is his exclamation of approval, and it signifies something especially worthy of a second glance. Where did he get this weather eye? Why, his ancestors were old Norwegian sea-captains from way back.

For four years Abe's athletic interest has been baseball. For four years he has scintillated on the diamond. His finesse in fielding has been admired by coaches and spectators alike—even by those femmes who are ignorant of the finer points of our national pastime. Off the diamond, his consuming interest has been a good game of bridge.

Heaven did right by him in the way of natural ability and sheer brainpower. Through all these years, however, his leaning toward the "Sub Squad" has been outstanding, and this great indoor sport has required most of his energy along athletic lines—just as his love for a snooze after dinner made academics of secondary importance. But above all, he's loyal through the thick of it and reliable to the end! We're for you, Ray! Yours is a happy ship! Bon Voyage!

Sub Squad 4, 3, 2.

2 P. O.



ADELBERT JOHN DAVIS, JR.

"Del" "Dave"

PORTLAND, ORE.

AW shucks! Why out in Oregon—" Yes, Dave is a product of the far west and he is mighty proud of it. Believing that we are all born to do great things, Dave decided that his abilities would have more chance for expansion in the Navy. Since the day of that momentous decision he has frequently proved his value to the Service.

Though academics are far from his liking, it is without hesitancy that Dave relinquishes his worshipping the Goddess of Slumber to help those in dire need of an explanation of the subject. Despite his disinclination to study, Del has received good marks; for it is inevitable that natural ability be recognized. After all, no study is particularly hard to a quick and clever mind.

As a roommate, possessed of that "give and take" spirit, Dave has more than demonstrated the true meaning of the word "pal;" even though at times his philosophical views have tended to disrupt the domestic tranquility. His own self-made philosophy on love and life in general are the salient traits in his make-up. Nor has Dave ever professed to belong to that category that forms the Radiator Club. His athletic abilities are many, with baseball outstanding. For three years he has been a mainstay of the varsity pitching staff.

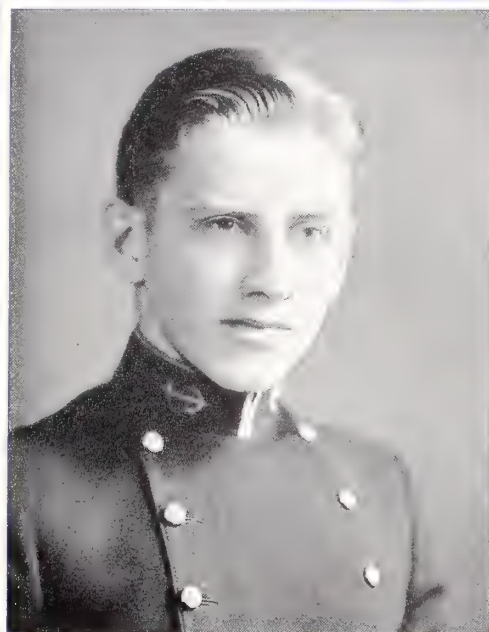
To characterize Dave in a brief space—he is an all 'round man, competent for any job at any time. Best of luck, Dave!

Baseball 4, 3, 2.

C. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



STANLEY STEPHEN DAUNIS

"Steve" "Steamship"

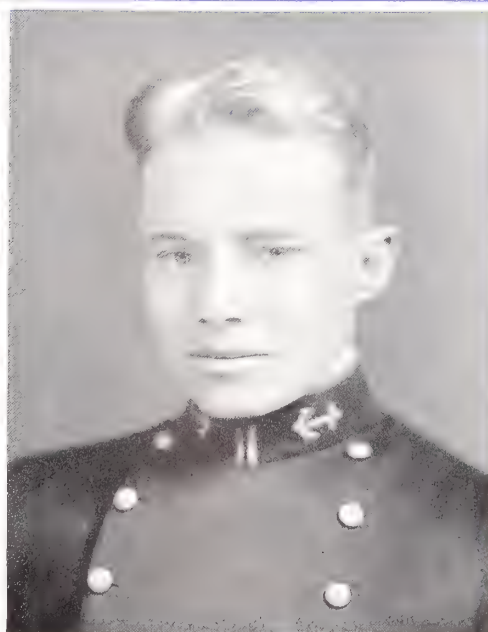
BOSTON, MASS.

STEVE didn't tell his folks at home that he was going to bring the fleet back in his command. He has never mentioned anything of the sort to any classmates, but his conduct at the Academy has certainly been a credit to Boston and maybe he will have the singular honor in the future of guiding the fleet into the harbor in which he fished as a boy.

His ability to overcome difficulties was displayed early in Plebe Year when he eliminated for all time any academic troubles. With the arrival of spring, Steve found his opportunity in winning the position of first baseman on the plebe team. From that time on, he has come into prominence both on the diamond and in the Hall. His real ability was displayed by the fact that he joined the N Club Youngster Year after successfully taking care of first base for the season. But the little incidents which come up quickly are the proof of a man's positive traits of character. We always found Steve full of encouragement and help for his unsat wife in the anxious days before Christmas and ever willing to take care of your drag's roommate. Steve can easily be pictured as the last-minute-man at formation. He has had remarkable success in the art of getting to formation straight from the shower, because he seldom finds his name on the pap.

Steve is a damn' good man; long may he wave.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Captain 1. "N" Club.
Masqueraders and Musical Clubs Property Gang 4, 3, 2, 1.
2 P. O.



FREDERICK CHARLES HEERDE

"Bud"

BOSTON, MASS.

BUD has always been fond of the sea, having spent many enjoyable summers yachting around the pleasant waters of Massachusetts. With the sea so strong in his veins we were not surprised to find him in our midst.

One of Bud's main assets is his ever jovial disposition. He has always been ready to lead a water fight or a raid and has been the instigator of many a prank on some unsuspecting classmate. At the same time he has the enviable ability of mixing pleasure with business and has been a conscientious worker. He seems to be at his best when the going is the hardest for he is a fighter to the end.

Bud has always enjoyed athletics and, as he has so often quoted, "Me for nature and the outdoors." He is the proud manager of the Cross Country team and has taken an active interest in track, for running is his favorite sport. And, while speaking of running, may we add that he has the enviable record of never having missed a hop?

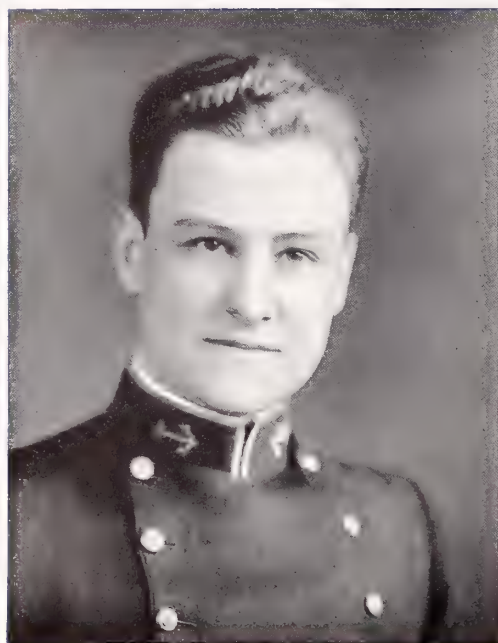
Sincerity is Bud's outstanding characteristic. He is the type to whom one goes for help when in difficulty and he is always rejoicing in the successes of others. He has been an ideal classmate for he will give you his last inch of toothpaste and borrows only when necessary. These qualities explain our confidence in his future success.

Cross Country Manager.
Asst. Manager Track.

"N" Club.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANK CRANDALL BOLLES, JR.
"The Baron" "Skipper" "Frank"

THOMAS WINFIELD SOUTH, II
"Tom" "Winfield"

WITH something akin to the testing step on the first ice of winter, the Baron left an Army background and drew his gear at Annapolis. The ice held, he stayed, and West Point lost a cavalryman.

New cruisers without cavalry units forced him to turning the excess steam to wrestling, running, and throwing heavy things. He viewed the academics as he does women, both necessary evils. Yet each one rose just once to bother him: Youngster skinny first, and then a Copenhagen blonde.

With Skipper, the love of an argument stands supreme. "Any topic, either affirmative or negative, let's argue! Sure, you're wrong. Why, King Zilch took over that province in 1053 A.D., and what did Ferdinand of Austria do? Well,—." No one can stand up under his barrage of facts.

When bigger stumps are made, the Baron will gladly speak from them; when louder bombs are made he'll gladly throw them; and when bigger red flags are made, he'll gladly wave them. "Big Bad Bill" to the youth who steps in his way once course and speed are set, he's "Sweet William" to his friends. And that's straight from the bridge.

With rare acumen he has retained the *savoir faire* which characterizes him. From his Dobbs to his gleaming Nettletons, he has blown in from leaves with the true Bond Street air and a handclasp from which it took only a few days to recover.

"Brace yourself, World! Here comes the Baron!"

Black N***.

2 P. O.

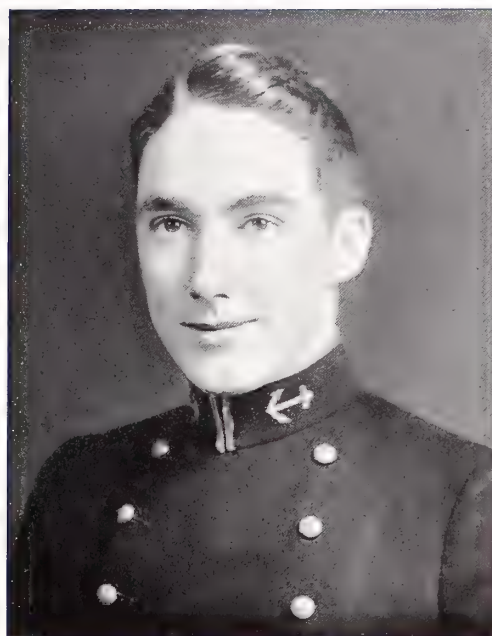
TOMMY was born and brought up in the Marine Corps. It was not surprising then, at Schadmann's, to hear him say that he was going to the Naval Academy and from there to the Marines. His five years (if you were to ask him he would say it is a five year course, but some people manage to get through in four) have been filled with good humor, work, and music. Music is the most logical hobby in the world for him and his ability as a pianist will long be remembered.

That, in brief, is the career. Now for the man himself. We have here a man of such rare characteristics that any attempt at an ordinary biography is sure to be a failure. Picture a man who combines the gayety of *L'Allegro* and the depth of *Il Penseroso*. The mirthful side of his character is so much in evidence that his moments of thought and reflection come as a surprise to those who do not know him well. Knowing that he has his serious moments, it is all the more surprising to see how he never lets them get the better of him. The sympathetic ear that he lends to all those who seek his council, the air of joviality with which he meets all contingencies, his ready wit, his grit and sportsmanship, and his utter lack of conceit mark him as a leader of men great and small. *Semper Fidelis*.

Lacrosse 4, 3. Musical Clubs 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Choir 2, 1.
N. A. 10 4, 3, 2, 1. Leader 1. Hop Committee 3, 2.
Chairman, Ring Dance Committee 2. Class President 1.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROGER SHERIDAN AHLBRANDT

"Dodge" "Roger"

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

HIS number drawn, Roger came out of the west to fulfill a long retained desire of becoming a button bearer in the city behind the walls. From the first to the last he has made an untroubled way to reach the culmination of his hopes and ambitions. Academics, social activities, and athletics have found him a willing and proficient participant.

Labyrinths of Math, yards of Steam, and heavenly bodies of Nav have been met with perhaps lest zest than success. Hops and tea fights have shown Roger to be a gentleman "*tres recherche*." After chow bridge games and sessions of bull are among his strong points. On the river he proved himself to be one of the best and noisiest coxswains. A natural athlete handicapped by lack of beef and brawn, he has been able to more than hold his own in the field of sports. When the call for men to do those jobs which hold more work than glory went forth, Dodge never refused to serve.

Never will we forget those spells during crew season when Roger refused to eat or drink for days at a time, merely to lessen the load his crew would have to pull along. Such self-sacrifice is the true keynote of success.

Good-natured, easy going, and thoughtful, he well deserves the respect and popularity accorded him. To the best of wives and good fellows we wish a happy landing.

150 Pound Crew.

M. P. O.

JACKSON AVERY WOODRUFF

"Jack" "Julius" "Woody"

NEW LONDON, CONN.

JUNE of 1930 brought Jack to us from New London. With the sea as a heritage and the true "Down Easterner's" love of ships, he chose the Naval Academy as a fitting stage for the change from salt water enthusiast to specialist.

Woody is a lad of sunny disposition; always ready for a frolic or a fray. Ask anyone who organized the various fire hose parties of Plebe Summer nights. He was a power in lifting us all from the deep gloom which settled down on us during the famous "Transitional Period." A million dollar grin serves to proclaim his code—"Aw, that's not so bad, it could be worse." A heart of gold and an eager spontaneity have tempered a philosophy which might otherwise have been a shade too complex, a mite too cynical.

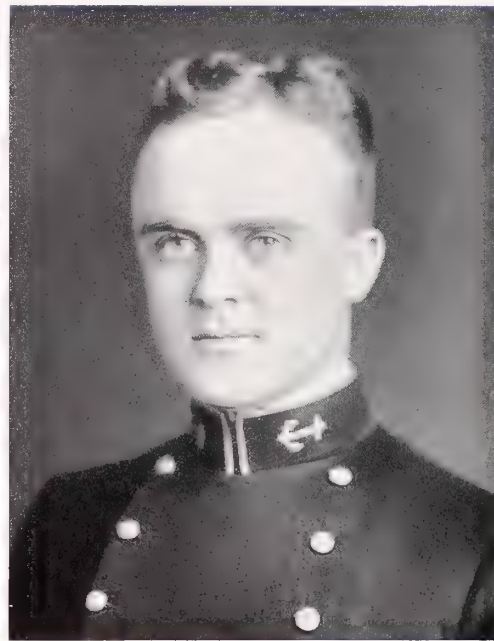
He has blended an active interest and in the reading of worth while books with a thorough participation in all the athletics to which his varying moods called him, from swimming to squash, from football to baseball, and back again. His stellar quarterbacking of the 135 pound team at Severn won him his name of "Julius, the world's strongest little man."

As graduation brings again its physical disunion, we are loath to let the boy go. To a host of friends he has become a necessary fixture. But let's not be selfish about the thing! Here y'are, world, here's Jack. Take him and be good to him, for he'll not fail you.

Resigned Dec. 21, 1933.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLARD JACKSON BAIN

"Jack" "Woody"

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

YESTERDAY—After High School, thoughts of Iowa U.—Then a girl—Suspected as much on meeting him—Girl saw a movie—Ambition and dreams arose for brother—Easy sailing through tricky competitors—Prepped a year at Bobby's where Crabs are courses and studies extra-curricular—Right into the Academy under full sail. So much for the past.

Today—Tall lad with liking for little girls—Blondes, brunettes, red-heads; well, any shade within reach—man with flying feet and remarkable sense of rhythm—Swell catch for wide-awake young lady but surprisingly unwilling to be such—Wiggles out immediately on realization of danger—Still, more than a snake—Has forceful character—Alert and quick-witted—Stands high by use of eyes and ears rather than books—Thinks academics a great game for three months but slightly fatigued for remainder of year—Model of ability and constancy to wife—Athletic Plebe and Youngster Years—Decided too much energy expended—Knocked off strenuous work—Still takes enough exercise to preserve figure—No bridge player—Reads avidly—Returns every year to Cedar Rapids—When asked whether farm maidens caused return, said, "Yes and no"—For three years looked forward to First Class Year—Despite predictions found it well worth while.

Tomorrow—Looks forward to life in service—Good-fellowship and adaptability to circumstances can but make of him a good officer.

Wrestling 4, 3. Track 4, 3. Black N***.
2 P. O.

CECIL KELLY HARPER

"Kelly" "Hap"

ELDORADO, ILL.

WATCH 'at stuff," as he swings a left hook in your un-guarded midriff, will keep you ever alert when that fighting Irishman is around and the company is frivolous. Among other things, his famous hog calling of Plebe Year has made him a reputed man. Scuttlebutt has it that he intends to start a class for the adoring plebes who continue harassing him to teach them the art.

It's a matter of conjecture where he acquired his "Devil may care" attitude and pleasant manners, unless it could be at Illinois College, where he spent two years. Apparently they were profitable ones, for he never has to struggle to keep well up in the class.

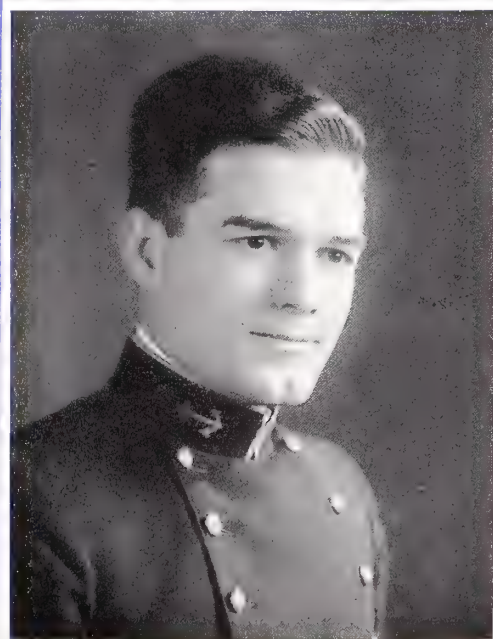
He's tall, he's dark—Oh, no! that's someone else; for our Kelly is of medium height, has light, wavy, hair and good looks, which, coupled with his quizzical blue eyes, stand him in good stead in any battle of the sexes. He isn't by any means a "Red Mike" as he humorously claims, for although most of us suffer from myopia, we have distinctly seen certain blondes, brunettes, and red-heads on his ever willing arm.

It would take many pages to accurately describe his ready wit, his easy good humor, his friendships, his steadfastness, and the other lovable traits he possesses, but, even then, the description would fall short of the mark. Therefore, let's leave that to the artists, and conclude by saying that he's bound to make good.

Boxing 4, 3. Track 4, 3. Football 2. Expert Rifleman.
Expert Pistol. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HARLEY KENT NAUMAN

"B. P." "Nemo" "Ken"

FRANKFORT, KAN.

A SMILING fighter—a sandblower, yes, but his height belies the concentrated dynamite which composes this shining light of '34. Ken knows what he wants, goes after it, and gets it.

Kenny spent a year as a "Jayhawker" at K. U. before he decided to verify the rumors he had heard about large bodies of water known as oceans. A natural resiliency of character enabled him to fit into his new life immediately. His personality and natural leadership have brought friends to him wherever he has gone. Of course, to hear him laugh is to laugh yourself, and that is the surest way to make friends.

Nemo never has to look up his section number because it is always the first and his acquaintance with the dreaded trees is only by hearsay. Yet academics have not been his only successes. He earned the title "Windmill" in the boxing ring because of the devastating effect he produces when he swings those arms.

Whenever the boys get together for a party, a birthday celebration, or just a little old-fashioned raising of the roof, Ken can always be found in the midst of the riot. He is the first man sought for in planning anything and has never been known to refuse. His popularity, however, is not only restricted to our circles, for we have heard many girls talk about him in tones of adoration.

A perfect wife, a perfect friend, a perfect gentleman, that is the Nemo. To wish him what he deserves from life is to wish him better than the best.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1. rNr.
Company Representative 2, 1.

ROBERT EDWARD WHEELER

"Bob" "Bubba"

COLUMBIA, S. C.

YOU can take the boy out of the country—" Bob came to us from the South and he remains of the South. He is one of the few, however, who do not constantly re-fight the Civil War.

Four years at Columbia's High School and one at the University of South Carolina preluded his career in the Navy. His academic worries have been few and have never been serious enough to divert his mind for long from the more interesting pages of "Cosmo" and Colliers. While not a first section man, he is well up in the first half of the class.

Bob has emerged from the character mold known as the Academy an individual. This individuality of character has distinguished him throughout his years here. His ready smile, his warmth, and his generosity have won for him a wide circle of friends. These are not, however, limited to the weakening sex. One has only to look at his "Rogues Gallery" to verify the potency of the Old Navy line, Wheeler version.

Weak arches have limited his athletic aspirations to company basketball. His unerring eye for the goal together with an enthusiastic determination to win have contributed much to the championship teams of the Fighting Eighth.

A true friend, a real gentleman, and, above all, a man, Bob will travel far on the road to success and happiness whether he chooses to remain in the Navy or to return to civilian life. We hope for the privilege of meeting him frequently.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DENIS HARRY BIWERSE

"Denny"

SHEBOYGAN, WIS.

WE shall never forget Denny, for he has always managed to find a way to brighten up our darkest hours. How well we remember those last second dashes to formation with their ample proof of athletic prowess, and his half second lag in the step. How well we remember his sunny disposition and his invariable good humor. Never has he been known to "gripe" and never has he been known to be anything but cheerful. His mild nature has made Denny the victim of many a practical joke and some "running," but, from the first of Plebe Year, he has come up smiling.

Denny came to the Naval Academy after attending the Culver Naval School, and he immediately showed his proficiency in both rifle shooting and seamanship.

During his four years he has demonstrated a remarkable capacity for industry and it is doubtful if any have made better use of their time than Denny.

He claims to be a Red Mike but we well recall those week-ends of Youngster Year which rarely found him staggering. As we remember it, that certain drag was always the same charming one, thus giving us grounds for our suspicions.

Denny has more than once proved himself a real pal and is one of those scarce few who can always be relied on to perform that detestable task of standing your week-end watch when the O. A. O. is coming down.

Good luck, Denny, we know we shall hear from you in the future.

Wrestling 4, 2. Boxing 1. Radio Club 1. 2 P. O.

ROBERT WHITNEY LEEMAN

"Bob" "Lem"

MANCHESTER, N. H.

BOB fulfilled one of his highest ambitions when he entered the Naval Academy. His earnest and sincere efforts since then have been rewarded, both academically and athletically. The road to success has not been smooth for him, but his continual improvement during the past four years has made him a man capable of achieving the heights.

For four years he has devoted his athletic ability to tennis and wrestling, in both of which he has proved himself quite proficient.

Perhaps it is his quiet nature that works such wonders on everyone with whom he comes in contact, or maybe it is just that cheerful smile which makes him so well liked. However, most of his friends will aver that a combination of personality and character are his main attributes. With these aids, Bob is somewhat of a snake and makes out exceedingly well with the femmes. We need only recall the numerous hops to which he dragged, the week-ends with G. W., and the moonlight canoe trips up the Severn during Second Class Summer. That certain something about his New England accent has more than a little to do with his success.

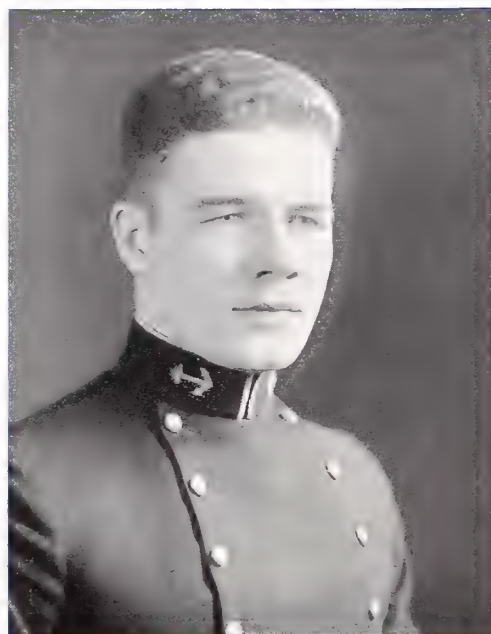
No truer friend could be found. One has only to refer to the many times he has dragged blind in order to help some classmate. Fate has certainly been kind to him, for most of these adventures turned out satisfactorily.

We hope that Bob will always remember those friendships formed here, for certainly none of us will forget him.

Tennis 4, 2, 1. Wrestling 2, 1. Reception Committee 1.
Reef Points 2, 1. Circulating Manager.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLYDE GRAHAM CALDWELL

"Firpo"

KINGSLAND, GA.

FROM Kingsland, Georgia comes this gentleman of the South, Clyde Caldwell. Clyde is a firm supporter of the territory below the Mason-Dixon line and strongly contends that it is much superior to any other place in the world. Few of his Northern friends are able to out-argue him on this point, although he has come up against many good lawyers. According to him, girls from elsewhere don't stand a chance against those from this district. He first attended Stetson University and Marion Institute where he was looked upon as being somewhat of a red mike. However, it wasn't long after his arrival at the Academy that he blasted this theory by gaining the reputation of a real snake. He has feminine admirers galore from all over, and drags to Army games, hops, the Masqueraders, musical shows, and what have you.

Although snaking often, Clyde takes plenty of time for athletics, for he is a very versatile athlete. Football, boxing, lacrosse, and baseball have been his best. In fact he once spent two weeks in the hospital recuperating from a dislocated shoulder. However, his troubles seem to cause him little worry. Everything from a grouchy roommate up to a steam lesson full of sketches he can put up with, without showing the least concern. He can certainly take it as well as he can dish it out. With his disposition and talents there can't possibly be anything but success in store for him.

Baseball 4. Lacrosse 3, 2, 1.
Juice Gang 3.

Class Football 3.
2 P. O.



WILLIAM DAVID STAPLES, JR.

"Bill" "Waffles"

ANNISTON, ALA.

HERE we have six feet and four inches of an unassuming modesty. Too few have seen beneath the surface of this silent woman hater. His actions are tempered with respect for the other person. And back of this trait lies an unknown depth of real and positive character coupled with the nicest sense of personal honor, loyalty, and duty. How many hop watches he has stood just to help some other fellow out. Yea, he has also lent many a shekel to finance the same hop-goer.

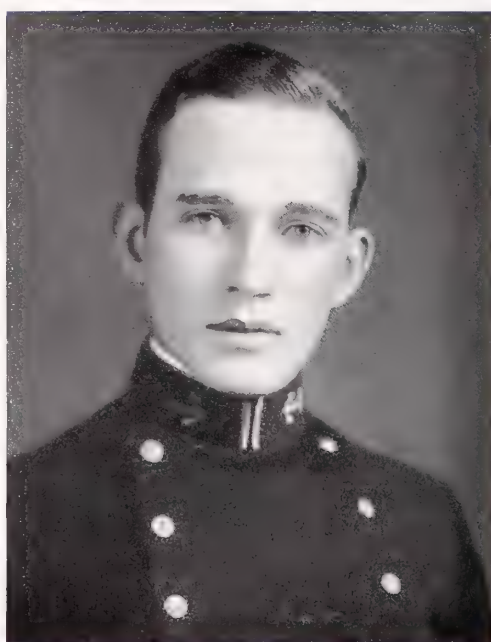
He can always count on a bit of publicity over the week-end when the weekly trees come up. He very seldom misses one, yet he always manages to pull sat for leave and at the ends of the terms. He can spot an officer's rank at five hundred paces but miss a delectable blonde only five feet away. Bill will go to every movie within reach, but the number of hops he has attended reckons easily on the fingers of one hand. A marked Southern drawl—he reports "All turned out" at reveille and it invariably makes him late to breakfast formation. Confederate history he knows from Fort Sumter to Appomattox. And, can he play a trombone?

In all, here is a remarkable personality. He has the character, he has the fight, and he will plot a good fix on the scroll of time. But he will do it alone and without the help of the fair and fickle sex.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MAX BLACKFORD

"Blacky" "Maxie"

SALEM, W. VA.

BLACKY is just a good old hill-billy whose restless spirit and ambition wouldn't let him stay at home. Tearing the arms of the winsome mountain lassies from his neck, he laid his jug aside, bid the folks goodbye, and set out to follow in the footsteps of an illustrious brother at the Academy.

Blacky reported with us and made life more bearable during those first hectic days by his laughter. When he laughed, we had to, for his laugh is contagious. Plebe Year his non-reg grin and ready wit put him on the receiving end of brooms and spoons. Youngster Year his eyes went bad on him but he only grinned. "—Well, just spot the academics a bit more to make it interesting."

As a wife—well, he buys more than his share of the soap, sweeps out more than his share of the room, never gripes about whose turn it is to shave or shower, always makes the reveille report, dusts out the closet,—need we say more?

Although not a first section man, Blacky manages to keep ahead of the Acs easily. He claims that he cares not for the ladies, but any old settler down in "Holler Number Four" will gladly disturb his whittling, spit, and tell you how they had to enlarge the post office to take care of the increased volume of mail when Blacky shoved off.

Boxing 4. Cross Country 4. Basketball 4. 2 P. O.

CARLTON BENJAMIN COEN

"C. B." "Carl" "Conn"

WASHINGTON, PA.

THIS sterling young man was born in the wild and woolly hills of West Virginia. Here he spent a goodly part of his youth on the banks of the Ohio, where he outshone all the boys by his athletic prowess, both on land and in the water. Tiring of life in the village, our hero set out to conquer bigger things and moved to the metropolis of Washington, Pennsylvania, where men have to be men. After a year at W. and J., he came to our happy home for his first glimpse of salt water and battleships. From the first it was evident that there was no barrier too tough for him to cross.

His pet hate, and the natural one for a stalwart fighting man of West Virginia heritage, was Dago. Dago took more of his time than all the academics put together. The rest were mere pebbles on his road to graduation. After a struggle to the death with this most unworthy foe, during Plebe Year, he emerged the victor and has had top time ever since.

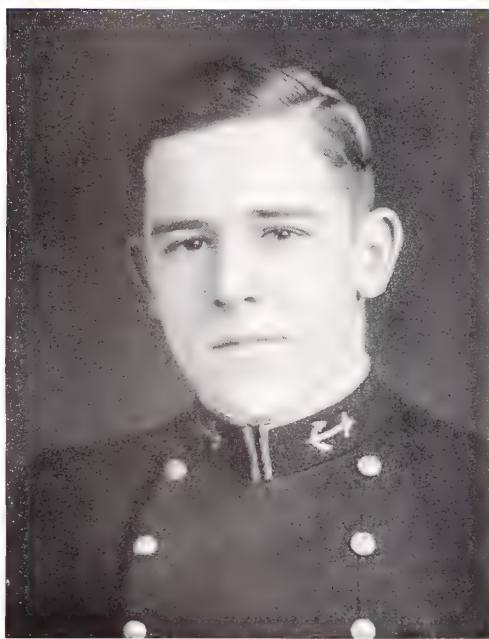
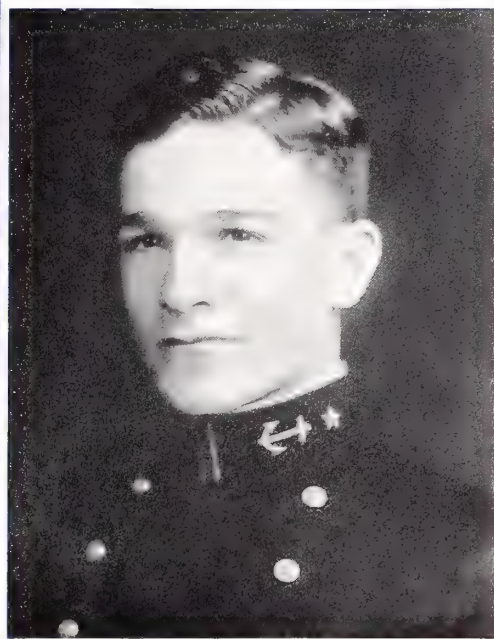
With no O. A. O. to hold him down he set out to slay the queens from all parts of the land. He may have made many a feminine heart flutter, but no girl has ever caused him to bat an eye.

Respected by all his classmates as a square shooter, beloved by all who knew him well, we can only predict his success. Wonder what he will do with (his first million?).

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM FRANCIS CASSIDY

"Tex" "Willy" "Bill"

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A NATIVE son of Texas, a typical longhorn, and an Irishman thrown in—that's Tex, a combination of wit, humor, and brains. He learned to yell as a cow-kid, and he accumulated words in a medical school. Equipped with many diversified expressions, he became the leading character in many bull sessions. No person's company was more in demand than his. The unsats came to learn, admirers came to observe, and friends came to share his witticisms.

Tex was too monastic to be a snake but girls found him charming and his laugh too contagious to resist. He did his best work when some one girl was a source of inspiration, no matter which one it was. Through all his relations with the fairer sex he consistently refused to teach the young and the innocent the things garnered from his experiences.

In athletics, Tex bolstered up the company basketball team and played indoor baseball like a national champion. In the regular season he gathered flies in the outer garden for the baseball team. Many a heavy hitter was disappointed to see this fleet footed fielder spear his longest hit with ease that thrilled the spectators.

In his career at the Academy, Tex has found success by virtue of his versatility. In graduating he takes with him the good wishes of everyone who has associated with him. We can only render him this tribute—the Academy loses a good man and the Service gains a fine officer.

Baseball 2, 1.

"N" Club.

Star 3, 2.

Two Stripes.

JOHN JOSEPH HYLAND

"Johnnie"

BOSTON, MASS.

B EING a navy junior by birth, and hailing from the center of culture and learning, he entered our school for pampered pets on the 23rd of June in '30, a little wiser in the ways of the navy than most of us. As a result Plebe Year did not hold the pitfalls for him that it did for others.

Plebe Summer found him leading the fourth company swimming team to the Plebe championship. He certainly loved his swimming for most any winter afternoon you could have found him in the pool. Swimming and company baseball were his chief athletic endeavors.

He was always willing to help anyone with anything except dragging. No one could remain more faithful to the O. A. O. His willingness in all other things proved, however, quite a boon to the less savvy and to those wishing a good companion. Always willing to take part in anything where fun or devilry was to be involved, as his Youngster Year escapades proved.

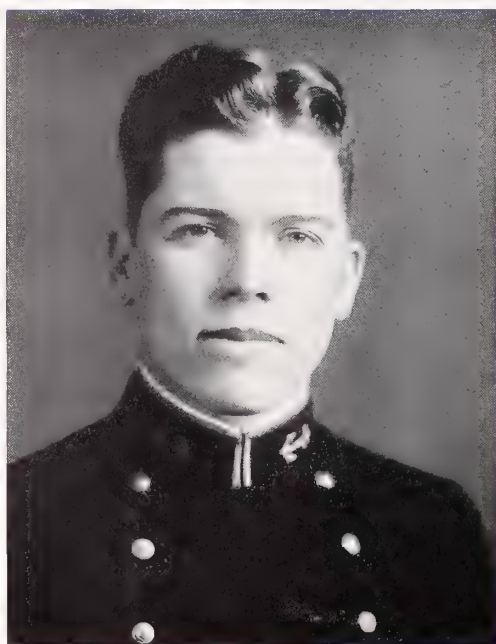
His faults—he has none. His virtues—why extol them?, for he will do that much better by act and deed. For his past we have approval, for his future we have confidence. His success in the fleet is assumed, for he has the attitude, spirit, determination, and ability to succeed. We feel sure that the future will find him as prepared for whatever might arise as the past has, and we will be waiting to see him fly his four star flag.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1.

M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SAMUEL BRADBARD

"Sammy" "Sam" "Brad" "Mahatma"

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

AFTER four years I am convinced that Portsmouth has reason to be proud of its Navy tradition. Do you want to hear about it? Ask Sam. From his earliest days he was in close touch with the sea, and it was not exactly like leaving home when Sam left Portsmouth to join the Navy. And he can't seem to get enough of it, for every day finds him ready for work and raring to go.

Sam isn't always sure why wheels go around, but academics seem to be the last of his worries, and consist for the most part of a good spicy book or a Cosmo. Study hour usually finds him with a book in hand which gradually drops as Morpheus claims his victim.

To see Sammy in action on the basketball court, a lacrosse field or tennis court, removes forever all doubt as to why he feels like caulking off several hours before taps. His motto is; play long, and the harder the better. The steadily increasing length of athletic awards with which he adorns his bathrobe bear mute witness to the fact that he gets results.

Among Sam's many accomplishments, his greatest seems to be knowledge and understanding of the fairer sex. It is in pursuing this field that he brings his full powers into being, and deftly applies the master hand.

Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1.

Class Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1.

1 P. O.

ROBERT BURNS CROWELL

"Bob"

WALDEN, N. Y.

FROM the midst of the Greyleg Headquarters, Bob heard Navy's call. So he left the farm; and two good cruises helped prove the advertisement, "Join the Navy and See the World," to be true.

Just the average fellow and like all of us who recall Tennyson's immortal words, "In the Spring, a young man's fancy—," Bob too has his mind filled with thoughts foreign to academics. But a little tussle now and then with the Academic Department adds spice to the joy of living.

His Arabic tendencies are not only confined to spring. Miss a Hop? Never. Stag? No sir. Just an old Snake, that's what he is. He specializes in "crabs," one would judge. And when he flashes that smile, and has the line well oiled, need one wonder why they fall fast and hard?

Sports? Proficient in all with perhaps the greatest leaning toward Wrestling. Learning new holds is a mania with him, and, as Bob expresses it, "Women simply go wild over cave-men." Mixed double tennis and bridge matches are his special weaknesses.

A descendent of Bobby Burns, Bobby must have inherited the Poet's love for nature. A new flower every day from Smoke Park's inexhaustible supply, brightens the room considerably.

Can you guess his ambition? He wants to be a farmer. And does he rave about the "Back to nature" stuff? Every leave finds him full of new wonder tales about the farm.

Genial, pleasant, helpful, and happy-go-lucky, Bob has been a great classmate.

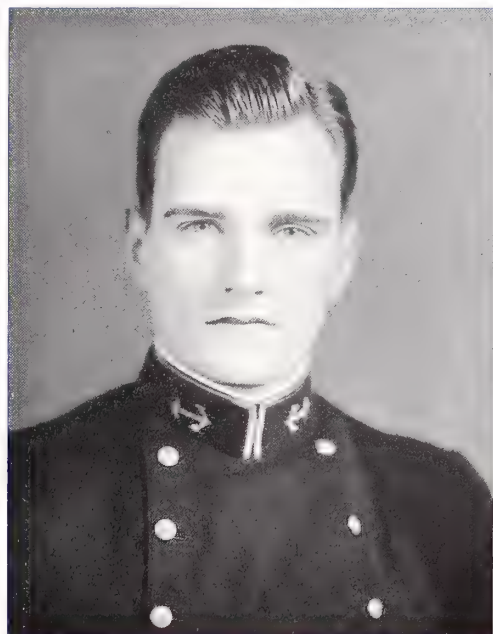
Water Polo 4, 3. Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Quarter-Deck 2, 1.

Wrestling 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES STARR SHILSON
"Jim" "Shilly" "Jimmy"
NORFOLK, VA.

JAMES entered the Ensign Factory on the Severn from Norfolk via the University of Virginia and Swavely.

A star athlete in his high school and preparatory school days, James has demonstrated his athletic prowess while at the Academy. One can find him fighting for good ole '34 any winter Sunday afternoon in preference to Carvelling.

By no means a Red Mike, Shilly is not a Snake, but he is very popular with the fairer sex. We wonder what prompts him to make so many telephone calls and always inquire for Washington.

The Academic Departments have been unable to devise any schemes which might cause Jimmy to lose his sleep, although his experiences with the foreign languages have not been pleasant. The presence of a Starr in his name proved no incentive for James to strive for one, and were he to achieve that distinction his modesty would have prevented him from wearing it.

One feature of military life that does not appeal to Jimmy is the early reveille and late taps, and many an afternoon finds him tucked snugly away until chow formation trying to catch up on his sleep.

While one of our number Jimmy has endeared himself to us by his winning ways and likeable personality; and with his high ideals and ambitions he is bound to succeed. It is his plan to enter the lighter-than-air service of our Navy, but whatever branch he chooses, we wish him only success and the best of luck in his life's work.

Crew 4, 3. Boxing 4, 2. Football 4, 2. Musical Club Show 2.
Glee Club 2. Two Stripes.

THOMPSON CLYDE GUTHRIE, JR.
"Junior" "Tom" "Corporal"
PIKEVILLE, KY.

THIS modest young man from Kentucky was passing through Annapolis one day, decided that he liked the place and has been with us ever since. Starting in Plebe Year with the determination to wage a successful war against "Ye Olde Academic Department," he has survived two wives and is in at the finish.

Tom loves to rave about the beautiful horses and fast women of Kentucky, but he says that he is no ladies' man himself; nevertheless, we have the straight dope that the best looking "d. O." in these parts calls him "Clyde, darling" and really means every word of it.

Every spring afternoon he wends his way to Hubbard Hall and does his part, during the course of the afternoon, to make Navy supreme on the water. He pulls a steady oar and loves nothing better than the long jaunts up the river.

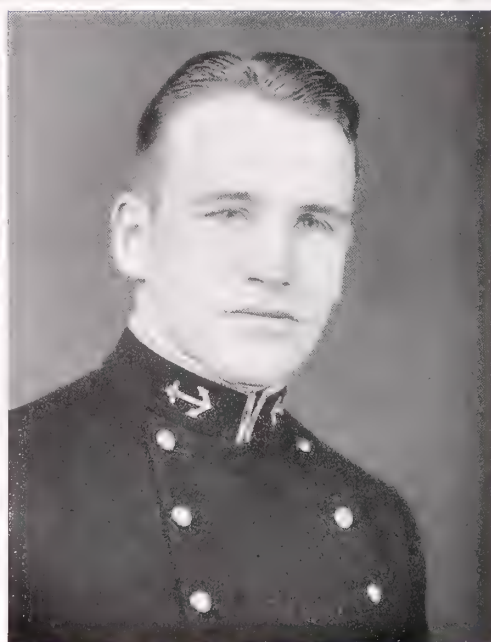
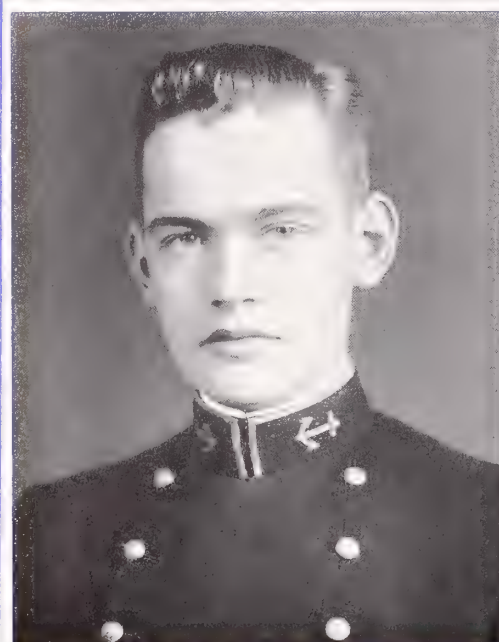
Though he is quiet at times, Tom manages to get enough inspiration and incentive during the week-end to carry him through a hard week of academics. For recreation, in the evenings he turns to bridge. Perfectly sane until bridge is mentioned, all at once he becomes unmanageable—we can do nothing with him. Soon the spell is over, and he tackles his work with renewed energy.

Tom possesses, to a remarkable degree, all the characteristics of a true officer and gentleman. We expect to see some day books written on this man who once resided beside the waters of the Severn. Cheerio Tom, good health, good luck and happiness.

Boxing 4. 150 lb. Crew 3, 2. Cross Country 2.
Quarter-Deck Society 1. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HENRY WILLIAM BUSE, JR.

"Bill" "Boozey"

RIDLEY PARK, PA.

MANY years ago, in the wilds of Ridley Park, a man child was born. Eventually, this man child grew up and was entered in the Naval Academy, as many good children are. Not only that but this man child has spent a successful and happy four years here.

Never having any great trouble with academics, this splendid young man has frequently given into the urge to turn in early; a lamentable weakness as all "Greaseoirs" will tell you. However, he is always willing to stay up to lend a hand to one of his numerous friends, and frequently does. Greater love hath no man than he give up his sleep for a friend.

In his youth, this precocious lad, Boozey, developed great skill at breaking things. At the Academy his potentialities as a lacrosse player were soon recognized, so that now he is entirely happy breaking noses, teeth, heads, and anything else within reach of his trusty stick with splendid abandon.

Please note the simply divine curl in his hair which serves a twofold purpose. It turns his rivals seasick by its contours, and reduces his many feminine admirers to a condition of trembling adoration. It has been a great aid in his several flights into the land of romance.

No doubt this amazing young man's career will continue with undimmed lustre as long as he remains in the Service. He will evermore be an inspiration to all embryo "middies" in their home podunks.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club 2, 1. Hop Committee 1.
2 P. O.

CHARLES HOFFMAN CLARK

"Hoff"

BALTIMORE, MD.

HOFF is one of the proverbial Maryland boys, Baltimore at that, but he has overcome this tremendous handicap, and made himself a good midshipman, and an ultra ultra man.

His career was gloriously begun. Just after entering the Academy he broke all the strength machines in the gym, and when the wreck was cleared, we learned that he had made the best strength score that had been made for many years.

Four years at Baltimore Poly gave him such a strong foundation in the academics that he has lived in the light of the "savoirs." He has repeatedly been called upon for help, which he cheerfully and patiently gave to his more wooden friends. His study hours are sometimes spent in the gentle art of writing poetry, which, when put to an acid test, was found worthy of publication. Maybe that explains his successes in the realms of romance.

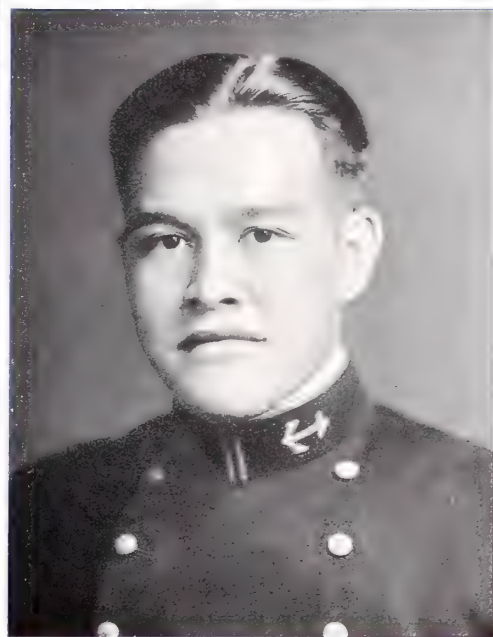
His huge frame has been generously given to Navy athletic teams. In the fall, he may be seen on the football field; in the winter in the wrestling loft, and we look for an "N" in each of these sports. In the spring he is on the lacrosse field, indulging in the sport, which he most enjoys, and in which he excels.

His two hundred pounds of brawn and muscle, his sense of humor, active mind, and strong character, have made a fine room-mate and companion, and will go far in Service.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 1. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1.
"N" Club. "N" Club Dance Committee 2, 1.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GORDON PAIEA CHUNG HOON

"Chung" "Tony"

HONOLULU, HAWAII

WHEN Chung first hit these shores, the U. S. A. was something new for this hardy son of the Pacific Islands, but he was quick to get in line and two years of Severn taught him all that there was left to know about the ways of the world. Who can forget those happy bull sessions and hours of singing to the accompaniment of Chung's guitar during Plebe Summer?

Plugging along at the "Acs," Chung cheerfully makes his way despite his well-known penchant for reexaminations. His many battles with the Academic Departments have caused his friends plenty of worry, but he has always come through in the end. No one fights any harder than Chung—perhaps that explains his eventual successes.

Athletically Chung is a wonder—we've followed him for four years and we have yet to find something in which he does not excel. Baseball is his greatest love, but academics have kept him from the diamond, and Navy's gridiron prowess has improved thereby.

Generous, congenial, always ready to swap stories or lend a skag, a peach of a musician—Chung is one of our most popular men. He's quite a social satellite, too, and on leave he is an ideal friend and host, as any one who has been to his parties will testify. Far from being a red mike, he drags frequently. Chung is a man of whom the Navy may well be proud and surely success in life will be his. Good luck, Tony!

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. "N" Club.
Black "N"*****. 2 P. O.



EDGAR RAYMOND McCLUNG, JR.

"Ray" "Mac"

MUNCIE, IND.

FROM Muncie, Indiana, Ray's ambition has carried him to the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Being a Navy Junior, he has seen much of the world in its various phases and has acquired quite a cosmopolitan outlook on this sphere of ours.

Plebe Year Ray developed a great taste for sweets and his week-ends were invariably spent at tea-fights. After the dragging restriction was ended by one diag., he no longer allowed himself to be deprived of the charms of the fair sex. We have our weaknesses, of course, and he has his. The day is never complete without his daily letter. As a matter of fact, though, it is usually letters, both in quantity and quality.

Standing one on the entrance examinations, Ray, as a result, has never been troubled with academics. His natural penchant for "shooting the bull" has stood him in good stead throughout these past four years.

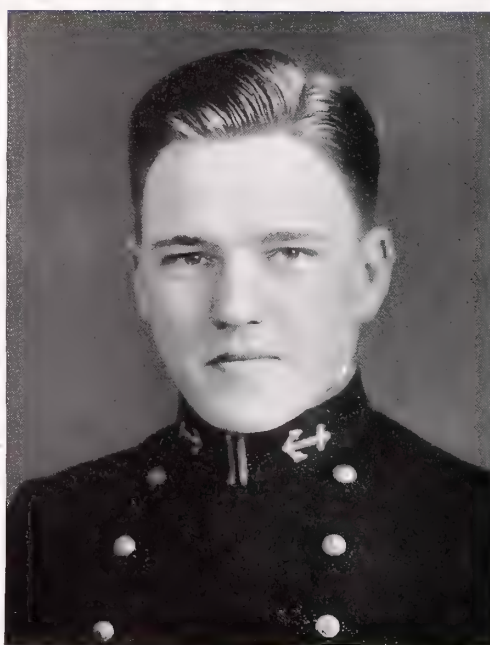
Athletically he has excelled on both the tennis and squash courts. During Youngster Year, he easily made his major letter in tennis. Throughout his following years he has remained loyal to this sport. On the squash court Ray is a wizard with a racquet, thus accounting for his holding the title of Academy Squash Champion.

His loyalty, friendliness, and willingness to help others in difficulty are attributes which make him a true friend. May we meet him again.

Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1. t.Nt 3, 2, 1. Squash 3, 2, 1.
Naval Academy Squash Champion. Boxing 4.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHRISTY CLAIR BUTTERWORTH

"Christy" "Buttercup"

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

ANYBODY want any messages sent anywhere in the world free of charge? See Christy. Amateur radio is his hobby. Anybody want the public address system rigged up? See Buttercup. That's been his rate for the last few years. Anybody want any pictures of any activity? See Christy. He's been taking pictures ever since he learned how to aim the camera. Who's the boy who takes the movies of the football games, track meets, and lacrosse games? That's Buttercup. He's been taking them ever since Plebe Year. Also, he beats a wicked base drum when the regular Bugle Corps drummer is absent.

Plebe Year Christy went out for crew, but one season as a coxswain changed his mind. The edge of the cockpit wore callouses on his back and yelling wore callouses in his throat, but you'll have to ask him his real reason for stopping. His boat won a race (according to him) because he threatened to croon at them if they lost.

Of course, he has had his troubles. The Math Department nearly threw him for a long loss, but he finally got loose and put them off his track. Mechanical drawing was his *forte*, but Juice and Radio were easiest for him.

After graduation, he hopes to get into aviation. He is crazy about planes and knows what makes the motors run. He'll make a good flyer and a good shipmate.

Crew 4, 3. Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Radio Club 3, 2, 1, Secretary 2.
President 1. Trident 2, 1. Reception Committee 2, 1.
Lucky Bag Staff. 1 P. O.

REGINALD RUTHERFORD

"Reggie" "Count"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HEY, Reg, can you tell me how to work this prob? furnishes the introduction to many of the conversations started in the room occupied by this sterling and savvy son of Washington.

Of a type never even slightly troubled by academics, and almost contemptuous of study, he has turned his boundless energy into Gym and snaking. His endeavors in the former field have been well marked by earth-shaking thumps—indeed, he insists that he learned to tumble in forty sittings. But in affairs of the heart he has been much more successful, and the thumps that are heard around him at tea fights are the palpitations of the hearts of the ladies. And very fair ladies, too.

In all seriousness, though, Reg is a great fellow. He is never too busy to help a friend over a rough spot, whether it be in a scrimmage with the Math Department or a blind drag to some hop. He wants to go into submarines when he graduates, and the boat which has him for a commander will be well to the fore in the efficiency competitions. He came to us with military training from the High School Cadets and has never lost that military precision of routine.

And when our thoughts turn back, as they often will, to the corridors of Bancroft Hall, we'll remember the sunny smile under the unruly mop of hair—a fellow we were glad to call our friend—Reg Rutherford.

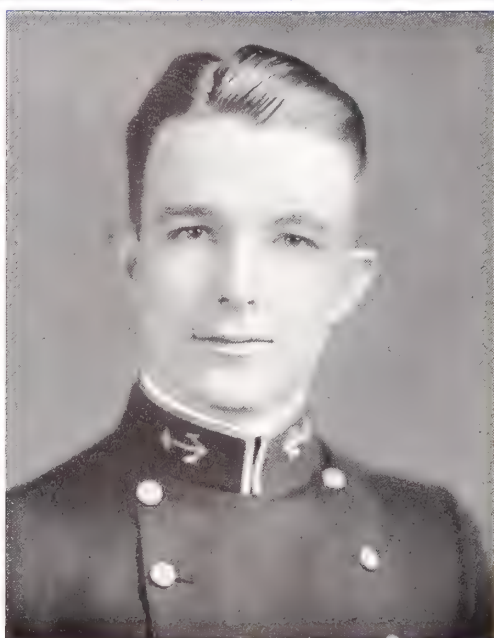
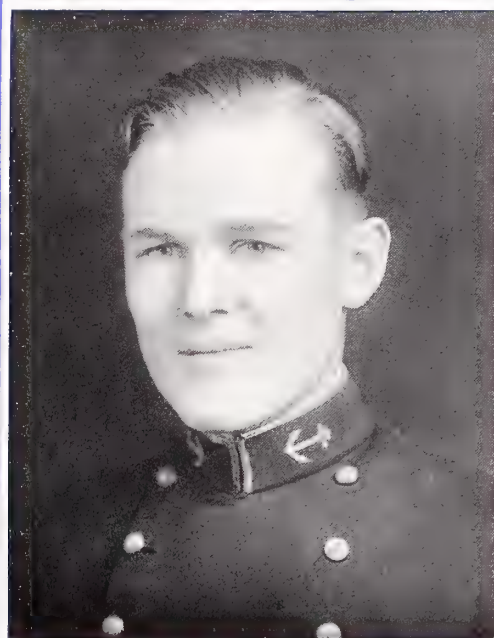
Class Football 3.

Gym 4, 3, 2.
2 P. O.

Star 4.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



THOMAS CRAIGHEAD EDRINGTON, III

"Tom" "Ed"

AT LARGE

A NAVY Junior fresh from Mare Island, Tommy arrived in the summer of '30, and has since proceeded to show us of what stuff he is made. On almost any early morning, "Say, have you heard the one about . . ." His humor has helped us over the gripes of Full Dress P-grades with five minutes to get into uniform.

Tom's a versatile chap. Having decided one day during Plebe Year that he would like to become a cartoonist, he picked up a pencil and went at it; a week later he sent in his first drawing to the *Log*. Not satisfied with having become an artist, he next picked up a rattling typewriter and turned out a surprising number of good short stories. Then, feeling an urge to get out in the open, he hunted up a forgotten tennis racquet and landed on the courts with both feet to defeat all comers. His one big aversion is the fair sex. Tom is a red, white and blue Red Mike. But this dislike of dragging has stood him in such good stead with Johnny Gow, Juice, Nav, and the rest that he has but seldom found himself in prominence upon the weekly bush.

Tom has always been an enthusiastic chap, full of good fellowship and fun. His originality and ready wit have made him a host of friends wherever he has gone. His Irish sense of humor, his originality, and his general ability will carry him a long way. Good luck to you, Tom!

Tennis 4. Radio Club 2. Log Staff 3, 2, 1. Art Editor 1.

Art Club 2, 1. Press Detail 2, 1. Orchestra 3.

M. P. O.

RICHARD DANIELS SHEPARD

"Shep" "Dick"

AT LARGE

SHEP arrived fresh from California, bringing an appointment, a flute, a drawing pen, and a cheery disposition with him. Being a Navy Junior he had a good idea of what he was running into, but the struggle has never caused him any grief. Outside of contending that "Damn French" is one word, he can still look easily upon his Midshipman days. Steam, the bugbear of the Plebes, turned out to be his *forte* and many of the men he has left behind him can attest to the fact that he is as good an instructor as a student in his pet branch of engineering. Of a naturally mechanical trend, he can rip off the parts of a turbine without batting an eye and the later intricacies of torpedoes, boilers, and generators jumped when he spoke. The executive part of the course bothered him not a bit and it was very seldom that his name graced the pap sheet.

During his spare time he turned out a volume of drawings for the *Log* and many serious sketches for the *Trident*. His serious work was his main hobby, but when the occasion moved him he would turn out a cartoon that would remove thoughts of many a gripe from the Regiment. Too, the Musical Clubs gave Shep a chance to prove to a skeptical audience that a flute is a musical instrument. Every year would find him in the orchestra tearing off a snappy *allegro* or a soaring cadenza with the ease of a maestro.

He found much time to devote to dragging, each Hop finding him in full dress, and many a blonde succumbed to the line.

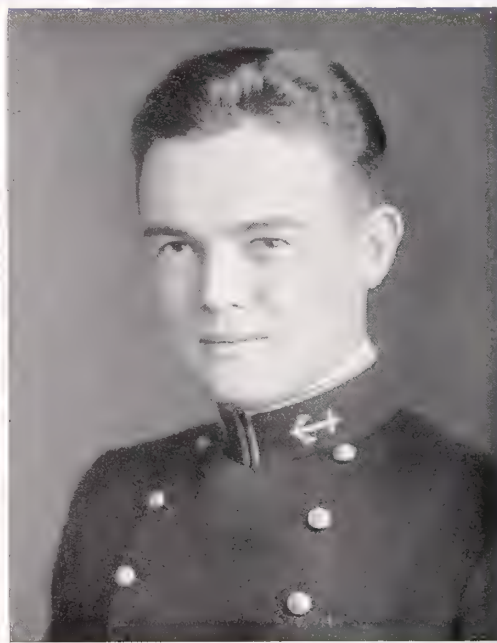
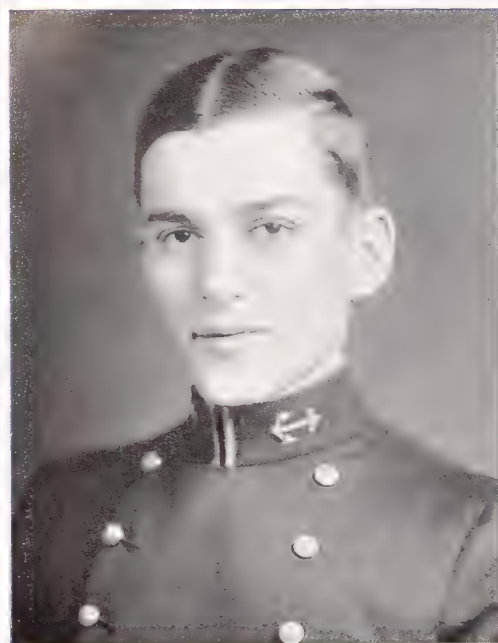
Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1. Art Club 2, 1. Class Crest Committee.

Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1. Radio Club 2, 1. Lucky Bag Staff.

Trident Staff 3, 2, 1. Press Detail 1. M. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOSEPH COLEMAN CARTER

"Colonel" "Nick" "Joe"

VERSAILLES, KENTUCKY

YOU'RE challenged to a duel." Thus the hard-riding Kentucky Colonel closes another argument defending the glory and honor of Kentucky against any or all of the other forty-seven states. Casualties are fortunately prevented by lack of suitable weapons.

Having decided that he had served his apprenticeship with his trusty hunting rifle, Joe came to the Academy to see whether or not these stories about big guns were true. Although rather more quiet than most of us, he soon established a reputation of All-Navy, All-time non-regness, as well as for a mighty likeable nature. Academics have never quite seemed to bother him, for a little high-powered boning always pulls him sat in time to make leave. The Colonel indignantly denies the rumor that he leaves his shoes behind when he departs.

Having tried all the sports available, from boxing to crew, Nick decided they were all too easy, but that a "fair" workout could be had from two or three miles on the track, some weight-lifting in the gym, and a couple of thousand yards in the pool. His favorite indoor sport is debating, and Joe is considered to be an authority on the subjects of horses, dogs, and hunting. Although the Colonel can hardly be considered a snake, he drags enough to substantiate his claims as a connoisseur of those things which redound to the fame and glamour of Kentucky.

Boxing 4, 3. 150 Pound Crew 3. Cross Country 2.
Class Football 1.
2 P. O.

ROBERT CECIL HOUSTON

"Bob" "Sam"

WHEATON, ILL.

BOB is one of those rare characters whom you meet and like, and the longer you know him, the greater is your liking for him. He came from the midwest with few ideas of the Navy but with a determination to learn his business and to make a success of his chosen career.

He is a man who stands on his own feet, helps others when they ask, but never asks help of others. No problem ever seems too tough; just give him time and it will be solved by common sense and clear thinking. Bob's first sea duty was Youngster Cruise in the Wyo. Just ask him what is kept in the *Lucky Bag*, why he never swings his hammock under an open hatch when the sea looks a bit rough, and then, with extreme caution, if he ever heard of a submarine called the NAUTILUS. But remember, he is a track man.

Life's most supreme joy for him is sleep. Those who live anywhere nearby can testify with fervor that he can sleep longer, and with more profound earnestness, than any man it has been their misfortune to hear.

Track and steam have taken up his few spare moments. However, his all-consuming ambition is to revolutionize modern marine engineering.

His easy going manner, dry humor, and modest nature have won for him a host of true friends.

Track 4. 1 Stripe.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE BEATON NICOL

"George" "Nick"

LIMA, OHIO

FROM a land where the sea is only a legend comes this cheery fellow to Annapolis and the Navy, thereby fulfilling an ambition and decision of his that neither he nor any of his many friends at the Academy have since regretted.

The first three years of George's academics might well be titled, "The Eternal Struggle"—with the Dago Department. Frequently the element of suspense was evident, but, nevertheless, the end of each term has always found him among those present. A famous run-in with the Nav Department after a P-Work and a natural abhorrence of anything connected with Ordnance about completes Nick's academic history.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of a good time" seems to be George's philosophy of life, and he follows it amazingly well. His life is a good time, and liberty is his one incessant desire. He never goes at anything half-heartedly and one would usually say that he either goes too far or not far enough.

His Second Class Year found him peerless in the 440 at the Academy, and the proud possessor of an "N" as ample proof of his track ability.

But all his endeavors are not academic and athletic, as his popularity with the fair sex will substantiate. A confirmed Red Mike during Plebe Year, he now has the enviable reputation of being always able to drag in both quantity and quality.

Happy-go-lucky, good natured, humorous, slightly non-reg, and, above all, a true friend; this is the picture of Nick.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 2, 1. 2 P. O.

CHARLES ROBERT STEPHAN

"Charlie" "Steph" "Steve"

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

IT IS not hard to see why Charlie is in the Service after encountering his suave aloofness and calm deliberation of action. He is never aroused from his even tenor of living, save when he has three lessons to bone in one hour. Then he is apt to miss half his study period relaxation. It is inferred from this that academics have always been taken merely as a matter of course by him, and nothing to become alarmed about. Dago has been his best subject and his proficiency in French has been a boon to many unsats.

When he first entered our midst he was an avowed Red Mike. However, from the best information available, we find that he succumbed to the delightful charms of the fair ones Youngster Christmas.

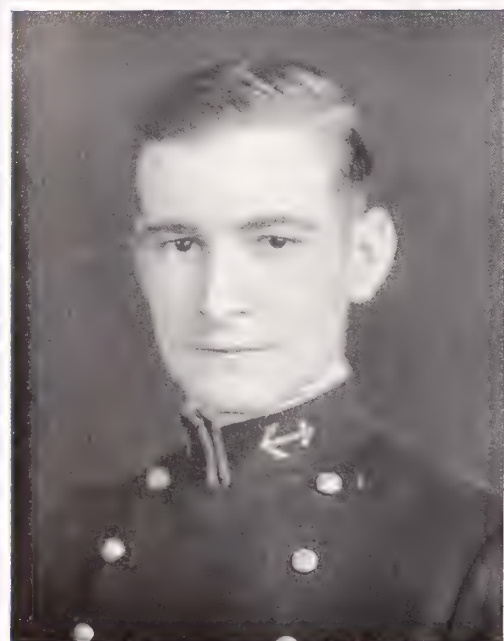
Steph's spare time is taken up with several occupations. Rifle, track, and drawing, both for the Log and his own amusement, head the list. When he is not doing Log work, he may be found out on the range squeezing them in or tossing a javelin around.

By his associations with us at the Academy he has always proven himself a firm friend with a warmth of feeling towards all. Above all, he doesn't sing in the shower and is willing to loan stamps without security. Indications point to a colorful career for Charlie. Thirty years from now if you address his mail to the Fleet Commander, it won't go far astray.

Class Football 1, 3. Rifle 1, 4. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES WARD BROCK

"Jimmy" "Commander" "Brockie"

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.

NEW Jersey claims to be the background for this versatile young man—our Ward. Salutatorian in High School and honor man at Great Lakes Naval Aviation School, we look for great things from him in future years.

Flashing brown eyes, slim, with that debonair smile, we do not wonder that feminine glances follow him wherever he goes. His unfailing good-humor and willingness to help his classmates has made it possible to say "Of friends he has many, of enemies—none." We have only one fault to find with Ward, that is his persistence in rendering vocal selections in the shower.

Although a good cross country and track man, he has not been able to resist the alluring temptations offered by the "radiator club and Cosmo."

Academically, Ward is inclined to social studies, his pet subjects being Dago and Bull, in which he excels, probably due to the inspiration he receives from his extensive reading of magazines.

Ambition and perseverance are his outstanding characteristics. He knows no limit to any work if it will obtain the desired results. Agreeable, well-mannered, intelligent and sociable, he has been much in demand at social functions during the last four years.

This son of the "Garden State" has much to be proud of, little to repent, and is first, last and always a gentleman.

Cross Country 4, 3. Track 4, 3, 2. Radio Club 3, 2.
Drum and Bugle Corps 4, 3, 2, 1. Two Stripes.

MARVIN ELLSWORTH LUNDFELT

"Marvel" "Dutch"

RENOVA, PA.

MARVEL" comes from one of those places in Pennsylvania surrounded by green mountains and Nature at her best; a place where one would expect one of his natural characteristics to come from. He received his education from Renova High School and the Naval Academy Preparatory Class at San Diego.

He hails from the land of hard and level headed men. What he says you can bank on to be sound and good advice. He is athletic by nature but would rather spend his time in the radio shack or reading Cosmo. This has made him a charter member of the famous Radiator Club.

Three years a Red Mike at the Academy, but watch his speed on leaves. Then the bushy eyebrows take their numerous toll of the fair sex. We have seen him drag to hops despite his belief that he is a Red Mike, but he has always picked the best. Never yet has Dutch dragged a brick.

"Mary" is hard working, hard playing, but not hard studying. He has no troubles with academics and is a veritable savoir. No, he is not a super-man, but just a jolly good fellow and the life of any party regardless of the kind or nature it may be. He is always ready to lend a helping hand and seldom Rhino. He has those admirable qualities which bring success, and we all hope and expect to hear more of him in the future.

Lacrosse 4, 3. Gym 4. B Squad 3.
Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE EDWIN ARTZ
"George" "Eddie" "Omar"
WOODSTOCK, VA.

THIS Virginia cavalier comes from the historic old Blue Ridge mountains, and it was there on the banks of the Shenandoah that he first conceived the idea of a naval career. After knowing George for four years we feel sure he will make good in his chosen calling.

At any rate, we found him among us one fine June day in 1930, eager to learn to shoot big guns, sail ships, and sight stars. Nor has he changed in that respect, for even spring fever does not dampen his seemingly inexhaustible supply of energy. His interests are many, ranging from the crew shed to the rifle range. His outstanding achievements in this line were in the pistol butts, where his shooting was quite excellent. However, his natural love for athletics and the things for which they stand has been considerably handicapped by his seeming affinity to such things as appendicitis, broken noses, and sprained joints—and yet, he has never really become a member of the Radiator Club.

Socially, George is an asset to any gathering, be it a bull session, a dance, a sailing party, or a rumble seat—for he is not only good-natured, friendly, and tactful, but he is a true "bon vivant" of the naval school. Ambitious and persevering—he even bones on Sunday nights; generous—he would drag blind for a friend, and then lend him his last dime; always loyal to and thoughtful of his friends—this is our classmate, George Artz.

Choir 4, 3, 2, 1. Expert Rifleman 2 P. O.



JOHN HARLLEE
"Johnny" "John Silver" "Silver"
MANATEE, FLA.

ALTHOUGH ex-striper J. Harllee of the Washington High School Cadets was only sixteen when he left his much beloved "Washy" to answer the roll call of '34, it soon became apparent that he could hold his own, be it in a classroom, a free-for-all, a bull session, or a lady's parlor. Speaking of a free-for-all, John is an ardent devotee of boxing, in which sport he earned an N. A. Second Class Year. "Building himself up" is almost a fetich with him, and he is often lifting weights in the gym, swimming in the pool, or playing on the tennis courts.

The experiences of this young marine with the fair sex are quite amusing. One week he can only think of her (a different one every two weeks), and the next week he astounds his friends with the declaration that "all women are shallow and superficial." However, when a blind date is in demand this Carvel Charley is right there with the goods.

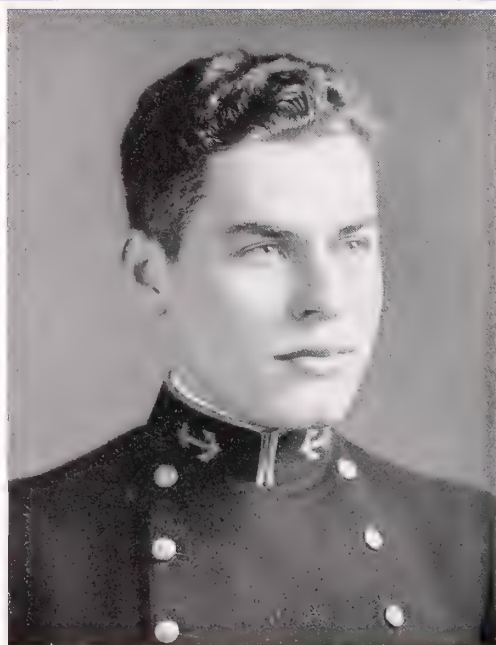
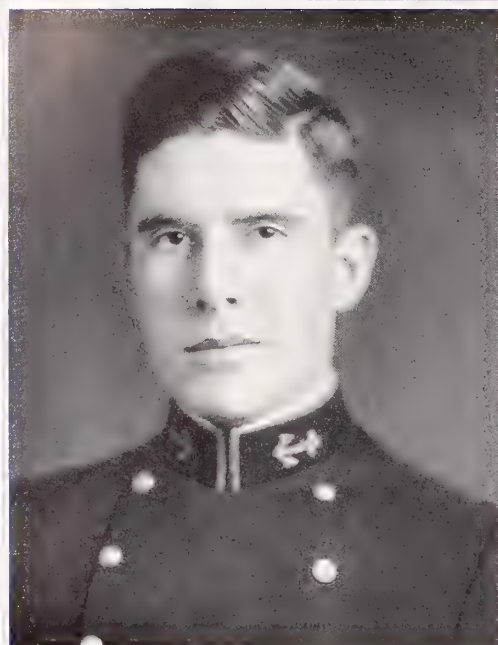
John's greatest difficulty has been with the Executive Department. His frequent arguments with First Classmen and his individualistic ideas of routine have cost him many a demerit and much extra duty, but he still loves the old Navy and will admit it.

Independent—hard working (especially in his studies)—confident—very loyal to his friends—these are the dominant characteristics of John Harllee, and we feel sure they will carry him far on the roads of life.

Boxing 4, 3, 2. Class Football 3. Cross Country 4.
Black "N." 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



KENDALL CASEY
"Kendall"
FORT SMITH, ARK.

LOUIS LEFELAR, JR.
"Lou"
PASSAIC, N. J.

KENDALL hails from Arkansas, a state where men are men and women like it. At the Academy he continued to resist the opposite sex for two long years, but letters and pictures kept pouring in until he decided that he was a necessary factor to the happiness of women. Since then his conquests have been many and the pictures on his locker door are envied by his classmates, not to mention all the others who are fortunate enough to enter the room.

Academics do not worry Kendall; he refuses to spend more than the specified amount of time on his subjects. He has always believed that the best way to learn is to ask and his questions in Steam and Ordnance have become famous. Many a night a text book is tossed aside in favor of a magazine or letter.

Recreation is not a necessity in this young man's life. Rather than attend a show or take a workout, he often remains indoors to help some of the boys who are having trouble with their studies. Then, again, he is big hearted enough to stand watches for classmates who desire to drag. A generous characteristic of this sort makes a man outstanding, because ninety-nine out of every hundred people do not wish to sacrifice their time for others.

Time may go on, the Navy may change, but Casey will still be the generous, good natured, smiling boy of Academy days. He will undoubtedly go far.

2 P. O.

SO the prof looks at my steam drawing and shakes his head—2.o." Lou had some mighty close shaves in steam but he has since risen to the heights. Being one of those want-to-know-why fellows, he just must take life with a grain of salt. New Jersey has helped us by giving us Lou, as what this Navy needs according to him is more horseplay and less horsepower.

Lou is a thorough advocate of athletics and exercise. Besides being well informed on all sports, he plays basketball and never lets anything interfere with his sleep or his daily workout. From time to time one sees him at hops, but, being more serious minded than most of us, he soon tires of them. His main objection to entertainments is the late hours. However, his correspondence causes him to burn the midnight oil at times, especially when he can't concentrate during the regular hours assigned for study.

Like most of us, Lou has a hobby. His memory book is his pride and joy. "Just another trophy for the mem. book, you know" is his explanation of each new picture.

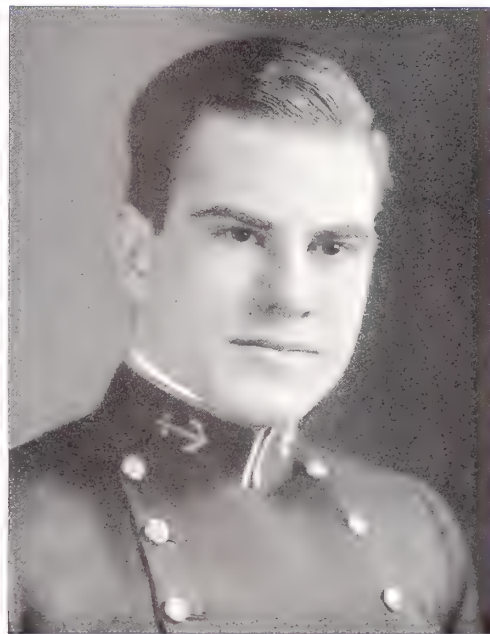
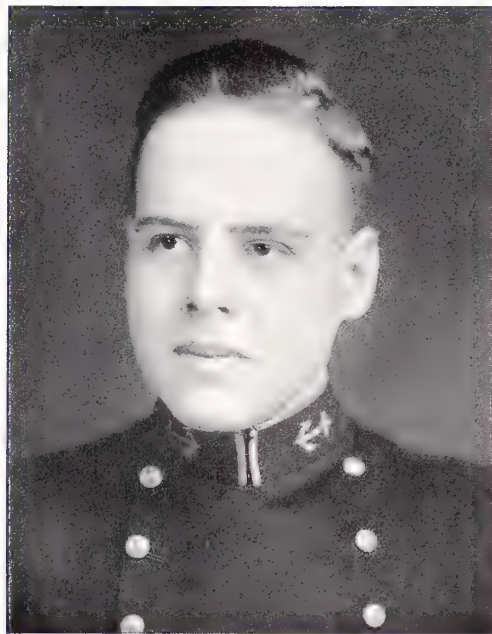
He is always a hard and consistent worker. No matter what he takes up, he allows nothing to interfere with his mastery of the subject. Energetic, humorous, likeable, and easy to get along with, Lou has made an ideal wife. And, judging from his achievements here, we know he will go far either in the Service or on the outside.

Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LAWRENCE BONNER CLARK

"Larry" "L. B."

PLYMOUTH, N. C.

YES, girls, this is Larry, but do not think you are his first victim. Many have fallen for the innocent, appealing gaze, those quiet manners, and irresistible charm, with the result that they have been unable to emerge from the spell. We rather suspect that a fair young lady from down near home keeps his mind well occupied, but he is still susceptible.

Academics? His worries in this direction have been nil. At least since the end of Plebe Year when he defeated four departments at one time in an extra round. That rather broke through the departments guard, for since then it has been, "Oh, the steam for tomorrow is fruit." He has even been known to smack math exams for three-sixes.

Larry is a caulker of note and has the ability to fall into the arms of Morpheus anytime and anywhere, especially when boning Ordnance or Steam. We secretly believe he resents the wife keeping the light burning until taps.

Larry's principal recreation is letter writing and never missing Carvel on week-ends. Then, there is also his fan mail to read.

As for the future, Larry hasn't made up his mind. Shall it be the Service or a business career? Well, whichever you choose, "Here's luck to you, old boy, and plenty of it."

Radio Club 3, 2. Reception Committee 2, 1. 2 P. O.

ZANE THOMPSON, JR.

"Zane" "Zeke"

OMAHA, NEB.

COMING from the Middle West where battleships are very seldom seen, and the Naval Academy is just a school in Indianapolis or some such place, Zane dropped into an altogether different environment when he landed in Crabtown for the first time. The difference worried him not at all, though, and he settled down to becoming an old salt. But he made a happy landing, and after four years the Old Academy has turned out a graduate that it should be proud of.

During these four years Zeke has dabbed in various activities, but he made his biggest impression while on the Pep Committee. He also made his mark on the Plebe Rifle Team, where he often shot most amazing scores, but this was merely a pastime. He is probably most famous as a second Cannon Ball Baker or maybe a Gar Wood, and the service should consider itself lucky to get such a man.

He has made many friends, because he has such a pleasant disposition. One might call him a real gentleman, because he has proven this on several occasions by lending a helping hand when a fellow really needed a friend. He is very modest, and yet he always came back from leave with several long yarns, the majority pertaining to new love affairs. Maybe that is just the old sea fever in him.

Zeke's good nature will always win him many friends, and his mind for business will bring him success; we wish him happiness.

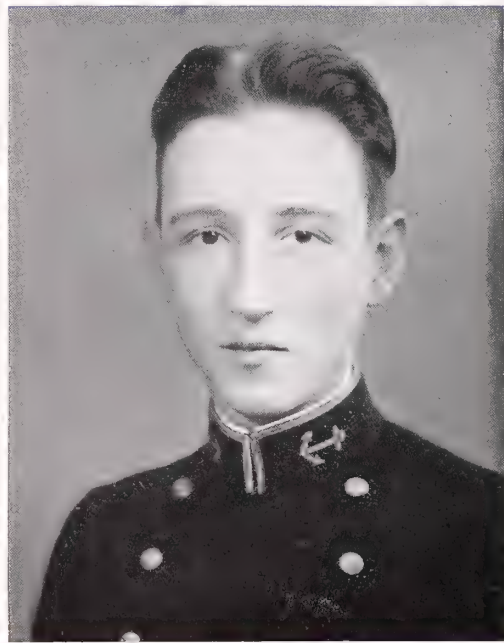
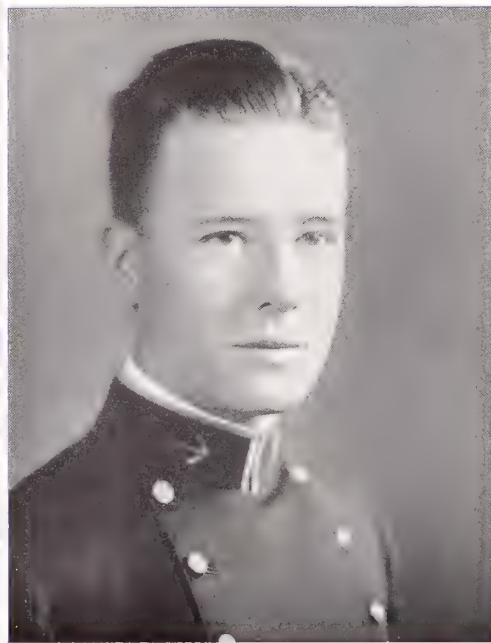
Pep Committee.

Rifle.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



LEONARD JOHN FLYNN

"Leo" "Chiefie"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEO felt the call of the briny deep even in the big city, and the summer of thirty found him in our home by the Severn. Having weathered the storms and fogs of Plebe Summer without mishap, he faced with his characteristically cheerful mien the coming ordeal of the first year. He had the distinction of becoming a "chief" in one of the most memorable of the Plebe Navies of that year.

Sports have never attracted Leo to any great extent, but the gym has exercised a very strong appeal. Almost any afternoon he can be seen over there, either heaving the weights around, or otherwise keeping himself fit. He is always ready for a set of tennis or a run around the track, however. In the evenings after chow he is seldom very far from a deck of cards and a bridge score card.

Chiefie has gone sailing through the Acs with little to trouble him, though he will probably never forget that Plebe Year steam. He has always been ready to lend a helping hand to those less fully endowed by nature. French is his forte, and *Cercle Français* one of his diversions.

Though he is not much of a ladies' man, that "Four-O-Friend who is coming down with my drag" will sometimes find him waiting at the station.

Leo's cheerful smile and happy humor have given him a place in our hearts, and we know that wherever he goes, there will he find friends.

Cross Country 2. Quarterdeck 2, 1. Star 4. 2 P. O.

LESTER SMITH CHAMBERS

"Allie" "Les" "Uncle"

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

THE balmy climate of Lester's native habitat has rendered this precocious son of Alabama a ready prey to the frequent climatic shiftings along the Severn. However, on cold, grey mornings his sensitive anatomy is not alone in its fastidious insistence on having each article of clothing carefully preheated on the radiator.

He has an amazing bent for those vexing technicalities which so often vex us at times and a versatility not alien to genius is manifest in his wanderings in the realm of music and literature, not merely to appreciate, but to compose also.

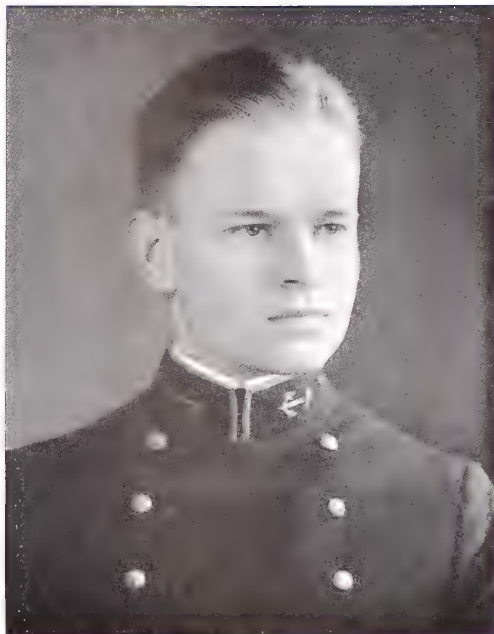
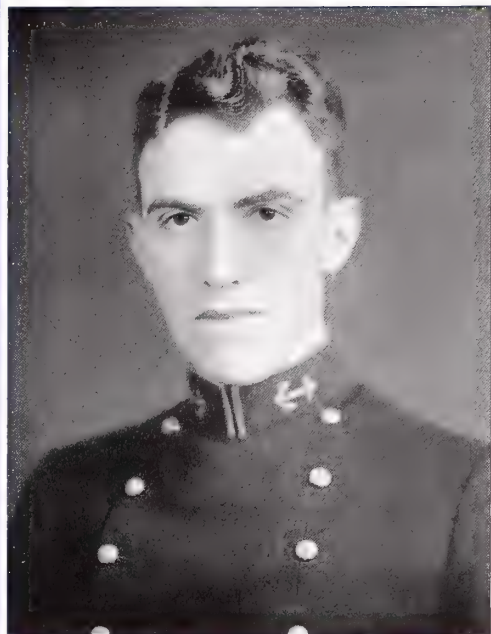
He early cast his lot with those whose challenge to "juice" contributes so much to midshipmen efforts on the stage of Mahan Hall. From the brilliance of the signs which so eloquently proclaim from afar the presence of the production, to the "spots" whose judiciously chosen tints and shades are so essential to the Thespian, we find his unobtrusive but effective ingenuity tirelessly functioning. How frequently his ardent explanations of the intricacies of A. C. have met a peaceful mien heroically striving to conceal the troublesome cerebrations which floundered within.

Voluminous correspondence tenderly maintained under the spell of an omnipresent picture betray a certain weakness. A temperament so productive of domestic felicity and a sincere sympathy for all are certainly the quintessence of a genuine friend.

Juice Gang 4, 3, 2, 1. Chief Electrician 1. Star 4.
Class Council 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOSEPH LYLE DICKEY

"Joe"

SEDALIA, MO.

THIS young man, see picture for details, hails from Missouri, where men smoke corn cob pipes and have to be shown. His peaceful life was interrupted by the call of Neptune, so he laid aside the plow and set out to conquer new worlds. With two years of College behind him, he was an old timer at academics, and, being naturally savvy, they were the least of his worries. An aversion to anything resembling boning has kept him from starrng; but he has never missed that 3.4 average by much.

Having an industrious disposition, Joe has spent much time on his pet hobby, radio. In fact he lives in a maze of choke coils and condensers, which is incomprehensible to the uninitiated. He built himself a combination victrola and radio Second Class Summer which was the pride and joy of our class for two years. Some people are born savvy and others have that thrust upon them. However, that is not his only interest. He is a lover of music and a good violinist. The fair sex has also received a large portion of his spare time; with the best of results for Joe who has neither bricked nor been bricked.

Joe has an uncanny efficiency which invariably accomplishes the desired results. His modesty and shyness have hidden his light under a bushel too long. These characteristics, coupled with his cheerfulness and industriousness will make his life in the fleet a happy one. Good luck Joe!

Track 4. Cross Country 2. Orchestra 4, 2, 1. Radio Club 2, 1.

2 P. O.

CLYDE RALPH NELSON

"Pinky"

PERU, ILL.

THIS rosy cheeked lad hails from Illinois, but he has reigned over the first sections for all of four long years and is the type of man who will some day have stars on a flag instead of stars on his collar. His troubles academically were only concerned with class standing, and even in this he was not forced to exert himself. He takes a real, live interest in his work and, if it is information you are looking for, he is sure to have it. The Fleet will have a place for this well prepared man who brings with him a plenteous dowry of good practical knowledge and common sense.

A man among women, as his heart beats for every pretty girl that he meets, which is quite a large number too. Oh! How they do love those nice pink cheeks. As to preferences, Illinois is so far away and Washington is close and convenient. Just another bit of proof that this stout hearted middle is a practical man.

Perhaps his favorite hobby is playing bridge. Close seconds are sleeping, smoking, making 4.0's on exams, and reading the Post. When not busy exercising one of his hobbies he finds time to swim and play lacrosse. And does both exceedingly well.

Cheerful, sincere, and always willing to help, whether it be with a problem or spelling a word, Pinky holds a place in our hearts that is all his own. We congratulate his future shipmates, and hope that we may some day be one of them.

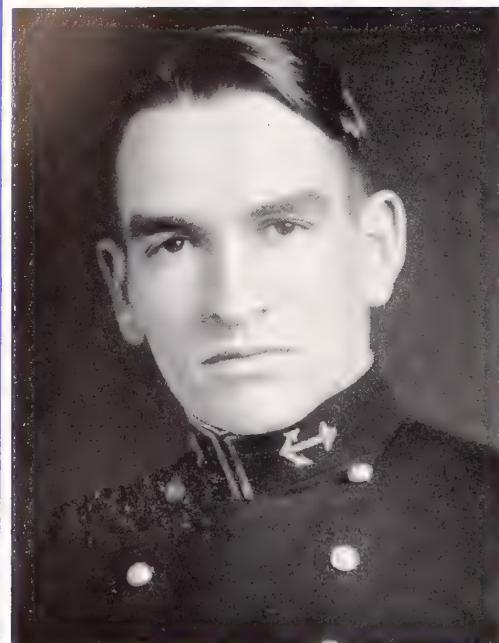
Stars 3, 2.

Class Lacrosse 4.

C. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MALCOLM MCGREGOR CHAMPLIN

"Mac" "Micky"

BERKELEY, CAL.

IT should be plain that here stands the thinker. Many times this countenance hides abundant thoughts of such things as the future of democratic government; then suddenly his mind snaps under the strain and Mac realizes that he has made his bed on Saturday morning.

At the beginning of academics each year there are two things in his mind; first, the O. A. O. in Berkeley, and, second, his battle with Juice. Except for multiplying and dividing, Mac takes his Math with a storm. When you get him away from quandaries caused by the dryness of engineering, he is a gifted orator and can beat the bull at his own game.

Mac is a good worker and by exercising a bit of foresight manages to stay well on the safe side of all he undertakes. During Plebe and Youngster Years he punched around with Spike's boys. Then he took up books and thinking, and we found him writing long letters frequently.

He revolts against the mechanical side of life and aspires to greater intellectual freedom in the realms of law and governmental affairs. Optimistic and certain of himself, he always has a smile. He is good natured, sociable, and excellent company.

Four years ago the University of California saw one of her best students go East, undecided. Now Cal claims him and he may return, to study law. We will remember you Mac. And you, too, shall remember that your old friends are not far distant in the Service. Good luck to you.

Quarter-Deck Society. Lacrosse 4. Boxing 4, 3.
Navy Pistol Expert. Expert Rifleman. 2 P. O.

JOHN MITCHELL PHELPS

"Jack"

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

IT IS a great advantage to have a wife who belongs to the Book of the Month Club. His only wifely failing is that his golf clubs are left handed.

Jack is a hard worker and interested in engineering subjects as his marks have shown. Only English and Italian have prevented him from starring. Aside from studies, his interests lie in baseball, reading and dragging. He made the Plebe team as a pitcher and then the varsity. Almost any afternoon, as long as it is not during baseball season, you will find him stretched out on his bed with a book. Jack is moderate in all things, especially dragging, but is a good blind date victim.

Lighter-than-air appeals to Jack. It is in this branch of the Service that he intends to specialize. When the newness wears off and lighter-than-air becomes safer, it should become a still more vital and important branch of our Navy. Jack will do his part to bring this about.

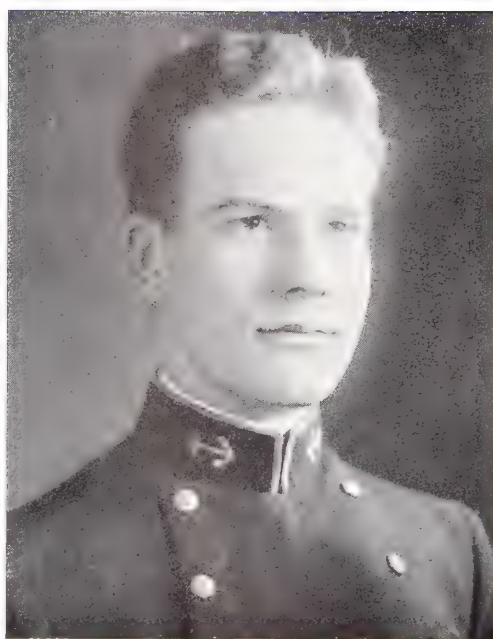
His cheery disposition and endless wit make him the best of companions. Admirable traits? He is stocked to overflowing with them. Generosity, sympathy, and a sense of humor are assets that will insure his success.

Jack has one failing; he has continually accused his wife of absent mindedness. And yet, one day, he turned up his trousers to shine his shoes and, forgetting to roll them down again, went to formation. When he marched into the messhall, he wondered why everyone was laughing.

Baseball 4, 3, 2. Expert Rifleman. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT PARKER CRISWELL

"Chris" "Swede" "Bob"

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CHRIS hails from California, and he has in his character all the warmth of that sunny land. He is one of the quietest and most reserved men in our class, and very few of us know a great deal about him. His good nature and sometimes strange ways have laid him open to many a practical joke, and, though always pleasantly received, they have made him suspicious of all mankind. His friendships, as a result, are slowly and carefully distributed, but once given, they are deep and sincere.

Chris's huge frame and yellow top gained him the descriptive title of Swede at the beginning of Plebe Year. That same huge frame has gained him an enviable record in crew every year. Swede is a natural stroke and has participated in two Poughkeepsies.

Chris has been fighting the Dago Department since the day he entered. He prevailed in all save one of his many engagements. If service stripes were given to Midshipmen he would have all the ribbons.

Being naturally solitary and quiet, Swede spends the time off the Severn boning. But he spends quite some time in correspondence, for, though he never talks or brags of it, underneath his single exterior Chris is quite a ladies' man.

In all, Chris is a man who combines a quiet nature with a deep-rooted character, qualities which I am sure will bring him as much success in the future as he has given us pleasure in the past.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

JOSEPH BONAFIELD TIBBETS

"Joe" "Bonny" "Giblets"

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.

YEARS ago, as a wee small lad, Joe had a longing for a military career. It was a question of West Point or Annapolis, and the Gods were kind, for Joe has turned to the sea with us. One term at a prep school on the Hudson and his academic needs were met; so well in fact, that in the succeeding four years studies were for him but the means to an end.

A born Northerner, Joe has enough sea-going Yankee blood in his veins to turn the heart of any mermaid. New England cannot claim all the credit, however, for Florida has claimed his home and heart during late years.

Bonny's pent up energy in the fall and spring finds an outlet in crew. He is no mean oarsman as attested by his participation in the '32 Henley, this in spite of a period of enforced idleness during a spring cruise on the U. S. S. "Reina Mercedes." An unfortunate illness prevented his participation in '33 with the subsequent loss to the sport.

Joe has remained immune (or nearly so) to all feminine charms throughout his Academy career. Occasionally, if he is not standing some unfortunate classmate's week-end watch, Joe may condescend to grace a hop via the stag line.

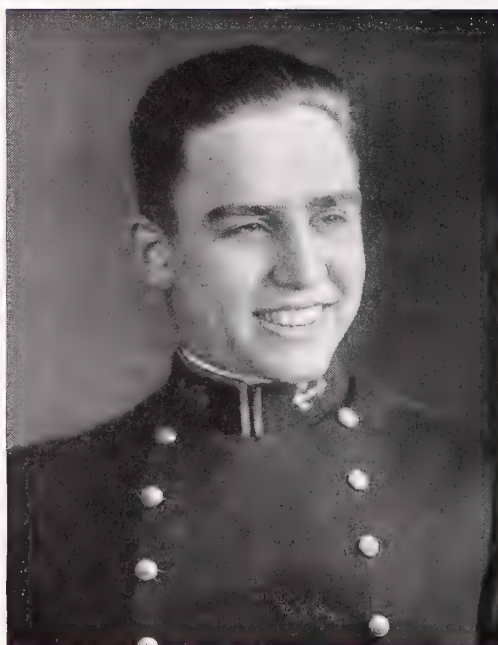
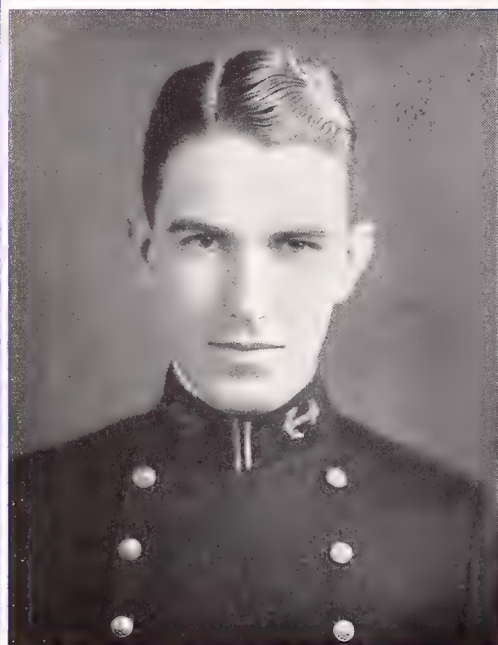
Sympathetic, unselfish, considerate, and helpful at all times, Joe has made the best kind of a wife. His countless friends are evidence of his generosity and good fellowship. Wherever Joe goes we will want to be there.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HENRY CLARK CORBIN

"Hank" "Sockeye" "Colonel" "Henry"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT may be a small world in which we live but one would not think so if he started to enumerate the places where Henry has lived. One of the modern miracles is that such a thoroughbred Army man saw the light, and, answering the call of the sea, joined the Navy. However, we have more than a military leader in Henry; he being ably suited for a diplomatic career. In this line, he combines a fluent knowledge of languages with a certain finesse, to which numerous broken hearts stand testimony.

Henry's game of tag with the academics has been an astute one, with many a hairbreadth escape, but when the final count is made, they always find him on the right side of 2.5.

Most any afternoon of the year, Henry is to be found in the gym pushing the leather. On leave he mingles golf and horseback riding with a great deal of horizontal exercise in the sun.

A confirmed fre lance among the ladies and as fickle as a March wind, Henry has never missed a hop or a Sunday afternoon at Carvel, although it is rumored that he has never dragged the same girl twice.

He is immaculate in his dress, discriminating in his tastes, and broadminded in his outlook. Cynical at times, he is gregarious and affable, nonchalant and enthusiastic. With a host of acquaintances and but few intimates, Henry's infallible savoir faire will see him a long way on the tortuous road to success.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1.

1 P. O.

ROBERT HAMILTON CLOSE

"Bob" "Boney" "Bacchus" "Buccaneer"

RYE, N. Y.

MAN and boy these forty years I've been beating round the Horn—" Close is off again and you can be sure that it will be a yarn of the Merchant Marine and adventures in far away ports, for Bob went to sea as an ordinary seaman on the S. S. George Washington. And therein lies a tale. Corner him some rainy evening and he'll make you strike your tops'ls and founder in two fathoms of the worst scuttlebutt imaginable.

Unlike many sailors, Bob feels equally at home in the water as on it. He is one of Navy's foremost exponents of the famous Suicide Squad, having been All-American, and having been elected Captain after the '33 season. During the off seasons he plays water soccer and swims continually, having been a member of the infamous Palooka Swimming Club during Second Class Summer. When not in the water, class football and the weight squad are his favorite pastimes, providing there are no ladies of the tender age on the horizon.

Dreamy waltzes and the lure of fair ladies usually entices Midshipman Close to the environs of Dahlgren Hall where his contagious grin and eternal good humor win him many a week-end heart. As a result, he's way ahead in the old game of hop flirtations.

As a wife Bob is incomparable, not even complaining when his last towel disappears. (He just steps out and borrows one). Ever laughing and full of fun, Bobby is all there. Long may he wave.

Water Polo 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N" 3, 2, 1.

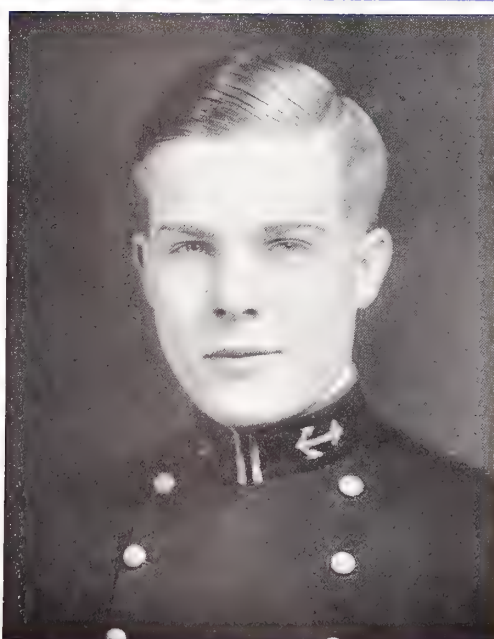
Captain 1.

Class Football 2. Trident 2, 1. Quarter-Deck 2.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HOWARD EARL DAY, JR.

"Daisy"

NEWPORT, VT.

WILLIAM WALTON KELLER

"Willie" "Doc" "Bill"

SCRANTON, PA.

DAISY, a staunch sandblower, is a dark handsome young man who seems to have an irresistible appeal for the fair sex. Although he is very wiry and strong, he is not an athlete because he considered himself too small for football and too large for coxswain. However, he did try the latter for a short time but found it either too much or too little work.

Daisy was born and bred in New England and, after graduating from High School, decided that the Navy was the place for him. Probably because he once spent several hours in a canoe on Lake Memphramagog, thus proving himself adapted to the life of a sailor. He must have chosen well for he has since proven his ability by acting as part of the crew and supercargo. Many an afternoon's sailing was with Skipper Daisy at the helm. Above all, he claims to have enjoyed the cruises and is very sorry that his second was only two months long.

Daisy is a very quiet and apparently serious lad, but one who enjoys an old-fashioned riot as well as the rest of us. His charm lies in his easy-going manner, his understanding, and his ability to keep in phase with our varying moods. He has made many lasting friendships here and we all hope to meet him again in the future.

2 P. O.

ANYONE who looks in Doc's room about five minutes after reveille any cold morning will find him perched on the radiator with a book or two, clearing up the fine points of the day's work or adding some details which occurred to him during the night. His great regret is that he has to sleep at all. He ranks near the top of the class, as he manages to keep his own marks high while pulling up those of his less savvy classmates. It is sometimes rumored that he was involved in the writing of some of the textbooks in use. When he finishes with his books they are so marked up with colored hieroglyphics that no one can read them; the purpose of these markings being to make the text more clear.

Obviously, Doc's great interest is finding out what makes the wheels go round. He likes especially to play with engines. His first steam engine actually turned over, although it almost flew to pieces during its first run. Since then he has spent his spare hours in the design of an I. C. engine. It may work but spectators are advised to remain at a safe distance.

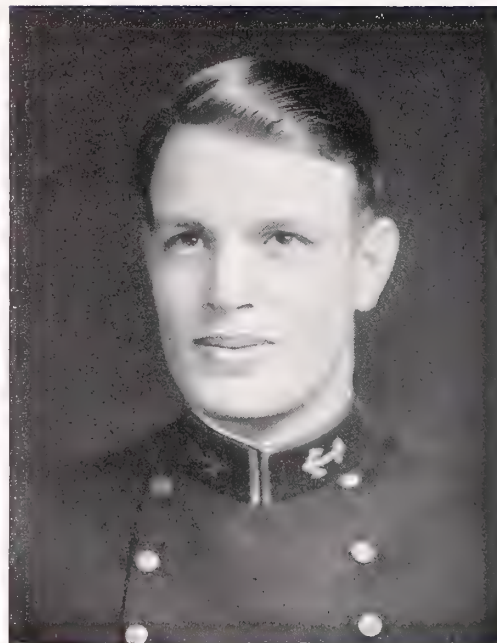
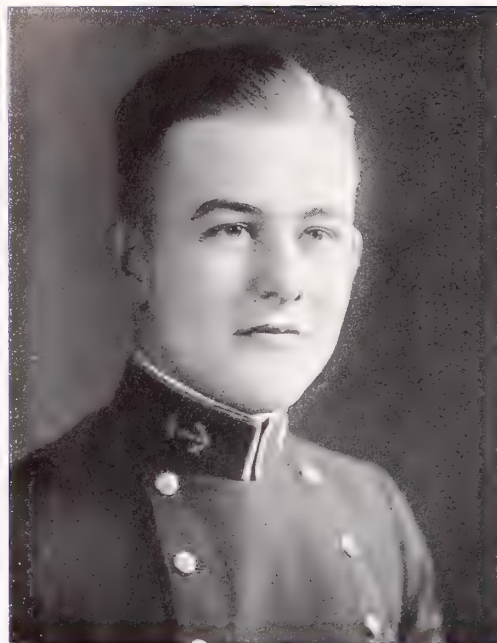
It would be rather difficult to attempt to predict his future but one may expect a good bit from him without danger of disappointment. His industrious nature will stand him in good stead.

Star 4.

Three Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



HARRY EDWARD COOK, JR.

"Angel Face" "Scar Face" "Cookie"

LAKE VILLAGE, ARK.

THE adventurous tale of Cookie started in Arkansas from whence this small lad came. His entrance into the Academy has given a wider field of activity to him who weighs the thrill with the penalty and takes a chance anyway. Lady Luck has a soft spot in her heart for fascinating and venturesome lads. So it is with Harry, but he has a keen sense of proportions and foresight. His sensible conduct in times when the powers that be were hovering close overhead earned for him the sobriquet "Angel Face." With a ready story and a laughing air, he has made himself a prime requisite of every merry gathering of light hearted fellows.

There is a more serious side to Cookie. It is not studying, for studying is not difficult and he can do without it. During his first days here he felt that his size kept him from being much of an athlete. Consequently, he became Manager of the basketball team. Then came a sudden realization that size makes no difference on a football team where there is a brain with a stout and fighting heart. Unfortunately an injury kept him from playing his last year. He has shown himself to be a fine player who loves the tough going. Also the easy going, for the young ladies have a strong effect on his heart. The days will come when we shall connect the name "Angel Face" with a famous expression, "Stand by for a ram in '39."

Basketball Manager 4, 3, 2.

2 P. O.

JOHN BRUCE McNAUGHTON

"Maestro" "Mephisto" "Mac" "Gorgeous"

CHARLEROI, PA.

NAVY the winner." How often have we heard those three words after watching the Maestro fight. He boxed four years at Culver and was captain in his senior year. Then he came to the Academy and repeated the process. Youngster Year he won every fight but missed being titled when the team couldn't go to the Intercollegiates.

Boxing is not his only forte. The New York Times picked our Maestro as the handsomest man on the football team, thereby giving him his hated nickname of "Gorgeous." He played four years of football, both at center and end, despite the disadvantage of weighing less than most of the backs.

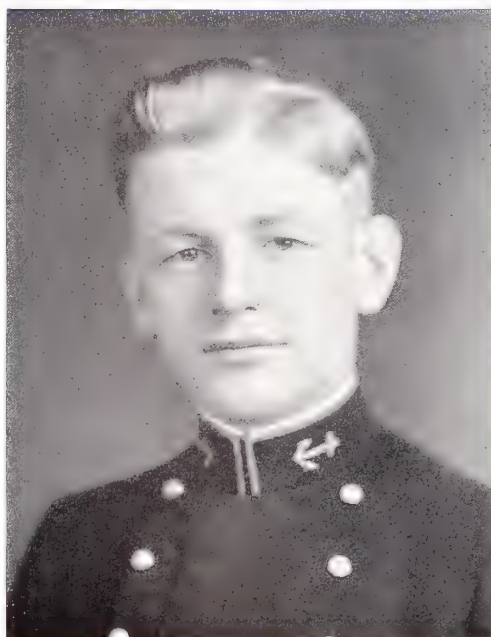
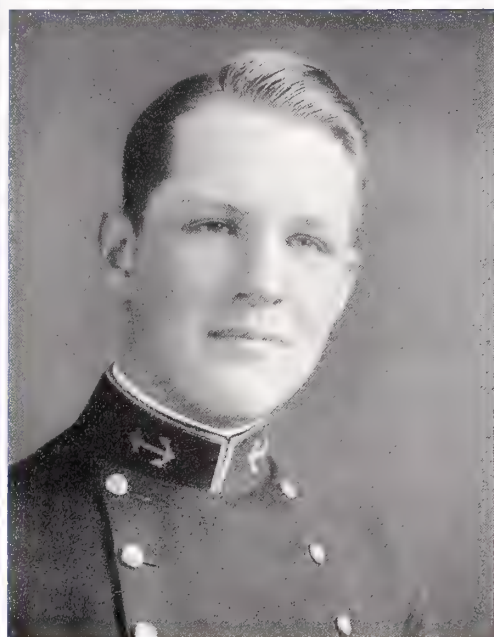
The femmes seem to think him the ideal man, and he always has some girl on a pedestal until she jumps to someone else's. Then the Maestro puts up another one.

When we had popularity contests to decide grease marks, Mac always came in first. Why? Ask the less savvy and they will tell you how often he has helped them. Ask the boys who have been with him on parties and they will tell you that he is the essence of good-fellowship. Mac usually has as much fun planning his parties as carrying them out. He is a strong supporter of Bacchus and aspires to be the world's outstanding host. With his ever-ready and his beaming intelligence the Maestro is sure to conquer in life as though it were a boxing ring. And with just as much success.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" 3, 2, 1, Captain 1.
"N" Club. Class Council. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROY CAMPBELL SMITH, III
"Roy" "D'Arcy" "Smitty"
COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

THE pun is the lowest form of humor and therefore the foundation of all wit. And Roy is off again explaining his one great weakness.

Carrying on the traditions of his family, not only as a punster, but as a Naval Officer, Stud attended Severn School and left during his third year—fired with the thought of becoming a Midshipman. "The boy with the cute red cheeks" soon became a nondescript plebe in virgin works and his career as a connoisseur of demerits began. Ever one to expose his neck, Smitty has had it lopped off with amazing regularity.

In spite of endless hours spent in the company of Miss Springfield, Roy found time to devote to water polo, Navy's extra-curricular course in scientific drowning. Also, the arrangement of this biography section is due to his hard work. Much of the *Trident's* success is due to his untiring efforts and many pages of the *Log* are the result of his fertile imagination. His waffle breakfasts are famous throughout the Regiment. His favorite line with the unfair sex is to tell them confidentially that he really is a Red Mike who has weakened temporarily. Strange as it may seem, the fair but gullible souls flock to hear him.

With Naval tradition to uphold and carry on, we cannot help but feel it is in competent hands. Here's to you, Roy, bottoms up.

Resigned December, 1933.

LESLIE MARTIN SLACK
"Bud"
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

HERE you see the notorious Bud Slack, Michigan's blonde answer to any maiden's prayer. Renowned as a charmer of women, the handsome (?) lad has well deserved his fame. Just introduce him to your drag and watch the result. Never have we met such a power with the femmes. His mail is unfailing and copious. Yet, we must admit, that in spite of several feminine heartaches, he has remained true to his "girl back home."

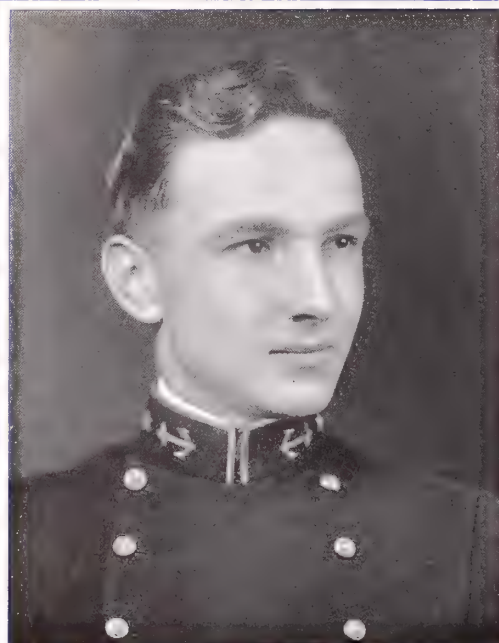
We can't really blame the weaker (and more deadly) sex for their partiality. Bud is always gay and cheerful and can be counted on for amusement at any time. He is only serious when boning, explaining the intricacies of academics, and writing his daily letter to Alyce. He devotes his time to dragging, football, boning (though he's savvy enough not to), and trying to keep his carefree wife out of trouble. His greatest faults are being a chow hound of the worst variety and continually trying (on the neighbors) to imitate a combination of Bing Crosby and Caruso.

We must, of course, bring in Bud's football. For the last two years he has been Rip's silver lining. "The fiery Slack" not only plays his own stellar game but always inspires his team. He always out-thinks the opponents and never stops playing until the last whistle has blown. These qualities are indicative of success in life as well as in football, and we predict great things for Bud in the future.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. Hop Committee 1. "N" Club.
Basketball 4, 3. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES PRESSLEY CRAFT, JR.

"Jim"

ROME, GA.

A TRUE product of the old South, Jim came to the Academy with high aspirations for the future as one of Uncle Sam's finest. Endowed with a cheerful, vivacious, and scintillating personality coupled with a high sense of responsibility, he was bound to succeed here.

During his Youngster Year, he got over his bashfulness and indifference towards the fair sex. Judging by his fan mail, anyone can see that he really rates with the women. When he condescends to drag he is never that unfortunate person presented with the Sunday morning brick.

His natural aptitude and liking for the oars and shells are the reasons for his being one of the outstanding men in lightweight crew. Still, he has other interests. When he is not busy writing letters or playing cards with other bridge fiends, he likes to bury himself in some classical bit of literature.

Academics hold no terrors for this man as he stars without any difficulty. He loves his Dago so much that he has been heard to speak it in his sleep. His patience and willingness to help others are only a few of the traits which have endeared him to the hearts of all of us.

Four years of association with him through the various phases of Academy life have shown us that which makes an excellent shipmate and a staunch comrade.

150 Lb. Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Radio Club 3, 2. Quarter-Deck Society 3, 2, 1.
Vice-President 1. Star 3, 2, 1. M. P. O.

CARL WILLIAM SCHOENWEISS

"Shine"

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

SHINE has become one of us during the past four years on the bay. His wit is sparkling, his humor the subtlest, and you had better watch your step with him in repartee. A born lawyer, he can show you up in any argument, even though you had once been right. He is congenial, always a good fellow, and, when you get him started, he can tell you fabulous stories which he claims are his experiences. His imagination is boundless, his brain ever fertile—from thinking up excuses as a Plebe, to writing themes in Bull classes. No one has ever found him without a bountiful supply of clever ideas for any occasion.

A natural fondness for sports has always been his, as is readily seen from his clever horsemanship, his conquests on the courts, and his mean ability as an oarsman. Most of his spare time has been spent pulling himself around backwards.

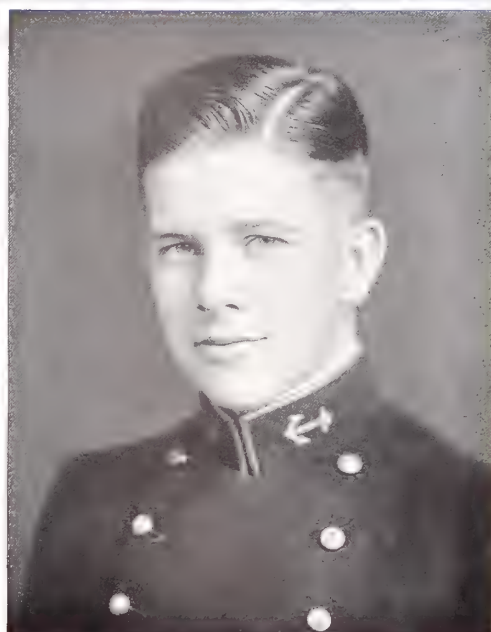
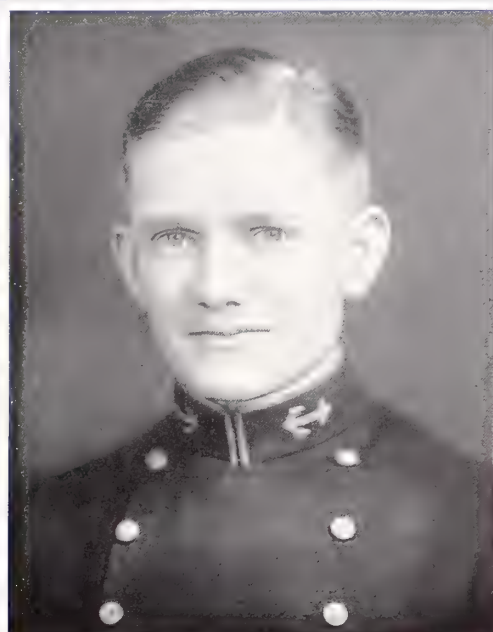
We need not mention his prowess with the women as any one who has attended a hop can vouch for his ability as a connoisseur of the fairer sex.

After once having experienced the privilege of his friendship, we always hope to have the right to call him friend. His optimistic personality so captivates us that we shall ever treasure the companionship that has been ours together.

Crew 4, 3, 1. Radio Club 3, 2. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



BERNARD HOLSTUN SCHUESSLER

"Shu-Shu"

LAFAYETTE, ALA.

"SHU-SHU" came to us from Alabama via Marion Institute with a big smile that he has continued to wear through these four long years. With his easy Southern ways and gentlemanly manners, he has won himself an army of friends.

He believes in giving the fairer sex a treat and never fails to drag. Quite often he has to ask his friends to drag the other two over the week-end, and he hasn't bricked us yet. Not only being satisfied with writing and sending him pictures, his host of fans send him "chow" about as often as we have "steam." He never fails to divide, and his unselfish hospitality is truly typical of those qualities that have made the old South famous.

In him we find a well-rounded man. He is able and willing to do the many tasks before him, and the academics give him little trouble. They just serve as a means of passing the time between leaves.

This handsome blond spends his afternoons in the gym and wrestling loft. If he is not in the Yard, he can be found on some lucky girl's divan. Music and dancing appeal to him, and he never misses a hop or tea-fight.

No success can be too great for what he deserves, and we hope that wherever he attains it will be where we can continue the friendship so pleasantly begun.

Wrestling 3, 1.

2 P. O.

LEON HUGHES SAMPLE

"Luke" "Dynamite"

CLARKSDALE, MISS.

IF Luke is just a "sample," we wonder about the real thing. Plebe Year he acquired the nickname of "Dynamite" which exactly typifies him, for although small in stature he is unusually active with plenty of stored up energy. He will allow nothing to pass without giving it a try; his accomplishments being golf, tennis, swimming, and other outdoor sports. When he stays indoors, he is usually musically inclined and gets down his "sax" or clarinet. He knows his music from A to Z, and if the Navy loses him, we shall not be surprised to turn on the radio and hear his orchestra come out with some strains of a well-known "Delta Song." After all there is no place more romantic than the good old Mississippi Delta.

Whenever there is an informal or a dance, we know exactly where to find Luke for with his ability as a dancer and those admired "Southern" ways, how can we blame the girls? Only this need be said, "he has a way with the women." We are glad to add here also, that although he drags frequently, he is not a "snake."

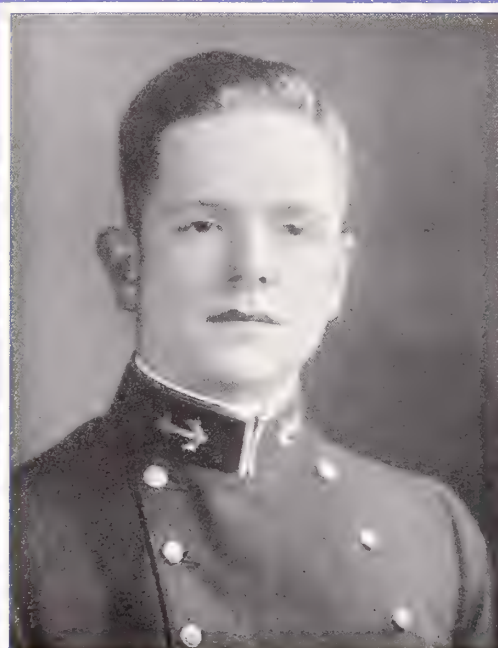
When Luke first came to the Academy, he was in a strange land without friends. It was not long, however, before his personality and friendly ways won him friends who will be with him throughout his life, whether in the Navy or out. These same qualities will see him through to success in whatever field he chooses to undertake.

2 P. O.

N. A. 10, 1.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GEORGE FLEMING DAVIS

"Red" "Lulu"

HONOLULU, HAWAII

BORN on the tropical shores of Cavite, nurtured in Hawaii, the land of perpetual sunshine, four years at the Academy have but intensified the sunny disposition and sense of humor of our Red. With such a background it is only natural that Red be bountifully endowed with wanderlust. This desire for the road or the high seas has had him on the verge of everything from setting out for the beaches at Lido to offering himself as a naval and military aide to some thriving young rebellion, be it in China, South America or Annapolis.

Red's varied and widely separated places of abode, extending half way around the world, and his own easy naturalness of manner have combined to give him an enviable philosophy, that of enjoying the present to the full, come what may in the future. This philosophy, aided by the guiding principle of looking for the good in everything, has helped and will continue to help him get the maximum out of life.

Football, boxing, soccer, and lacrosse, to say nothing of Carvel Hall, have all been graced by the efforts of this "kanaka." Lacrosse has been his first and best love and in this sport has he concentrated his efforts with the result that many a more brawny defense man will testify to his accurate eye and ever ready stick.

Here we have Red, a most likeable and congenial son of the Islands, one whom it is indeed a pleasure to call friend and shipmate.

Soccer 3, 2. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. Boxing 2, 1. 2 P. O.

JOHN MERTON McMAHON

"Mac" "Mabonus" "Merr"

BELFAST, N. Y.

NEAR Buffalo, beneficently watered by the river Genesee, lies a land of genial giants. A paradise for men out of Erin is there, especially Belfast. This town, steeped in heroic legend, has sent forth favored fighting men into the earthly turmoil: such favored sons as John L. Sullivan and Merton McMahon.

Legend has engulfed John L. Sullivan. It has tossed him on high to be eulogized. The same Erin heritage has graciously endowed Mac with its essence. Belfast wholeheartedly gave him her wealth of background and the two had a glorious jubilee when this wastrel sought the Academy's "studious cloistered pale." Mac just appeared in the mess hall one hot July day in 1930, and, like the others in their newly inked, tent-like uniforms, he had the Plebe's studied uneasiness. But he could take it, for, with such a heritage and a year at college, he knew no limitations.

Early in Plebe Summer he dipped an oar into the blue Severn. Since then the true love of this man-mountain has been crew. And rightly so—since his love has not been spurned he has become an oarsman of no mean skill. Crew has been supplemented in its off seasons by short but brilliant periods of football and basketball.

As for further activities, we are still chuckling over that grandiloquent, thundering bass in the quartette of the Musical Clubs Show, Youngster Year. Six feet of fun in a straw hat and pink pajamas.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

Musical Clubs 3.

"N" Club.

Football 2, 1.

Two Stripes.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN VICTOR SMITH
"J. V." "Vic" "Smitty"
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOR a Marine junior who has moved around so much, J. V. settled down very readily to the routine of Plebe Year. At that time he began a four year fight for starring grades but his many other activities have caused him to fall just short of this goal. J. V. has never been satisfied with mediocre grades. Studies were always easy for him because of the alacrity with which he grasped them. His work was always directed so as to obtain the best results. Clear thinking and an ingenious mind has enabled him to quickly comprehend the deepest theories and to apply them practically.

Speaking of rough water to a crew man causes anything but pleasant thoughts. But Vic takes all rough waters philosophicaly. His first experience with the Severn was in the Company crew races Plebe Summer. Since then he has concentrated all his athletic ability on this sport. J. V. has, on two different years, rowed at Poughkeepsie.

This crew prowess accounts in part for his popularity with the femmes. There has always been a beautiful girl waiting for him, about whom he had only to think for a moment in order to be snapped out of the heaviest of fogs. Larger elements in his social success have been tact and conversational ability.

J. V's heart is a treasury of material for making lasting friendships. His many friends testify to his ability to spend wisely from this treasury and we know that there will never be any lack of funds.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. Star**. "N" Club. C. P. O.



JOHN THOMPSON LOWE, JR.
"Thomps" "Snoozer"
LEXINGTON, N. C.

AS any connoisseur can guess this lad is a true son of the tobacco country. When questioned on the subject, Thompson says simply, "I prefer a pipe." A former denizen of the Main Street of Lexington, he shines forth as a representative of all that is good in North Carolina. With the exception of one fierce struggle with the Bull Department, our hero has enjoyed academic immunity. Another time he came out second in an argument with some of our famed Maryland weather; but, after all, what is a little thing like double pneumonia to such a bundle of health and happiness?

An exponent of variety, Thompson has lent his presence to the practice workouts of nearly every sport at the Academy. On the other hand, when there is sleeping to be done, "Snoozer" is the man for the job. There may be others who spend more of their time asleep, but there are none who take as much delight in this occupation as he does.

As yet we have neglected to treat the social side of his life. Slow to be aroused but deadly once he is under weigh, we find Thompson as much a snake as the best of us. He has a particular weakness for the girls from back home, and we would say he knows his women. If the Navy had a list of distinguished stags we can be sure that Thompson would be among those present.

We predict great things for this man.

150 Lb. Crew 4, 2. Wrestling 2. 1 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



SIDNEY LYLE ERWIN

"Sid"

DETROIT, MICH.

IT might have been the influence of the Great Lakes, or it might have been that some ancestor was an admiral, but Sid came to the Navy and no one has ever found out why. Nor has anyone ever regretted it. But, back in 1930, the auto city lost an embryonic lawyer and the Navy gained a man of energy, honor, and character. Meet the gentleman.

Born in Detroit, raised in Detroit, and schooled in Detroit, Sid can rightfully be called a native of Detroit. His aspirations were at one time to become a lawyer, but after a year at Wayne University in Detroit, the Navy called louder.

Although not a varsity letter man, his activities have been numerous. Plebe Year brought a taste of lacrosse, swimming, and crew, but he found that his talents lay in the direction of the drama more than on the athletic field. With two creditable performances in the Masqueraders and two seasons with the Musical Clubs Shows, his ability cannot be denied. He was awarded the directorship of the latter First Class Year.

As a roommate he has a number of remarkable characteristics, some good, some not so bad, and one terrible one. The latter is his addiction to practical jokes on the wife and the former is his having an inexhaustible supply of stamps, skags, and hair tonic.

If Sid fails to get the breaks, he will make them, and we will surely hear from him in the future.

Choir 4, 3, 2, 1. Masqueraders 3, 2, 1. Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2, 1.
Director Combined Musical Clubs 1. Stage Gang 4.
Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1. Class Supper Committee.
Two Stripes.



EDWARD FARWELL DISSETTE

"Ed" "Diz"

DETROIT, MICH.

COULD a youthful delight in taking a bath midst a fleet of toy sail-boats be called an inspiration to lead one into a naval career? This early fascination for sailing and ships seems to have brought about Ed's decision. However that may be, his classmates, associates, and even his roommate have never regretted this step, for he is greatly admired and respected, and it is with absolute faith that we look forward to his future career.

There is no doubt but that it was during his two years at Wayne University that he acquired his characteristic appellation "Diz" or "Dizzy." This, however, does not apply to his mental plight, but rather to his being a happy-go-lucky fellow, always hatching some foolery, and seemingly enjoying life to the full, especially when it relates to affairs of the heart, for which he has never been in want. Nevertheless, it is expedient to mention that he is most generous, helpful, and willing, as well as humorous, handsome, and competent.

Ed has accomplishments to his credit as well. He was in the Masqueraders production one year, and was a member of the quartet for two years of the Musical Club Shows. Besides these histrionic abilities, he has also taken flings at such athletics as soccer and track, and although not an "N" man, he has at least gained self-satisfaction from his work in these sports. With much to recommend him, Eddie bids "hail" to the waiting world

Pep Committee 4, 3, 2, 1. Chairman 1. Masqueraders 3.
Combined Musical Clubs Show 3, 2, 1. Lucky Bag Staff 2, 1.
Trident 2, 1. Class Track 3, 2, 1. Four Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CLAUDE SICELUFF KIRPATRICK

"Kirk" "Long John"

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

SURE he knows how to work it; wake him up." And Kirk, with all willingness, would get out of bed and show some wooden soul how it was done. He usually knows the answer, whether it be a question of differential equations or how to get along in life. This obliging nature and good humor have brought him a multitude of friends, and his firmness and level head have demanded the respect of all his associates.

Claude carries on the Oklahoma pioneer's dislike for inactivity. His six-feet-four has towered over the choir for four years and has romped up and down the fields of football and lacrosse. He has been especially successful on the wrestling mat. That broad smile is continually breaking across his face whether he has pinned his man or come out second, and that is the proof of a man.

That same smile with his winning ways brings more than his share of admiring glances from our better halves. The pictures on his locker door vouch for this.

Carry on, Kirk, with the same combination of work and pleasure, seriousness and attractiveness, and you cannot help but be happy and successful.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. Football 4, 3, 2.
N. A. C. A. 2, 1. Choir 4, 3, 2, 1. Musical Club 4.
M. P. O.

EDWIN THORNWELL McKEITHEN, JR.

"Mac" "Ed" "Bubba" "Throck" "Effingham Throckmorton"

ABERDEEN, N. C.

IF someone does you a favor and you don't know who, you can surely thank Mac. If you want to cheer up some blue Monday, or if you want to hear a good song, see Effie. He has retained his individuality through hard and good times. His struggle with academics seldom dampened his sense of humor and good spirits. His activities have largely been for the service and pleasure of others. An even temperament and an active good will make his character admirable and his friendship desirable.

Almost every Sunday for four years the Regiment has heard Ed's voice in Chapel. As a soloist in the choir and as a character in the Musical Club shows, he has sung for us until we will miss his voice when we leave as we will miss the notes of Taps.

The spring of every year found Effie out playing baseball. He lays aside his winter activities for a little pleasure and exercise, but sometimes these activities make baseball wait; so he has to fight for the first string.

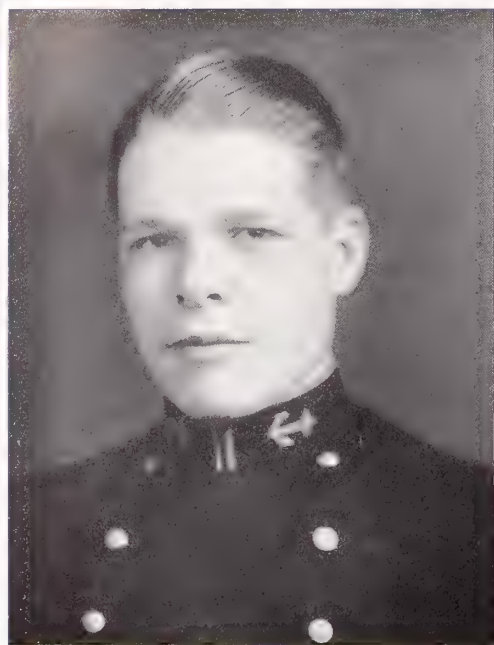
Mac has been on the Hop Committee for two years, to the edification of our hops. He has further brightened our social life by his drags and has made ours more obedient by giving us a beautiful ring.

Having lived with Edwin for four years, and having gone places, seen things, and met people with him, I know that he will get the best out of life and will share it with others.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1. Choir 4, 3, 2, 1.
Combined Musical Club Show 4, 3, 2, 1.
Ring Committee, Hop Committee 2.
Three Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANCIS EDWARD FLECK, JR.
"Ed" "Flicker" "Eddie"
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

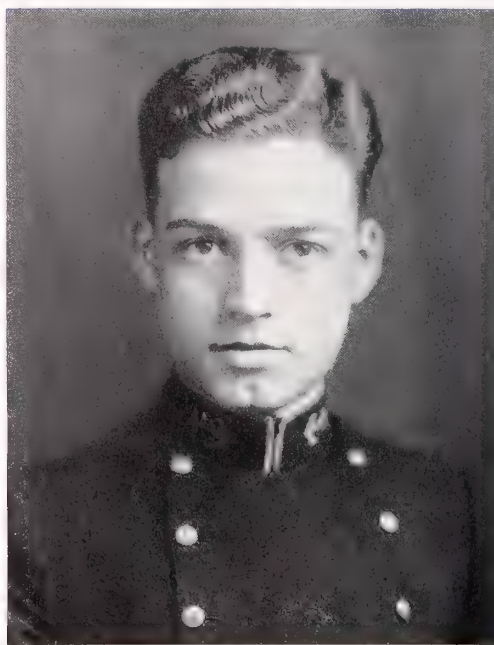
IT took six days to make the earth, well over twenty-four hours to build Rome, but only an instant for Eddie Fleck to scratch his name on the dotted line and give himself to the Navy. That's Eddie all over, speed.

Ed comes from that old Quaker city of Philadelphia, but a less Quaker-like individual probably never breathed. Genial, and with a well-developed sense of humor, he has a personality well suited for attracting to himself an ever-increasing number of friends.

In his life at the Naval Academy, Ed has served as an example of at least one side of the adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He has had his full share of both, and is by no means dull. In numerous battles with the academic department his fight has raged furiously, but he has always managed to emerge victorious with another scholastic scalp to his credit. Then, he is just as ready as ever to enter into any tea fight that may loom on the horizon.

It is of course impossible to foretell what events may take place in Eddie's career, but those who know him must all feel that he is a man to be relied upon, and one who will be able to handle any emergency or obstacle that may arise. Those with whom he has been associated feel richer for his acquaintance, and certain that his path through life will be marked with success.

*Class Football 4, 3. Wrestling 4, 3. Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1.
Combined Musical Clubs Show 4, 3, 2, 1.
Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. 2 P. O.*



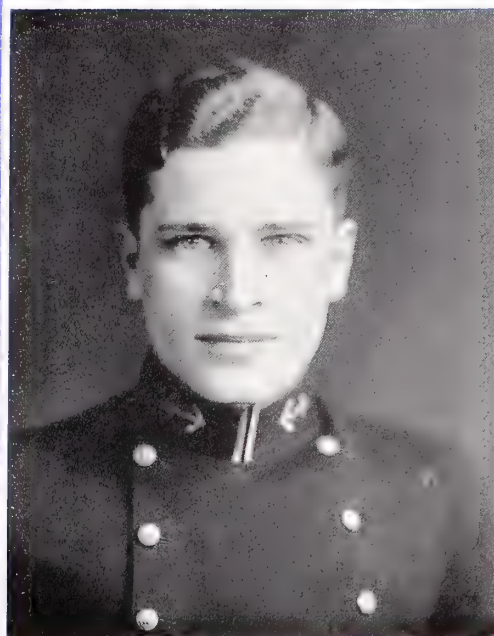
ROBERT DONALDSON
"Bob"
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

FOR one who has ever heard an argument over the relative merits of Florida and California there is no more staunch upholder of the famous everglade and alligator state than Bob. From time to time he has taken the part of his adopted state in such heated debates that any Chamber of Commerce would be justly proud of him. Of course, we are proud to know him and to call him friend.

Mere tussles with the Academic Departments have never phased him in the least but Youngster Year did give him a bit to think about. However, he passed the reef safely and has remained with us ever since. Nevertheless, when it comes to managing costumes for any theatrical production, here is the man for the job. Not only is he the perfect manager, but he is an actor as well, as will be remembered from his performance in the Masqueraders Plebe Year. In other fields of achievement one will always associate Bob with hands full of lacrosse sticks to be fixed and with the other duties in connection with the Indian sport. This is merely another proof of his excellent managing ability which, may greatly benefit him in his secret political aspirations. Who knows, here may be an embryo chief of this fair land. Bob is one of those fortunate individuals who, once they undertake anything can invariably succeed in it. This ability coupled with his inevitable good humor should assure his success in all that he undertakes.

*Masqueraders Cast 4. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1.
Masqueraders and Musical Clubs Costume Gang 3, 2, 1.
Assistant Lacrosse Manager 4, 3, 2. 2 P. O.*

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ROBERT EMERSON HOMMEL

"Bob"

PARK RIDGE, N. J.

AN urge "to go down to the sea in ships" assailed a young student of aeronautics at N. Y. U. He came, he prepped, he conquered and became one of '34. Plebe Summer found Bob engaged in his favorite pastime of showing his heels on the cinder tracks of Thompson Stadium. That fall he spent his afternoons with the harriers on Cemetery Hill. Since then he has proved to be a consistent mainstay of both the cross country and track teams.

His musical aspirations prompted him to join the Hellcats Plebe Summer. We don't know who couldn't take it, Bob or the Hellcats, but Youngster Year saw him forsake this organization for the manly job of toting a Springfield. However, this was not the end of his musical career, for many an evening or Sunday morning the wail of a trumpet could be heard emanating from his room. And his versatility as a musician was proved in the Musical Clubs Show, where he showed no mean ability on both trumpet and xylophone.

Though he does not wear a star, the academics have never held much terror for Bob, whose desire to retire early is prefaced by such a remark as, "I've a full hour tomorrow for that Juice, Ordnance, and Nav. They're not so tough." He has a leaning toward light reading, such as Cosmo, which may be explained by the total absence of the famous phrase, "The proof is beyond the scope of this text."

*Musical Clubs 2, 1. Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1.
2 P. O.*

ALFRED DUNN KILMARTIN

"Al"

DETROIT, MICH.

PUN my word, it's Al. Why he left his home in Detroit to roam these barren wastes will ever remain a mystery to those who knew him. He claimed to be a Red Mike and he might have gotten away with it if he'd been able to resist the hops. The facts were too strong however and the case was decided against him.

Looking back on his career one finds that his activities were as varied as they were colorful. He was most active in the Masqueraders, the Glee Club (may their tribe decrease), the Sub Squad, and crew. As a Masquerader, he played for three years and directed the production in his fourth, showing both his dramatic ability and the high esteem in which his associates held him.

Academics were usually plane sailing for Al, especially Calculus, where his proficiency helped keep his roommate sat. It was only when the order of the day was Juice, Ordnance, and Steam, or when it included Navigation, that he thought it worth while to apply his mental faculties. Navigation, of course, required Mercator instead of Plane sailing.

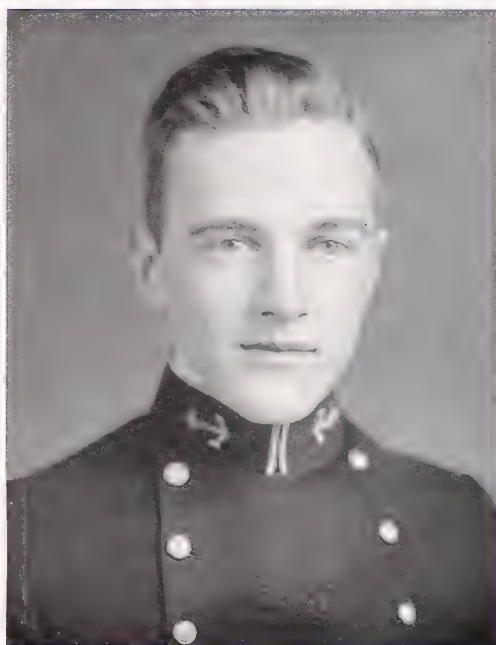
The only objection to Al as a wife is his terrible addiction to puns. Good puns are bad enough, but his are the lowest of that proverbially low form of wit. We may have heard worse, but we doubt it.

Despite this failing, he is a cheerful companion and a good shipmate.

*150 Lb. Crew 4, 2. Masqueraders 4, 3, 2. Director Masqueraders 1.
Musical Clubs 2, 1. Quarter-Deck Society 2, 1. Trident 1.
M. P. O. Reception Committee 1.*

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MELVIN HULQUIST DRY

"Mel" "Canada"

LANCASTER, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA, Sir," and thus was Mel initiated into the Navy, giving it another new break.

Mel is one of those select few who can take life as it comes. Never seriously worried by academics, he has turned to more worthy fields with varying success. Winning his N in soccer was only a step along the way, basketball, baseball, and tennis have claimed the greater part of his attention and he has met with a marked degree of success in every athletic endeavor.

Mel's sunny nature is not one to be upset by trifles. The powers that be may descend in all their wrath but he serenely side-steps, leaving the worries to take care of themselves.

His interests have not been confined to the athletic field. Indeed, he is one of Dahlgren Hall's leading lights and many a feminine heart has been warmed by his casual smile. His one failing along this line is that he falls in love after every hop. These passing fancies endure for about a week, and then he is off on another conquest

Mel is a man who would "drag blind" for a pal, and this about sums up his character. Ever willing to lend a helping hand, loyal to the extreme, he is a friend worth having. He is one of the fortunates to be commissioned and we look forward with pleasure to be greeted in the Fleet by his cheery "Boy was she nice?" Good luck Mel.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. "N" Club. Basketball 3, 2, 1. "B" Squad.
Baseball 4. Three Stripes.

WILLIAM LOWRY GUTHRIE

"Bill" "Kissable"

LANCASTER, PA.

FOUR years ago Bill set out from Lancaster. He has now made a successful entrance, and will do bigger things out in the fleet.

Plebe Summer he developed a "salty air" which has accompanied him throughout his four years. His interest is aviation. If ever he has any spare time when VN-8 Squadron is flying, Bill's sure to make application for a flight.

He never allows anything to keep him from his daily workout. Fall, winter, or spring he'll be in training for football, basketball, or lacrosse. He's taken on some big sports for a little man, but there's brawn in that uniform.

At a hop a girl might say to him, "Isn't he Cute?" But we know him better. He has a capacity for making friends quickly, and hops are the occasions where he generally exhibits this outstanding characteristic. Each year found Bill dragging oftener, until First Class Year it became almost a habit.

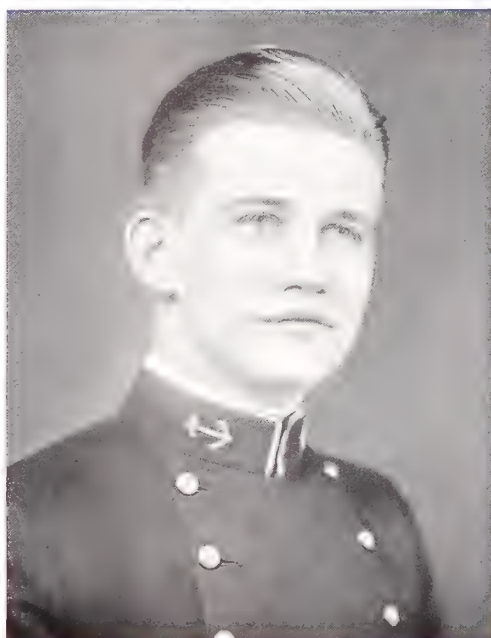
Whether to a party or to an exam, Bill is sure to be ready in advance. Next to bridge, the movies are his strongest weakness. Rarely a Saturday goes by that he doesn't see two.

It is not putting it mildly to say that here we have one who is going to make a good officer. So off to Pensacola, Bill, and let Lancaster continue to say "local boy makes good."

Football "B" Squad 3, 2. Company Representative 3, 2, 1.
Hop Committee 2. Xmas Card Committee Secretary.
Ring Dance Committee. Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1.
Basketball 3, 2. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JAMES MAHAN WRIGHT
"Jim" "Crisco Kid" "Whitey"
WEST POINT, MISS.

FRANK GILKERSON MARSHALL, JR.
"Frank" "Nav"
ROCKVILLE, MD.

MY first glimpse of Mississippi's favorite son was just after he had successfully eluded the snares of the medical department. His cherubic face was a perfect picture of happiness, and it was evident that the Navy had acquired a true son. This prediction proved to be the truth when we discovered Plebe Year that Jim always carried a jack-knife secured to his waist by a lanyard. He had only one fault to find with the Academy—he couldn't find a "caulking off" place to compare with "the sunny side of a Southern sand bank."

Academics and sports, with an occasional spot of dragging, take up most of Jim's time. To come directly from High School and to stand among the savvy members of his class is no small feat, and although the coveted star eluded him by a scant margin the first two years, it could not escape forever. Jim is not the type to spend his recreation hours poring over a text. Plebe Year found him out for football, wrestling and lacrosse. Although he excels in all these sports, a fact he modestly denies, perhaps his long suit is lacrosse. No one who knows the game of lacrosse will envy Jim of his goalie position, for here it takes courage and skill to stand up against the opponent's attacks.

Jim has been a true friend and a staunch ally to everyone in time of need, and to spend four years with him has been a pleasure. Happy landings, Jim. The Navy needs a few more admirals, and you're elected.

Star 1.

1 P. O.

HIS Virginia birthplace endowed Frank with instincts of courtesy; his residence in Pennsylvania added the solid virtues of consistency and manliness; and his Maryland home gave him an abundant hospitality. However, it is his uncompromising individuality which makes him important in a quiet way even among others who have all these virtues.

Early in the course, Frank chose to spend his time on his music, his sports and his friends, and to devote to study the minimum amount of work consistent with satisfactory results. A policy of that sort is quite difficult to adhere to, and once the Math Department so out-guessed him at the end of a term that several months of hard work were necessary to wipe out the mistake.

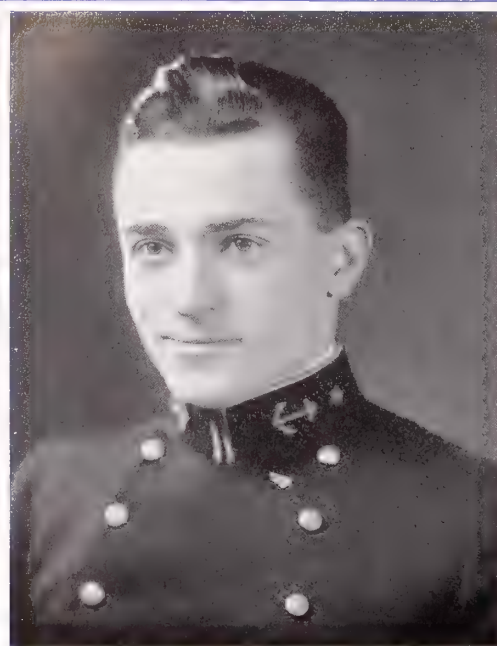
The real outlet of his ability is on the athletic fields. The Intercollegiate champion soccer team could ill have spared their speedy first-line back. In lacrosse, his ability is recognized both on and off the field, although a misunderstanding with the Dago Department for two years prevented varsity competition.

It would be easy at this point to slip off into pure eulogy, but restraint may be found in his defects. They, however, are usually blondes, and they don't come often enough to upset our peace of mind. But, with all that, Frank is a stout fellow, and a handy man to have around, for he has a sure touch in handling all the thousand gadgets we have to learn to run.

"N" Club. "B" Squad 3. Soccer "N" 1, 2. Lacrosse 1, 2, 3.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



EDWARD JOSEPH FAHY

"Bronnix" "Eddie" "Salty Sam"

BRONX, NEW YORK CITY

ON first becoming acquainted with Eddie during Plebe Summer, we were struck by his enthusiastic and happy disposition. Infantry drills and other forms of drudgery never bothered him very much. Plebe Year produced very little change in him, but September leave accomplished a feat which we had come to believe impossible. It robbed him of his "Red Mike" bliss, turned his thought to another side of life, and added a new and rather frequent letter-writer to his correspondents.

Eddie has entered into a wide variety of activities. Going out for Cross Country in the Fall of Plebe Year, he was the mainstay of the Plebe team. He ran with the Varsity during Youngster and Second Class Years, being elected Captain when we became First Classmen. The gym team could always count on him to hold up the Navy side of the rope climb score, and the Track team found him a valuable asset in the two mile grind.

Aside from athletics he has written a weekly column for the *Log* and has been an active member of the *Trident* and Quarter Deck Societies.

In all of his undertakings Eddie has shown himself a capable and willing worker, ambitious to the extent of boning an additional foreign language while brushing his teeth, and happy even in the face of three hours of "Steam." He is one of those fellows who is always doing something constructive and getting a lot of pleasure from it.

Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1. Captain 1. Gym 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N" Club. Log Board. Radio Club. Quarter-Deck Society.

Star 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3, 2, 1. Five Stripes.

JOHN MILTON HYDE

"John" "Bos'n"

FLUSHING, L. I.

HE was my friend, faithful and just to me." What more could be said of any man? But he was more; his patience, his neatness, his unassuming attitude, made him an ideal roommate. Fortunate is she who is lucky enough to win our John; his domestic qualities are Perfection itself.

Plebe and Youngster Years, our John, with a doggedness that will prove to be a valuable asset in later life, ran Cross Country, and, during Second Class Year, made his "N." John made the Gym team through his determined efforts on the most difficult piece of Gym apparatus—the Side-horse. Nevertheless, his *forte* was letter writing.

The immortal letters of Abelard and Heloise would pale in comparison with the epistles of our John. But, strange as it may seem they were all to one fortunate young lady. During the first two years these letters were the consumers of many valuable study hours. Academics? They were the only inconveniences to an otherwise perfect existence. With what little studying John did do he managed to keep in the first half of his class. Can one imagine what would have happened if he had "boned?"

Would that we might eulogize forever, e'en then we would not soon exhaust the theme. But editors, with shears and pencils flying, disturb the common mortal's scheme.

"Dear son of memory, great heir to fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lifelong monument."

Cross Country 4, 3, 2. "N" Club. Gymnasium 2, 1.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



FRANK LUCIUS PINNEY, JR.

"Frank" "Luscious"

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

THERE are men who are equal to any situation. They are those gifted with sufficient balance and versatility to put them to the fore in any endeavor. It is in this category that Frank belongs.

He studies very little but the hours he spends shining the light of knowledge upon the wooden more than compensates for his lack of boning. He hitched himself to a star Plebe Year, but, between Cosmo and the Post, it has taken him two years to regain his position among the chosen few.

Tennis has no more ardent devotee than Frank and it is in this direction that his athletic bent takes him. His consistent wins in the middle numbers have been potent factors in Navy's tennis victories, and have won him the captaincy. Following his works in the field of extra-curricular activities, we find that he has taken the *Lucky Bag* as his brain-child. His indefatigable efforts in this direction need no further lauding.

We all dislike a superman, and, fortunately, Frank is as human as anyone. As a "griper" he is without equal, and, except when mistaken for a coil of rope on Youngster Cruise, he has never lost his temper. The frailties of mankind have been further displayed in his constancy and his absolute submission to the wiles of a certain young lady.

Every man passes his life in the search of friendship, but Frank has found it without search.

Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1, Captain 1.

Editor-in-Chief *Lucky Bag*.

1 P. O.

"N" Club.

Star 4, 2, 1.

CARL WILLIAM ROONEY

"Pat" "Herr"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HERE y'are folks, here y'are, Pat Rooney, the original Red Mike, and the man who never drags." Oh yes, also, we might mention in passing, the man who never misses anything. Many have had the first of those two statements said about them, but most of them couldn't help it. Here is a man who is that way because he likes to be; he just can't be bothered. He is so self-assured that others often envy him, especially when it comes time to pay the bill; for one who would dance must pay the piper.

See him at his leisure, proudly wearing his steam-heated "N" (for radiator work), and you see him at his best, and he is always at his best. A happier, gayer, jollier, and lazier man never boned a Cosmo while his classmates cut each other's throats and tried to pass him at the old number game. With the proverbial luck of the proverbial Irish, he drew the bull slips while the rest of us sketched and described. Life is a picnic to him, and life should be, for all of us owe a big debt to the man who smiles on Monday morning.

In his four happy years with us we have felt his influence. He has made the Academy a brighter place to live in, because he has made us smile at ourselves.

The world is your oyster, Pat, crack the shell and help yourself to a handful of pearls.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DONALD WOODROW FRASER

"Don" "Hoppe" "Bull"

MONTROSE, PA.

DON comes to us from the Keystone State. He once had ambitions of becoming an electrical engineer, but the lure of the sea became too great. He joined the Navy and eventually arrived on Severn's shores.

Don has never had any trouble with academics, always standing well within the first half of the class. His arch foe, however, was the athletic department, Don having been a charter member of the Sub Squad. Swimming though is the only sport in which he is not an adept. Almost any afternoon will find him on the tennis court, the basketball court, or on Farragut Field tossing a football about. Hoppe's non-athletic passion is billiards, a game of which he is a player of no mean ability. One more game which has Don deep in its toils, is solitaire. As usual he is on the winning end of the score. Furthermore, he has a great ability as a writer of short stories.

Don is one of those fortunate people who can digest a lesson in a mere glance. Hence, on the night before an exam, while the rest of us are boning and facing the morrow with trepidation, he turns in and sleeps the sleep of a savoir. And then cracks the exam.

If you go through life with the same spirit of cheerfulness and good-fellowship that you have carried with you here, at the Academy, Don you will be certain to succeed in the problems of the future. Here's luck.

Basketball 4.

2 P. O.

ROBERT ARTHUR PATON

"Bob" "Par"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOB hails from the wilds of New York City. He once had ambitions of being a surgeon, but then he heard the call of the sea and came to the banks of the Severn to do his "cutting up." Outside of a rather one-sided skirmish with the academics during his Plebe Year he has been quite successful in his pursuit of the elusive 2.5, and as a result has found time for many extra-curricular activities. He can be found almost any afternoon on the tennis courts, on the basketball court, or in the swimming pool, except on week-ends when it is probable that he has had a call for visitors at the main office. His visitors are usually what one hopes to see on being ordered to report there. They never fail him.

Bob is rather serious minded in regards to his studies, but outside of that he is that type of happy-go-lucky chap who serves to spread cheer wherever he goes. He is welcome in any gathering of the clans, be it a bull session, a serious discussion of policies, or the organization of a party. We know that he is going to take this spirit with him, whether it be to the storm beaten deck of a destroyer or cruiser, or back to the rush of the metropolis. We wish you the best of luck, Bob, and hope that the future will be as bright as has been your Academy career.

Baseball 4.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RUSSELL HATTON MAYNARD

"Russ" "Russie"

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

HARVARD lost a fair son of Massachusetts when "Russ," for no apparent reason, set out for the Severn Shores four years ago. Since then he has changed considerably, and all for the best. He is now a devoted son of Neptune.

Academics proved a pleasant pastime for "Russ" has always been among the savvy. Indeed, he can act as interpreter in French, Italian, and even English. Those whom he has helped are very thankful for his accomplishments.

Early appearances indicated a Red Mike, but the advent of a victrola and a penchant for borrowing records convinced him that "music hath charms." He uses this for his excuse for dragging. However that may be, he is now assured of at least one letter a day, after which he tries to look into the future, via the locker door.

Early in Plebe Year he tried crew in an effort to remove surplus *embonpoint*. In spite of gaining several pounds, he stuck. Tennis, track, company soccer, and the Ring Committee occupied his time Second Class Year. He is as fond of bridge as of meals, and attempts grand slams in both occupations. The Juice Gang gave him an excuse from drills several times Plebe Year. Essentially reg, he has had but few tussles with Miss Springfield. Among his few faults may be listed the collection of odd shaving lotions and old razor blades.

His winning smile and friendly disposition will always rank him high in the hearts of his shipmates. Good luck, "Russ."

Crew 4, 3.

Ring Committee.

2 Stripes.

ROBERT RUSSELL WILLIAMS, JR.

"Railroad" "Bob"

BUFFALO, N. Y.

WHEN the Fourth Batt. nicknamed Bob "Railroad," it signified not only his initials but also the thousand and one gadgets which everyone feels at liberty to borrow at all times. Without a doubt, Bob has more tools and knick-knacks than any other Midshipman residing at present in Bancroft Hall. Surely, one may guess from such a collection of objects that Bob is quite naturally interested in electrical things and radio. In fact, he is a natural Juice shark and has that enviable quality of never having to worry or bone the night before a Juice exam. In the form of Dago, a formidable opponent offered itself to our hero, but, with the influence of high school fading fast, and, with a few Williams variations, this subject no longer has its power over him.

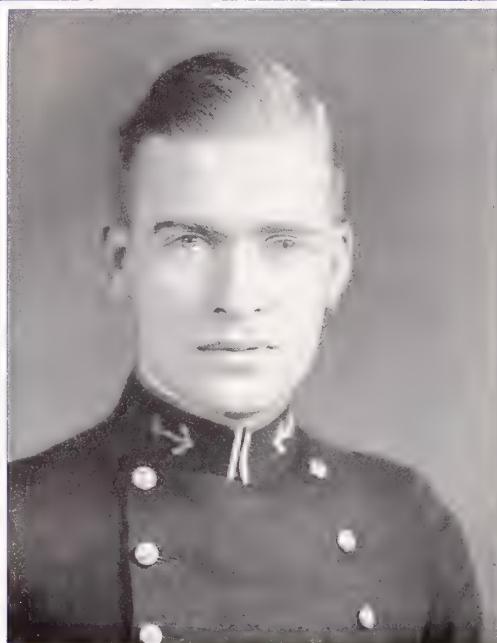
As an athlete, too, Bob has been out for lacrosse and soccer but he really shines best in swimming where for the past three years the Sub-Squad has beckoned and he has answered the call faithfully without a falter.

Now, as we look at Bob's previous history, we find that he is among the few fortunate and select ones who enter the N. A. from the Naval Reserves. Truly, (modest youth that he is!) his entrance examination in Skinny was a 4.0, which, after all, is no mean accomplishment. Hitherto, no one has been able to discover his home town "bum wad" write up, fortunately for him.

Juice Gang 4, 3. Soccer 2, 1. Lacrosse 2, 1. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES WEISER FREY

"Cholly" "Bennie" "Sparrow"

YORK, PA.

NOT once but twice Charlie left his home to become a midie. A man who does not know defeat. One of the first to arrive but by no means the last to leave. Just the modest uncrowned King of Porter Road, if you ask the Yard Engines.

Nearly any afternoon Bennie can be heard pounding his notorious Spanish-American War typewriter. Letters to his many admirers, pep talks and plays for the Regiment, and, last but not least, poetry on his many escapades in foreign ports. We're justly proud of our budding genius.

Charlie is famous throughout the Regiment for his sunny disposition and ready wit. Never at a loss for words, our Sparrow is the world's best kidder. A clever politician who plays his cards as though he knew what it was all about. A great one to get in those extra minutes of sleep between classes, and one who never passes up a chance for a ninety degree left or right turn.

Free from academic worries, Bennie turns his spare moments to lighter subjects. Quite often he drags and during the week he is able to bone most of the new magazines. His main weakness, if such it may be called, is his mania for mail. "What, my customary amount of no mail?" is his favorite salutation on entering the room to find a blank table.

Clever, ambitious, and endowed with a great sense of humor, Charlie is assured of his place in the sun.

Wrestling 6, 2. Masqueraders 5, 4, 3. Stage Gang 4.

Musical Clubs 2, 1. Log Staff 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Log Board 1.

Lucky Bag Staff. Class History. Feature Editor Lucky Bag.

Pep Committee 2, 1. Class Crest Committee 6, 5.

Christmas Card Committee 2, 1. Black "N"*****. 2 P. O.

JOHN WILLARD GEIST

"Johnny" "Gigolo" "Gunner"

ALTOONA, PA.

OUR Johnny, the people's choice, the bad dope expert, the man who always knew who was getting busted or shipped or bounced or married, no matter which. Johnny, with the curly hair and the curly nose, for whom ten thousand femmes still keep a light burning in the window. The person who seldom dragged, but who was always at Carvel with somebody else's friend.

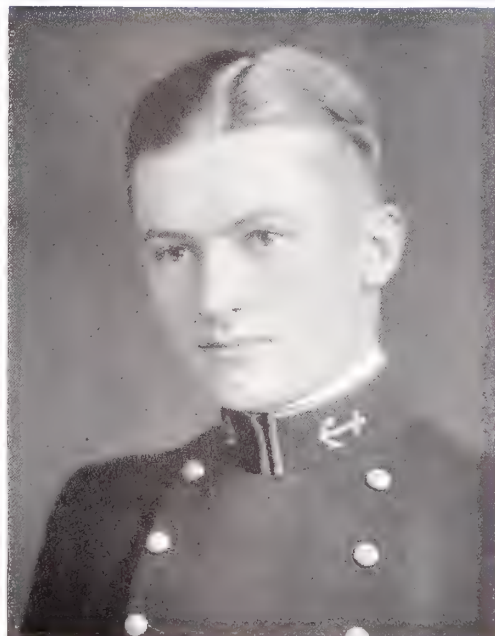
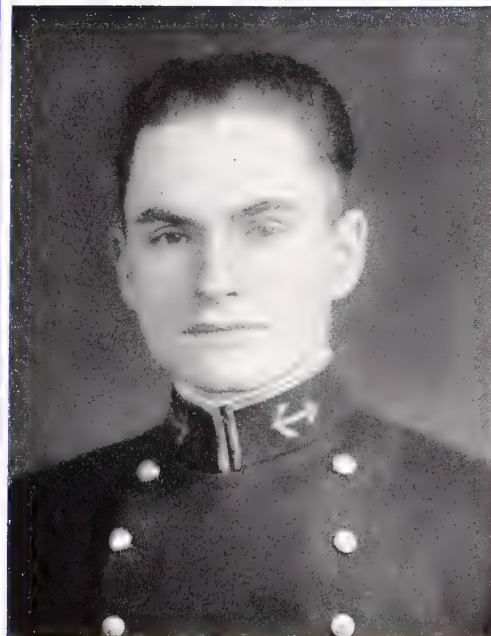
Gigolo Geist, All-American soccer player, All-American smoothie (self styled), and All-American Midshipman. A fellow who was accustomed to secure when he had point five velvet, even though he knew full well that all the profs had personal grudges against him. Nobody ever lived a tougher life around here, nobody ever had as many conspiracies against him as did the Gunner, but he always came up smiling.

Because he really was a fine fellow, everybody thought a great deal of him. Few, if any, had more friends in the Regiment. He was a man who worked for the love of working. Perhaps his efforts were not directed along Academic lines as much as they might have been, but there were many other things. He did the things that he wanted to do, and he did them well. His modesty cost him a great deal of the glory that he deserved; his unselfishness gave that glory to those with whom he worked and played. Whatever life holds for him must be good, and he rates it.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. Captain 1. "N" 3, 2, 1. "N" Club.
1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES EDWARD THURSTON, JR.

"Houdini" "Charlie" "Presto"

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

CHARLIE did not need an act of Congress to make him a gentleman, for his presence has graced many of the fashionable affairs of Montclair and Northampton. Coming to us with poise, and being proficient in that art of conversation known as "small talk," he has overcome many of the fair sex with his witty sallies. His stories are an institution in the Fourth Battalion. His extreme consideration for others, his well groomed appearance and perfect manners, and his kindness and good humor impress all who meet him.

His ability to talk intelligently on any subject shows him to be conversant with what is going on in the world and can be attributed to his wide reading, excellent powers of observation, and his good memory for interesting facts. His ability to turn the ordinary facts of life into screamingly funny stories has made him doubly welcome wherever he goes.

Although he has engaged in many bitter encounters with the Academic Departments, they have never succeeded in disturbing his sang-froid. Charlie has always managed to overcome all obstacles by a ready application of real industry that marks the dependable man. It was Charlie who said, "A 1.0 exam certainly raises hell with 2.0 dailies." Nothing we can say could be more typical of him.

Whether Charlie stays with us or not, we will all miss his clever remarks, (even though many of them are so subtle as to be way over our heads), his knowing smiles, and the ensuing stories which have made life more bearable during the past four years.

2 P. O.

ROBERT WALLACE GRAHAM

"Bob" "Panto" "Bushy" "Pipe Bender"

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

HIGHLY imbued with the health and vigor of that ancient and honorable clan, the Wallaces, especially portrayed in his robust complexion, Bob entered the Academy to give to his country a stout and able body in the same spirit as the Wallace of old.

Two terrific crashes from the horizontal bar ruined Bushy's chances of a letter and an "N". Many months in the hospital did not daunt his eagerness to begin again but he was forbidden to work further in his gym. A twice fractured skull could not stand the heavy attacks of a lacrosse stick. An invaluable man in both sports during Plebe and Youngster Years, he could have attained the heights.

Bob never had any worries in the line of studies. He had that amazing gift of intelligence which permitted him to choose his section before taking the exam. What he does, he knows he can do, and he does well.

For three years the hops have been brilliantly illuminated by his engaging smile. His conquests of fair co-eds are as varied and innumerable as the phenomenal victories of his renowned ancestor.

It is a mixture of the finest personalities which has made Bobby one of the few who have been and have remained always cheerful. He has always been and will always be a decided asset wherever he goes. May his happiest days in the past be his saddest in the future.

Lacrosse 4. Gym 4, 3, 2. Class Swimming 2. Two Stripes.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CARLYLE INGRAM
"Red"
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

THIS red-haired son of the South, in whose ears nothing sounds more discordant than "Marching Through Georgia," can truly be called the enigma of Bancroft Hall. It is "Red" who continually pulls off the unexpected, and the unheard of, thus making our days far more enjoyable.

From our knowledge of "Red," we can best describe him as representing latent power. Given an outlet for his keen mind, "Red" may become any one of a dozen things, ranging from inventor to orchestra leader. We would rather place our money on his becoming a great writer, for there's no one who holds a more complete mastery over the English language, nor one who has a more vivid imagination.

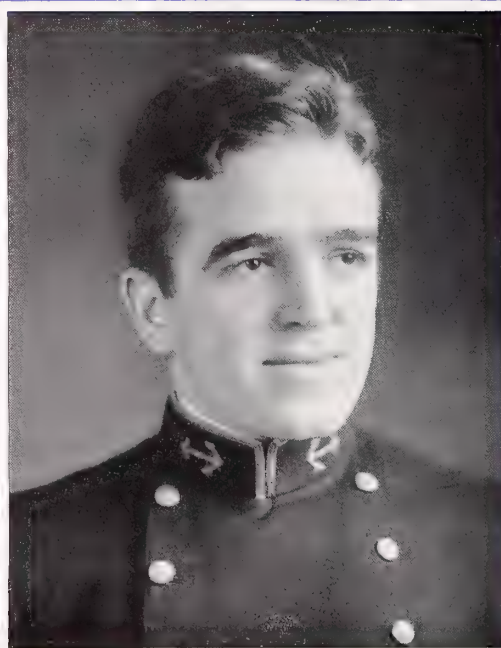
Give "Red" a book, and should the heavens fall, he will not be disturbed even remotely. His great concentrative powers are remarkable. Good books are as important to his life as food and drink, and are habitually favored by him over the less interesting, more academic writings which hold most of us at their mercy.

"Red's" love for argument, his smooth, lucid speech, his logical reasoning and his ability to discuss any question make him one of a small group who gather regularly for hotly contested debates.

His weakness lies in his being enchanted even by the picture of a fair young creature. He usually succeeds, however, in being the better spell-caster, and is really quite a power with the ladies.

Fortune cannot help but smile on this man of genius.

Wrestling 4, 3. Orchestra 4, 2. N. A. Ten 3. 2 P. O.



BENJAMIN CORNELIUS FULGHUM
"Bennie" "Fluggum" "Denebola" "Killer"
AUGUSTA, GA.

NO Boswell could desire a more picturesque character to sketch, nor could he choose one more difficult of analysis. Denebola is hailed as our Infallible Oracle; and if ever he had fallen victim to Executive vigilance or Academic pressure, we should have required a Baron Munchausen, a Jim Smiley and a Beatrice Fairfax to fill his place.

The secret of his charm appears to be a perfect sense of timing; his word of sympathy, of cheer, of blame, his inimitable gestures, his matchless anecdotes—all are so seasonable that offense is impossible and friendship inevitable.

The constancy of his friendship is equaled only by the faithfulness of his love. Through four fickle years, others of us have suffered our hearts to change with each phase of the moon, but Bennie's ardor has never waned nor wandered. This immortal love is none other than an ancient black-briar pipe, but the thousand impassioned love songs which he has lavished upon her gnarled and time-worn bowl would redden the cheeks of the most sophisticated of Crabtown's eligibles.

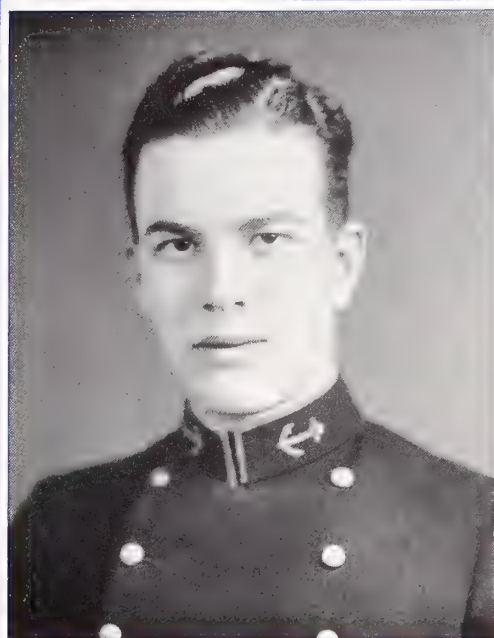
In the realm of academics, our Killer has always defied the fiercest assaults of Nav, Ordnance and Juice, and his conduct record suggests either an impeccable adherence to Regulations or an elusiveness rivaled only by the incomparable Lupin.

Such success as has been his, and will be his, can proceed only from some faculty akin to genius or from the incredible benevolence of Lady Luck, and, according to Bennie's pragmatic philosophy, it really doesn't matter.

Class Boxing 4, 3, 2. Class Track 3. G. P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ARTHUR CASWELL HOUSE, JR.

"Mose" "Smoke"

WELDON, N. C.

WE have met the man from the South. Instead of the cigar, we found the proverbial curly headed boy with the Pepsodent smile. One year at the University of North Carolina turned him Navywards. Weldon lost five percent of its population when Mose came north. Weldon by the way, is the typical Carolina town where women are beautiful and men are glad of it, suh!

During the first months of Plebe Year, the Math Department threw a scare into him that he has yet to recover from. After the first shock, however, he has rolled steadily along. His constant work and perseverance could have no other result. He's the man we all turn to for the translation of the Dago lesson. Application and constancy are the attributes sure to make success turn his way after these four years we have had the pleasure of knowing him. We don't have to wish him luck for we know he will get along without it.

Along athletic lines Mose has not starred. He's the man you look for for either tennis or contract. Plebe Year he tried everything and stuck to wrestling with some success.

Mose is a Red Mike, except on those days he makes liberty when he prefers Carolinian lassies. His virtues are many and his faults two—First, a constant desire and phenomenal ability to sleep; second, a smiling face before breakfast.

Good luck to you, boy!

Wrestling 4.

2 P. O.

BENEDICT JOSEPH SEMMES, JR.

"B. J." "B-boy"

MEMPHIS, TENN.

THE young man pictured above is a true gentleman in every sense of the word. Many are the friends he has made during his four years on the Severn and many are his classmates who will remember him when graduation scatters us to the far corners of the world. Benedict has his likes and dislikes, but seldom has anyone heard him openly abuse a classmate or anyone connected with the Academy.

B-boy entered the Academy in June, 1930, after having prepped at Bobby's War College. He is not a star man but he immediately gained the ranks of the savvy. Studies have never bothered him and his spare time has been devoted to reading. Give him a good book and he is satisfied with the world. Only once have we seen his equilibrium disturbed. That was during the first term of SECOND CLASS YEAR when Cupid pierced his heart with a stinging arrow. However, a slight confinement soon brought this light romance to an end. It was unfortunate in a way because, being a possessor of looks and personality plus, he has been attacked from all sides by aspiring young women. He has managed to keep his *sang-froid* but wagers have been laid on his early downfall. His athletic interests turn towards tennis, golf, and chess. Chess is decidedly his best game.

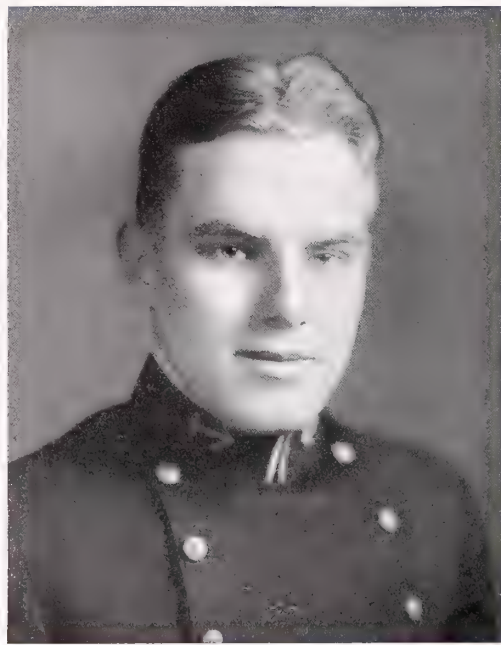
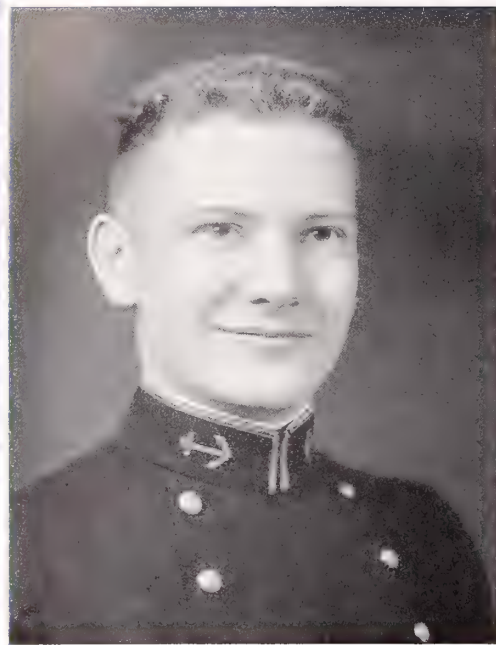
Farewell, B. J., with best wishes for a successful career, and hopes that our paths will cross many times in the future.

Class Football 3.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



WILLIAM WARREN WALKER

"Red" "Harpo"

YAKIMA, WASH.

HIS name is William Warren Walker. He comes from Washington—take your choice. He's a real savoir, but don't let us tell him. He is law-abiding, and quite meticulous. His interests are purely non-athletic.

The great interest of his life appears to be the study of technology. If you desire to be enlightened upon any phase of mechanics, phenomena at large, electricity, or mechanisms—all you have to do is to see him. His latest achievement in the juice field is the production of a direct-current, alternating-current, combined, ohm-volt-ammeter. The only thing that this contrivance can't do is peel spuds. He is an authority on precious stones; so don't bring your drags around (He's not interested in bricks).

Some day you may see coming down the street a rapidly moving, huge, white cloud accompanied by a noise like that produced by a locomotive. It will approach rapidly, and disappear in a few instants. This will be W. W. W. in his new turbine-driven runabout with Waterbury speed gears and capable of climbing a telegraph pole or of descending a precipice, either backward or forward.

In the future you may have the pleasure of passing the threshold of his home. You will find that you have entered a veritable arsenal. If you are lucky you may be initiated into his workshop the home of ten thousand radios.

There is indeed no need for a prediction of his future—he'll make out quite all right.

Indoor Rifle 4.

Subsquad 4, 3, 2.

Two Stripes.

WENDELL HILDING FROLING

"Wen" "Fro" "Kid"

ARLINGTON, N. J.

WHY'D ya join the Navy?"—"Oh, I just saw a notice, so I took the exams." Just like that! June saw Wen in White Works two sizes too big for him out there with a rifle learning the manual. As this looked too strenuous for him he joined the Bugle Corps. Two years of that and he was back with the Regiment. "What ya back for?" "Who wants only two stripes?" But, by this time he has begun to realize that the 2 PO's are the "backbone of the Regiment."

Having been addicted to soccer during Grade and High School, Wen tried out for Soccer Plebe Year. After two trips to the Hospital, he decided to "bone" awhile and recuperate. However, Second Class Year saw him out on Lawrence Field, this time to stay. After every game he'd clip out the write-ups and send them home. His Dad's last words were: "Please study and don't be athletic." Studies have given him his share of trouble, but he seems to pull through at the end of each term.

Wen's chief joy is ships, with a capital S. A member of a yachting family, he has always loved the sea. It's a good sign. Once started on a salty conversation he has been known to forget even the "fair ones." May we see you on the bridge of your own some day, Wen.

He came to us a gentleman—our Academy has added "Officer." May we always say "He was a friend."

Track 4, 3.

Cross Country 3.

Soccer 4, 2, 1.

Bugle Corps 4, 3.

"N" Club.

1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



MARTIN CONRAD SHALEMBERGER, JR.

"Berge" "Shally"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Golden West does well to claim this cosmopolitan Midshipman as her native son. Martin has as many sides to his vibrant nature as his California has spots of beauty. He is the modern example of adaption, fitting in perfectly, be it in a ballroom, in an argument, or in the coxswains seat of a Navy shell.

Shally knows little of the golden qualities of silence, but he does know how to use his talkativeness to the best advantage, whether you are humorous or serious, and whether you want entertainment or sympathy.

The Little M'sieu no doubt chose the Navy with its variety and changes because of a service upbringing mixed with Diplomatic Corps life which turned his boyhood days into an attempt for the junior globe trotter's record. This will also explain why he has become an acknowledged master at the art of subtle compliments.

On the surface, Shally's philosophy seems to be "to live and worry not," but, if you look more deeply, you will find serious ambition and a dominant desire for learning. This desire has resulted in a wealth of information on all topics, not always helpful with the Academic Departments, but always interesting and entertaining.

Athletics have claimed their share of his attention but we find Shally more prominent in the artistic and literary pursuits.

Above all, Shally's ability to make friends is his greatest trait and will make him as popular in the future as he has been during his four years here.

Crew 4, 3, 2. Wrestling 3. Art Club 2, 1. 2 P. O.

HART KAIT

"Katy" "Heelab"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AT the beginning of our incarceration, Hart made himself known to all hands as the boy who moved in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. He got things done, and he made friends, thereby carrying to the remote corners of the Regiment his enviable amiability.

In the four years, he never began without finishing; never stopped a beginning if the end meant work. He was incorrigibly generous with all that was his, always ready to do a favor, always willing to go out of the way to help another. But his talents did not stop here. His modesty prevented many from knowing that he stopped in New York, homeward bound on Youngster Xmas Leave, and hearing that an Intercollegiate fencing tournament had begun, stepped in and won it.

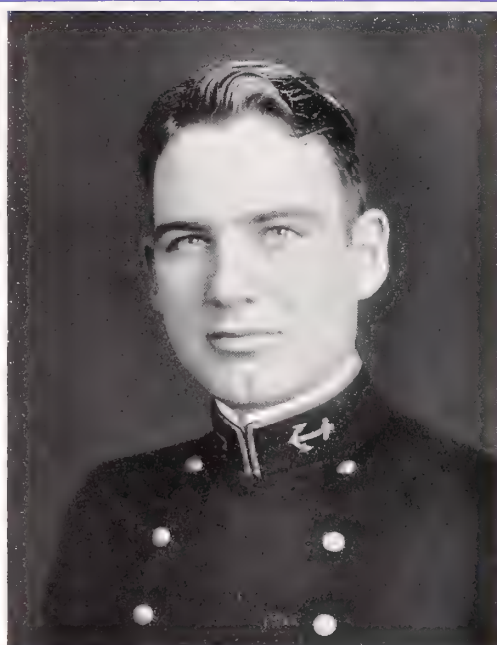
With his amazing array of cameras he has snooped about, taking pictures of our off moments, and presenting us with the astonishing results. Second Class Summer found him running a photo shack, with puzzling red lights and black curtains, always a source of conjecture, never a source of satisfaction to those who inquired.

Hard work, perseverance, and the powers that be gave him the adjutant's job. With booming voice and twinkling eye he informed us that our names were on that list that shall ever begin with "Daily Report of Conduct—." Maybe, in some far off Valhalla of sea-faring men, we shall hear Katy say "Report to the Batt Office and initial the list." We hope so!

Fencing. fNt 3, 2, 1. Intercollegiate Open Champion 3.
Radio Club. Lucky Bag Staff. Two Stripes. "N" Club.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CRAIG RANSOM GARTH

"Rico" "Bud" "Red"

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

BASHFUL and dignified, Bud came to the Academy from Missouri some five years ago. It is certain that St. Joseph's loss was our gain for Bud has over and over again proven his worth.

His academics, with the exception of English, were rather trying. He was far from being bright in his studies, but, had he applied himself, he would have had no trouble with the work. His great failing was that he would not complete the five year course in four years.

Rico has enjoyed the fair sex during his entire career. He was well-known at Carvel Hall, holding the all-time, all-Navy record of not missing a liberty in five years. His activities, however, did not end here, for he was also quite an athlete. In the fall he was a star on the company basketball team, in the winter he shot on the company pistol team, and in the spring he was a prominent company baseball player. When questioned on this procedure, he maintained with set lips that the company was in dire need of his services.

Suave, happy, and popular, Bud emerges from the Academy. We cannot help but feel that he is well fitted to finish anything he undertakes. He will always be remembered by us for his fascinating manner and his desire to live life to the fullest. We wish him the best of luck in his chosen field, no matter what life he may choose.

Basketball 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Reception Committee 4.

Tennis 5, 4.

Black "N"*****.

Crew 3.

2 P. O.

HUGH MULLAN

"Hugb" "Moon" "Mudgie"

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

WITH a background of several generations of sea-faring men in his family, it is not surprising that Hugh's early aspirations were to be a deep-sea sailor. He had to spot the rest of us four months of Plebe Summer but hard work soon had him even up.

It would be stretching things to say that Hugh was a star man. Still, since that memorable May of Plebe Year, he has always been able to shrug his shoulders disdainfully when the final trees came up.

Moon has consistently refused to take life, academics, the fair sex, and his roommate seriously. This happy fact, combined with a genial Irish personality, has made him a host of lasting friends.

His favorite pastime is "running" the public at large and his classmates in general. It is possible however, to turn the tables. If you want a bit of fun, ask him about the week-end leaves Second Class Summer and a three card monte game on the Norfolk excursion boat. Sure points, granted, but you will find that Moon takes his running in the same friendly spirit in which it is given.

Next to this chosen amusement, it is debatable just what he enjoys the most. Some might say Carvel or sun-bathing while others would say swimming or sleeping. Anyway, what he does, he enjoys, and those who have worked, laughed, and played with him will regretfully relinquish him June Week.

Black "N"****.

2 P. O.

1934



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



VICTOR HAROLD KRULAK

"Brute"

DENVER, COLO.

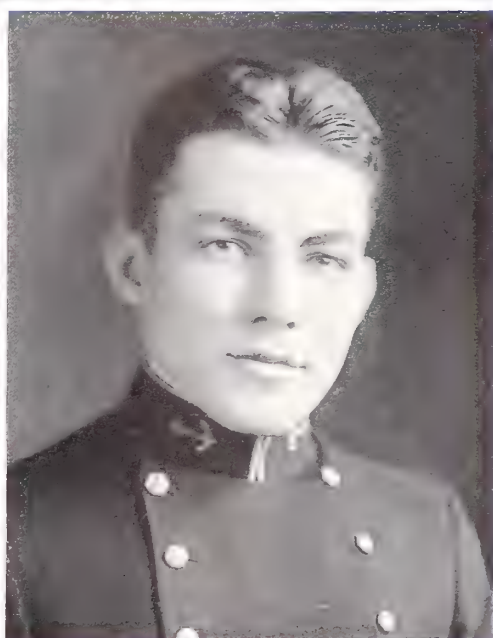
BRUTE tired of the snow-capped Rockies one day and decided that he would rather go to sea. Accordingly, he prepped at Bobby's and came in to join us. Since he was, and is, a very likeable lad, he was accepted with open arms. Since then we have never been disappointed. His sunny disposition and cheerful good humor have continued through the years we have known him. Our only objection to the "little feller" is his love of playing practical jokes on his friends. Should you come home and find your room a mere shell of its former self, see Krulak, he knows.

He never has to worry about studying because he has one of those minds which penetrates the deepest subject in less than nothing—flat. Consequently, people are always dropping in to find out how some gadget works. After nine-thirty, though, they are too late for he is dreaming of his latest feminine acquisition.

We used to run Brute about being short, but he said nothing and went out for crew. When the smoke cleared away we found that he had become one of the best coxswains around the Academy in many a year. After all, Napoleon was a short man, too.

It would be impossible for a man as clever as the Brute, and as good natured, not to win out in the race of life. Feeling confident of his success, we can only wait to point with pride and say, "I knew him when—"

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." Log Board. "N" Club. 2 P. O.



DAVID CHARLES MILLER

"Dave" "Squeek"

ROYAL OAK, MICH.

AMONG the worthy of the Naval Academy cohorts there are those who are not privileged to be called either "rebel" or "yankee." One of these unfortunate persons who is unqualified to decide who won the Civil War is Dave Miller, a native of Michigan. Dave entered the Naval Academy because of his love of the water, and of curiosity to learn more about it rather than from an esteem of brass buttons and routine; and his life here within the cold grey walls has gone accordingly. A little study (which goes a surprisingly long way), a lot of "breeze shooting" and much, very much, football. Of the three occupations football has held the large spot in his heart. A knee which, through constant injury, took on habits more fitting to a contortionist than a right end, earned him the appellation of "Squeaky Dave." Second Class Year it settled down to more knee-like habits and Dave made up for lost time (Ask the Army tackles).

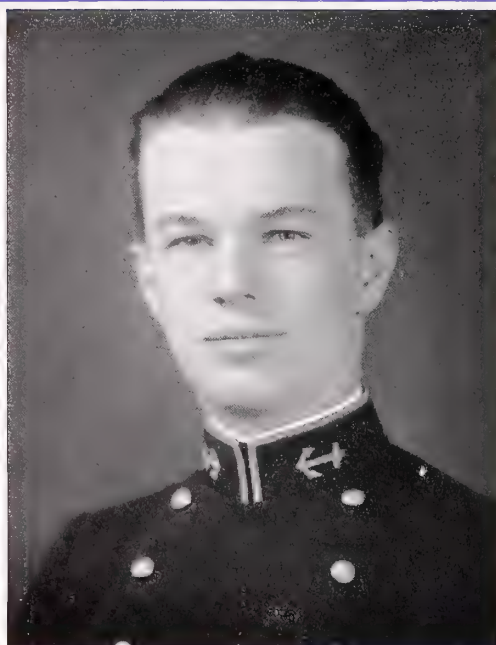
Of his other characteristics perhaps the argumentative quality stands supreme. Whether you're interested in the Peruvian situation, Technocracy, or why gentlemen should prefer brunettes, even if they don't, you're sure to have an interesting discussion. Dave always presents a new and startling idea. Sometimes they are good and sometimes they are not, but there is always a forceful argument.

Determination, dependability, and an uncanny faculty for getting things done, make Dave Miller a very fine person to know.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1. "N." "N" Club. Basketball 4, 3.
2 P. O. Crew 1.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



GORDON ALEXANDER GRIFFIN

"Alex" "Griff"
NORFOLK, VA.

THOUGH a son of the Nation's Capitol, his speech—especially those soft r's—betray his southern birth. Gordon entered the Academy with fewer illusions than most of us as the result of a Navy upbringing. But in that July, four years ago, began a battle with the Academic Departments which once or twice took on that one-sided aspect—but when the smoke cleared away found that Griff had emerged the victor.

Athletics? Varsity ambitions were usually blighted by the battle with the academics. But he always managed to escape the dreaded call "Fall in the Sub and Weak Squads." His work with the lightweight crew squad and his contribution to the company soccer and baseball teams must be remembered.

Literary? He can always tell you the name, author, publisher, plot and characters of the Book of the Month—adding his not-to-be-taken-lightly criticisms. Cynical? We wonder—but finally conclude it is a deeper desire not to overrate his own abilities nor to underrate others. Sense of humor? Of the highest order, as all who know him will attest.

Red Mike or snake? Neither, in the true sense of these terms. But we are honor bound to say that when it comes to femmes Griff's average is consistently in the starring class.

While not loquacious, his sincerity and his ability to make friends are among his best attributes. Though we may separate to follow devious paths, all who know him are proud to call him friend.

2 P. O

PAUL SHEPPARD SAVIDGE, JR.

"Paul" "Schmaltz" "Savvie"
TACOMA, WASH.

BRIDGE builder by descent but a Midshipman by trade, our Paul is one of the shining lights of the Fourth Batt. The *Log* just couldn't run without his snappy ads. The lightweight crew is his hobby and those who know about such things say that he could row in anybody's first boat. However, he is still fond of a good round of golf. Plebe Year the pictures on his locker door attracted the attention of all the assistants. He never has been a real snake but could drag bricks for the rest of his life and still be sat. Despite the protests of his wife, Paul believes that all blue water men-of-warship on the Wyo instead of the Arky and that if the Nautilus hadn't interfered, all Copenhagen would have been at their feet before they shoved off.

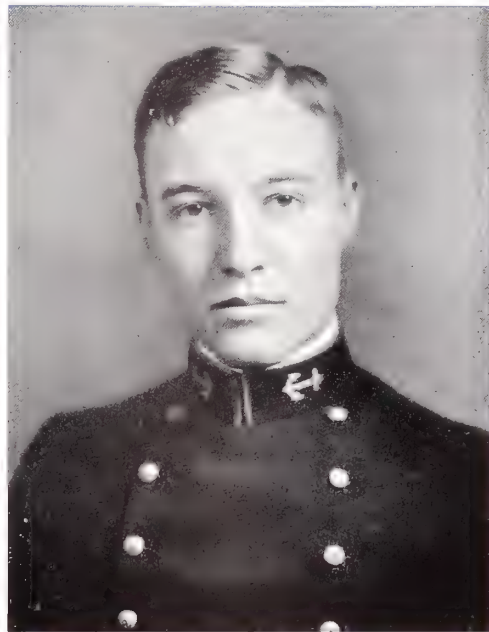
Schmaltz thinks that Tacoma is the only civilized place in America. Navigation is his meat. He doesn't believe in the Hoey position plotter but has a 60-30 triangle that does tricks. Some day he hopes to perfect a one-sight fix. He proposes to use the Navy to make the world safe for the English language—thereby eliminating Dago. Savvie has formed many warm friendships during his four years on the Severn. We know that he will always be the same old Paul he has been in the past. All we can say is that we would like to be shipmates with him anywhere.

Advertising Manager, *Log*.
Reception Committee.
Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1.

Sports Staff, *Lucky Bag*.
Lightweight Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.
2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



ELMER READ MCCLEARY

"Read" "Mac" "Bud"

NEWPORT, R. I.

SHAKING the dust of Park Avenue from his feet and resigning himself to his fate with a cheerful *laissez faire*, Read became a typically nondescript Plebe in virgin white works.

His first thought on entering the portals of this mighty institution was to make friends with everyone and his success in this line was overwhelming. Mac's friends are legion. No one could long know him without coming under the spell of his personality. He simply radiates sunshine.

Elmer's perpetual jokes never lose their flavor, his keen Irish wit never fails at crucial moments, and his bag full of gayety never seems to empty. He has never been caught boning but is always in the money at the finish. He snows the femmes under, builds model aeroplanes that nosedive like his wife's marks in May, lends everyone money and forgets to ask for it, has been almost everywhere, including the Reina, dives for the swimming team, and continually dreams of a pair of wings. In several words, that's Read.

His faults? With the exception of an outstanding love for an argument with his wife and a tendency to drag never less than four week-ends per month, he has none.

Here is a vivid personality that will carry its owner over the top in any endeavor. We wish him the best of luck and many happy landings, knowing that if anyone could woo that elusive lady successfully, it would be Read.

Water Polo 4. Swimming 3, 2, 1. Lacrosse 1.
Black N**. 2 P. O.

ROBERT JOHN OLIVER

"Bob" "Ollie" "Navigator"

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO

SOME years from now it will probably not be necessary to look in a *Lucky Bag* to read about Bob. The introduction to some "Marq Saint Oliver" method of Navigation will give you all the dope. He dotes on inventing new ways to solve the astronomical triangle. Maybe he will find a practical method some day. In fact his interest in all professional subjects is equally great. His interest in the Navy has taken the place of a former interest in the Army. He loves to tell gunners' mates how to put a Lewis Gun together, and is a recognized authority on the French 75. We look for him to go far in the Navy.

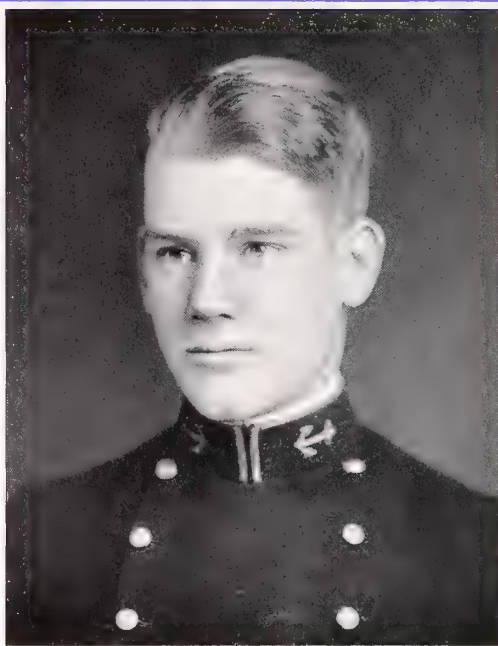
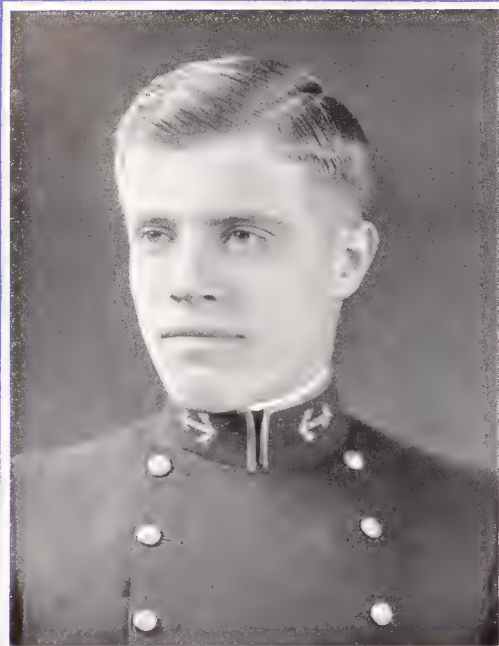
He can tell you lots about how you should stay away from the fairer sex, but a look at his locker door would tear his arguments to shreds. Athletically, he has tried quite a few things, but has always had a liking for managing lacrosse. He makes a darn good roommate except that it is sometimes hard to bum three or four packs of skags from him at the same time, and if you should happen to throw a book gently at him while he is trying to figure out what a Ford range keeper keeps, he is likely to break a record over your head.

All told, Ollie has what it takes, and there is a place on any ship in the Fleet for him. We shall all watch his progress with interest

Boxing 4. Lacrosse Manager 4, 3, 2. "N" 1. 1 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



THOMAS RINGLE HINE
"Tommy" "T. R." "Theo"
SALTSBURG, PA.

ACCORDING to well established precedent, this article should commence something like this: "Out from under the haze of the Smoky City, in the wilds of Western Pennsylvania, comes our Tommy." But that does not tell much about him.

First of all, he was determined to enter the Academy; he waited two years after passing the exams to get an appointment. Later, he displayed the same determination in the desire to stay with us Youngster Year. Then it was calculus that nearly got the better of him, but he pulled out from under and since then has been on top. But these Academic difficulties never caused him to become a member of the radiator club for he early joined the forces of Spike Webb. The resulting mania for boxing gets him over in MacDonough Hall on winter afternoons to box and like it.

Though quiet and taciturn, Tommy has a good natured disposition that becomes evident when one knows him. He will lend anything he has to anyone he knows. He will help any unsat classmate to the best of his ability without irritation. Being a Red Mike of the first order, he has let himself in for many a hop watch, but this is only another instance of his willingness to help.

It took Theo sometime to get accustomed to the ways of the Navy, but, he has learned. His determination to fit himself for a Naval Officer led him into much grief and "running," but we now see our Tommy fit to take charge.

Boxing 4, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

WILLIAM ROBINSON SMITH, III
"Bill" "W. R." "Smitty"
AT LARGE

SMITTY first demonstrated his extraordinary intelligence when he resigned from the drum and bugle corps at the end of Plebe Year. Since then there has never been any doubt as to his mental prowess. In fact, some of the more wooden members of the class are only sat because he was always willing to throw away the Post and give some extra-instruction.

After one autumn with the "hill-and-dalers," Smitty joined the Gym team, and the gymnasium has been the seat of most of his athletic activities ever since. Almost any afternoon, any time of the year, you can find him hard at work doing giant swings or one-arm stoopfalls. However, he occasionally takes a day off to swim or play tennis or handball, in all of which he is proficient.

From the number of letters which he writes to and receives from Switzerland, it was for long suspected that he was taking a correspondence course in skiing. He says that they are addressed to a girl's school, so maybe it is not skiing he is taking lessons in. What spare cash he has left from buying Vanity Fair and other serious literature he spends on red-seal Victrola records, and the little time left from other activities is spent playing hearts.

Why try to predict the future? Smitty's generous and affable personality coupled with a natural aptitude for work will certainly carry him far along the road to success.

Star 2, 1.

Gym 3, 2, 1.

2 P. O.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



CHARLES BODWELL PAINE, JR.

"Charlie" "Bod"

AUGUSTA, ME.

OUR Bod, following the footsteps of his forebears, answered the call of the sea." Thus, for the sake of a story, might we begin. It is unfortunate for the story, that this is not quite the case. We understand that the family tree is rather lacking as far as a line of Naval Officers is concerned, although there are several sea-faring men somewhere about its branches. The fact that he is a real "Down Easter" from Maine might explain the lure the Navy holds for him. Actually, we know that he made a ready acceptance of several opportunities that offered an excellent education and a career that would suit his taste. He should make good that career, for, through the medium of a diligent application to and aptitude for the more practical studies, he manages to stand fairly high in his class. He has the necessary ability to be a successful Naval Officer.

Charlie seems to lie between a snake and a red mike, athlete and radiator hound. A congenial companion to men and an admirer of fair ladies, he is pleasant company in any gathering, whether a bachelor party or a formal ball. Although he is no brawny athlete, he is one of that conscientious group which inhabits the gym of an afternoon.

His successes have never been spectacular but they have always been based on a solid foundation of diligent work. With these beginnings, our hopes for his future success can but be certainties.

G. P. O.

GRAFTON BROOKHOUSE PERKINS, JR.

"Cy" "Perk"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ENTER the room practically any evening and you will see four figures around the table clutching pieces of pasteboard while uttering staccato phrases of conversation. They are at it again and another session of the local bridge club is in full swing. Perk is an outstanding member of this society.

One would be greatly mistaken, however, to think that bridge is his only accomplishment. Along with this taste for bridge that he acquired from his near-Boston environment of Cambridge, he developed a decided liking for crew, tennis, squash, and golf. As a result, if he is not around the crew shed during recreation hours, he probably can be found indulging in some other one of these sports.

Although Cy is decidedly not a snake, he occasionally crashes through with a drag. Again we think of the home town environment and suspect that some part of it may be responsible for his apparent indifference toward the local members of the fairer sex.

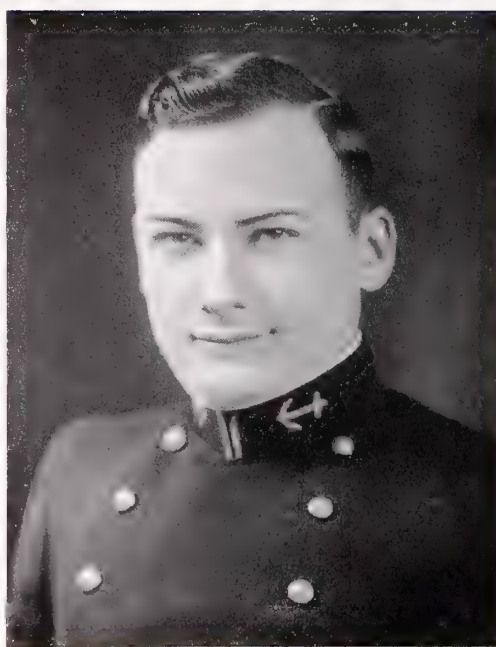
The Academics have never held any particular pitfalls for him, and although he has never broken out with that little gold star, his name usually is well up on the section lists. He has always been somewhat indifferent toward a few of the more technical subjects, so we can understand when he thinks of trying his hand at a business career.

Those of us who know him realize that the Navy will lose a sincere and good man if he succumbs to the call of big business.

Crew Manager 4, 3, 2.

Two Stripes.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD FRANCIS KANE

"Elmer" "Sugar" "Dick"

HOLYOKE, MASS.

DICK graduated with honors from High School and migrated to Schenectady to become a Corporal in General Electric's army. After nine months he found a new outlet for his youthful energies by bursting in among us one June day. It didn't take him long to get into the swing of things, for he began hitting the "pap" quite regularly and soon became a veteran of the extra duty squad.

"Hey, Elmer, how do you work this prob?" That is the eternal question, but Sugar is never too busy to say, "I don't know," or, "Do it yourself." He merely sits down and shows you what it's all about. By being ready and willing to help everyone, he has gained many lasting friends. Always just a shade less than starring until his Second Class Year, he contented himself with helping his less savvy classmates pull sat.

He has always been active in company and class sports. Dick has taken several hard jolts in soccer, baseball, and lacrosse. Ever since Youngster Year he has been one of the mainstays of the class lacrosse team and has lent a large hand to winning the Harvard Shield for '34.

Our handsome hero has quite an eye for the fair sex and is not adverse to their charms in spite of the girl back home. But for all of that he is cheerful, dependable, and a true friend. He wishes to remain in the Service and we know he will be an officer of whom we can well be proud.

Class Lacrosse 3, 2, 1.

Star 2.

2 P. O.

HINTON IRA SMITH

"Smitty" "Squint" "Hi"

CLEVELAND, OHIO

SMITTY'S chief preoccupation in high school was his secret ambition to gain admission to this "pleasant and restful" place on the Severn. Having received an appointment, Smitty undertook to pass through the tortuous channels of the mental and physical examinations and emerged victorious.

Being a diligent scholar, these past four years have caused him no grey streaks in his wavy locks. Although, at times, injuries brought on by his love for athletics have made him bone extensively after "rest" cures at the hospital.

Fencing, tennis, and crew were his chief athletic activities, especially fencing, in which he proved himself to be the best sabreman for the last three years. He is a great devotee of the game of tennis and was a valuable asset to the Plebe team. Dame Fortune was not so kind to him as far as this sport was concerned, however and injuries prevented him from following the game.

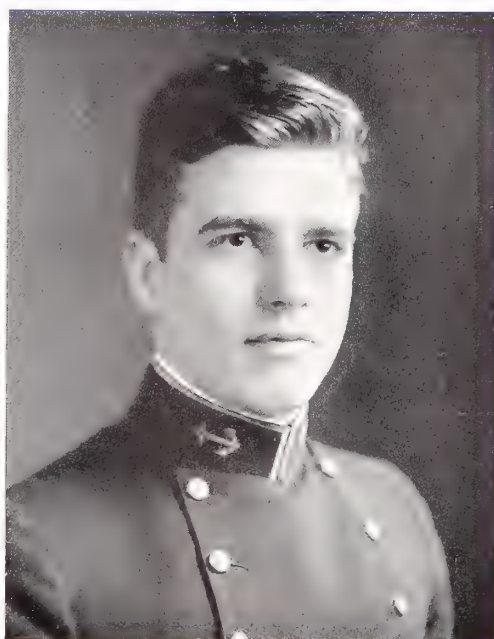
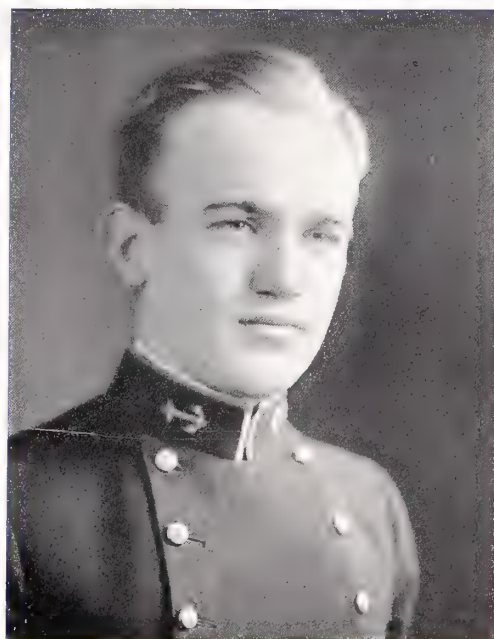
Concerning that all-American subject "les femmes," Smitty is neither a "snake" nor a "red mike," but occupies the happy medium wherein so few of us are wise enough to place ourselves. Nevertheless, he can claim a host of young ladies as friends, and of course, the inevitable "O. A. O." forms the nucleus of his dreams.

A true friend, a helpful roommate, and a great pal—these few phrases embody all that is necessary to describe his sterling character. Smitty intends to pursue the career which he has so creditably begun, and we all wish him godspeed.

Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1. fNt. "N" Club. Tennis 4, 3. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



RICHARD GARMS KOPFF
"Dick" "Colonel" "Cadet"
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHEN little Richard left the wooded section of Brooklyn, sometimes called Flatbush, he had as little idea of the rocks (and shoals) ahead as the rest of us. Nevertheless, he had little trouble with academics and has always had plenty of time to help some of the less fortunate or to read a good book.

The Colonel is quite interested in music, particularly the piano, and often takes an afternoon off to torture the other inmates of Smoke Hall. If you want to see some good books come around and look at his bookshelf. There are enough of them to start a couple of circulating libraries—that is when the fellows bring them all back. Although he doesn't study too hard, the boy has managed to coast along in the upper half of his class.

Richard's favorite sport certainly must be crew because he helped push himself around backwards for two and a half years. He's rather a crack shot with either a rifle or pistol, too.

Dick makes a good wife. He doesn't sing in the shower and he always has stamps, cigarettes, matches and other necessary articles for a happy domestic life. Likes to grumble sometimes, but he never really means it and it always blows over in a hurry.

To top it off, he has a warm generous nature and always lends a hand where needed. He's made of the stuff to be a success in life. Ask the wife who owns one

*Lightweight Crew 4, 3. Quarter-Deck Society. Expert Rifleman.
Expert Pistol Shot. Orchestra 1. Two Stripes.*

ELLIS BROOKS RITTENHOUSE
"El" "Rit" "Duffer" "Ritty"
NEWARK, DEL.

IT seems that St. Patrick chose the wrong location when he rid Ireland of its snakes. There are lots more in Delaware—at least to judge from this her favorite son. Poor El has had his troubles, academically and athletically, but in rising above them, he really earned our admiration and respect with his consummate finesse in his victories over the fair sex. Ah, El is no weakling. Battered in Plebe basketball, and downed for a count of nine by hygiene that Christmas, he came back strongly in lacrosse to upset the dope. His final test was to come, however.

Academics caused the lad no little concern, but he misjudged himself, for he had hidden powers; athletics fretted him, but this too was actually a strong point. Little insignificant items (auburns, blondes, brunettes) were to drag him to the depths, torment him, play on his vanity, impose on his generosity—in general, to cause him untold woe. Little insignificant items (auburns, blondes, brunettes) were to make his last two years a whirl, but they were also to be the determining influence in bringing out his sterling qualities. Adopting reckless tactics, he beat them at their own game.

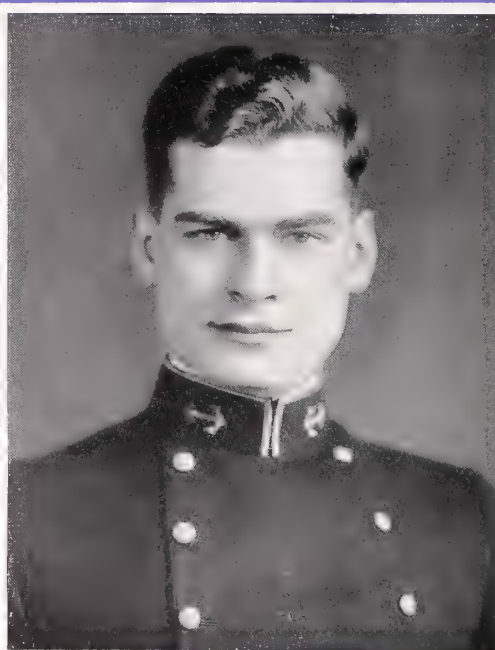
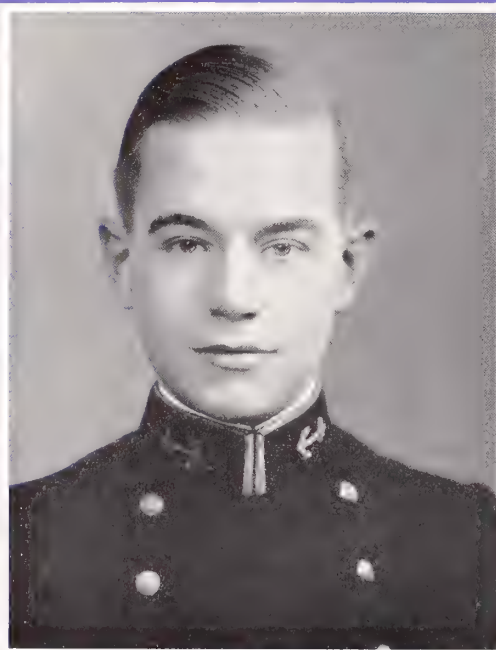
Our hero shouldn't have had such difficulty. Naturally athletic, strong, active—he was meant for the open spaces. Steady, hard-working, and able to concentrate—he could best any academic problem. And stubborn? Nothing ever made him quit, (not even little insignificant items).

Rit is a man among men, a real friend.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1. Soccer 1. Basketball 4. 2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



JOHN GEORGE ROENIGK

"Renny" "Jack" "Swede"

BUTLER, PA.

THIS charming, slender, smiling Pennsylvania Dutchman crowds more activity into one year than most Midshipmen do in four. In the fall he takes up soccer, during the winter he manages the unruly swimming team, or plays a femme role for the Masqueraders, and in the spring he runs around the track. Despite his athletic tendencies, though, his fetish is the *Log*. First Class Year his hard work was rewarded by the post of Managing Editor. Just step into any humorists room in the Fourth Batt and you will find our Swede screaming for a contribution. His untiring efforts are one of the safety factors of the *Log's* popularity.

Renny's idea of boning is to turn in early and sleep with the book under one ear. There may be something in the system for we very seldom, if ever, see his name gracing the weekly trees. Far from it—he's either in the first section or has just been bilged out of it.

Jack claims to know all about women and his locker door would tend to prove this theory. Many an art gallery would be put to shame by the handsome Swede's collection of dazzling femmes. His retribution comes around when he realizes, with an awful shock, that all the girls he has asked to the June Ball have accepted.

Swede's never failing good humor has been one of the bright spots of our four years by the bay. May we meet with it frequently in the future.

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1. Track 4, 3. Swimming (Mgr.) 4, 3, 2, 1.
Masqueraders 3. Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1. Managing Editor 1.
M. P. O.

ARCHIBALD STONE, JR.

"Ad" "Archie" "Aston" "Junior"

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

BECAUSE the lure of the heavier seas cast its spell over the First Mate of the Sea Scout schooner *Theresa White*, Archie decided to go in for a big time Navy by becoming a humble Midshipman.

Archie's athletic *Forté* is crew; for four years he has pulled oars and has rowed in two Poughkeepsies.

Although a Red Mike of the first caliber, he has been seen with a member of the fairer sex several times during the four years. Academics bother Archie very little—he can usually pull out his 2.5. Be the pap sheet big or be it small, you'll usually be able to find Archie there in all his glory.

Archie's big hobby is yachting—and what a collection of yachting magazines he has. If there's anything you want to know about any of these pleasure craft, just look him up—he'll even design one for you before you can tear yourself away.

Through his good nature, quiet manner, willingness to help and never say die spirit, Archie is the kind of man you are proud to know as a friend and the kind of man who is bound to succeed. Whether the future finds him in the U. S. Navy or the U. S. Outside, our best wishes go with him, for we are convinced he was surely born to command.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1.

"N" 2, 1.

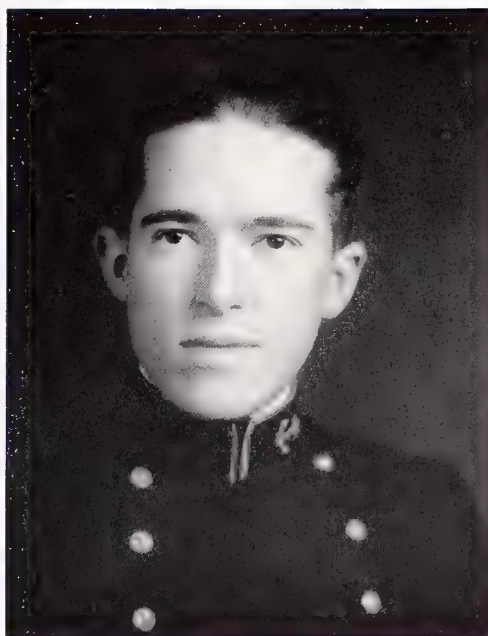
Football 4, 3, 2.

Wrestling 1.

2 P. O.

1934

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY



DOUGLAS MCKEAN SWIFT

"Doug" "Uncle"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DOUG hails from the section where men are savours. But, he is one exception to that good old Massachusetts tradition, "Star and stagnate." There is no doubt but that he has the ability but Doug refuses to mar a sunny disposition and a winning personality with the strife for a 3.4. His energies have been spent in working on the *Lucky Bag*.

After Doug finished High School, like a true New Englander, he looked around for new worlds to conquer and determined to become an admiral. So far it's a non-stop flight, and we don't expect to hear of his crashing on the way.

A novel, his pipe, and a place to assume a horizontal position are all he asks, but when "Uncle" reaches for his pipe, we reach for the door.

Second Class Summer Doug met his Waterloo in the person of a sweet young thing from Virginia. Since then he has never been the same. Excepting this weakness, nothing ever bothers this modest young man, and, except for a few brief battles with Dago, he has always kept one jump ahead of the academics departments.

Ever with a smile, Doug has never been known to gripe, even when the O. A. O. sends him an I. C. C. on the Saturday morning of a hop night. He's a real classmate, and ideal wife, and a "regular feller." His future success is already assured and, so, we only wish him the best of luck possible. Here's how, Doug.

Boxing 4. Reception Committee 3, 2, 1. *Lucky Bag* Staff.
2 P. O.

JOHN FRANCIS WELLER

"Jack"

DORMONT, PA.

WAY back in the dim past this young man strayed forth from his favorite haunts in the Smoky City and lost himself in the maze of State and Church Circles. Finding an avenue of escape through Gate Three, he came to us and has remained ever since.

On Youngster Cruise, Jack was one of those happy inhabitants of "Chico Farms," infamous Youngster hangout, scene of many a lively battle and Acey Ducey tournament. However, it was during Second Class Summer that he really came into his own.

In the field of sports you will always find Jack active. He specializes on the diamond, where you will see him cutting short many a romp around the bags. This versatile gentleman has other accomplishments. In the fall it is a game of touch football, where, with a little practice the boys could trim the varsity. And in the winter he is one of the reasons why the Eighth Company has become famous for championship basketball teams.

We have noticed that Jack seldom pays any attention to those weekly trees which make life so uncomfortable for most of us, and there is always time for a little concentrated study of Cosmo. We feel certain that the years will see an ever-widening band of gold on his sleeves. A true son of Navy Blue and Gold, to whom any other existence would be unbearable.

You have been a good friend and a real pal, Jack. We wish you happy Cruises.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.
Black N****.

Basketball 4, 3. 1 P. O.
Plebe Football Manager.

1934

THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT US



PLEBE YEAR

ACQUAVIVA, J.	EBERLE, J. F.	KILHEFNER, A. E.	POWELL, J. W.
ALBERI, D. S.	EDWARDS, M. F.	KREUGER, D. L.	PRATT, R. T., JR.
BAIRD, L. J.	FITZPATRICK, J. F.	LECLERQ, N. C.	PRYOR, J. C., JR.
BEX, L. J.	FOLEY, C. L.	LEOMONDS, J.	RICE, T. A.
BLAKELY, J. S.	FOLEY, W. J.	LENHART, T. B.	SCHEIBLA, L. C.
BLOUNT, C. E.	FOWLKES, E. T.	LINDBLAD, T. H.	SCHREIBER, W. H.
BOGARDUS, B. W.	FREEMAN, R. E.	MANNIX, D. P.	SHUNK, R. F.
BREYER, E. A.	FROST, J. B.	MAYERS, V. R.	SMITH, C. E.
BROMER, F. P.	GEARING, H. C., III	MCCALL, G. E.	SMITH, W. P.
BROUGHTON, W. F.	GILLMER, T. C.	MCGOWAN, R.	SOELL, J. B.
BROWN, S. A.	GOFF, M. E.	McKEE, K. H.	STONE, J. B.
BROYLES, N. B.	GREGORY, A. L.	MERIWETHER, D. F.	SWEAT, G. C.
BUCKALEW, M. W.	GRIFFIN, H. J.	MOWERY, W. G.	THORNE, J. B.
CARSON, M. A.	HAMMOND, C. J.	MURPHY, F. J.	TYLER, W. B.
CARTER, C. R.	HASTINGS, R. E.	NEWSOM, J.	WELDON, J. J.
CLOPTON, J. M.	HIGHT, J. M.	NIXON, E. B.	WEST, J. B.
COCHRAN, D. E.	HOLLADAY, D. S.	OKERHIND, R. F.	WINDERS, K. C.
COTTER, J. H.	JOHNSON, H. T.	OLIVER, J. D.	WINTERS, W. R.
CRAVEN, C. W.	JORDAN, E. P.	PAPP, Z.	WRIGHT, K. J.
DAIGLE, F. J.	KEARNEY, C. C.	PEACOCK, H. H.	
DORSCHNER, R. A.	KENNEY, J. F.	PHOENIX, A. J.	

YOUNGSTER YEAR

ADAMS, E. L.	HAMPSON, J. C.	MCCORMICK, A. E., JR.	QUESNELL, E. R.
ADAMS, W. M.	HATCH, B. H.	MCENTEE, G. L., JR.	QUINN, J. F.
BACHMAN, C. H.	HEATH, G. D.	MCGOFF, J. E.	ROBINSON, R. S.
BARNARD, L., JR.	HOBBS, J. D.	MCGRATH, T. D.	SAUNDERS, T. S.
BOZARTH, J. W.	HONNOLD, I. P.	MERRILL, R. S.	SIDNER, H. F.
BUESS, W. G.	HOUSE, A. E.	MILLER, L. M.	SNYDER, W. A.
DANENHOWER, J.	JACKSON, C. P.	MILLER, J. G.	STACK, G. F.
DAVISON, G. G.	JONES, K.	MONTROSS, J. G.	STUNKARD, M. F., JR.
EDE, A. L.	KESL, W. J.	MULCAHY, T. J., JR.	UPDEGROVE, J. W.
ELLISON, J. M.	KIMBALL, H. T., JR.	O'DONNELL, J. A.	WHALEY, J. W.
FOLEY, J. F.	LAWSON, E. C., JR.	PAYNE, F. R., JR.	WHIP, H. R.
FRANCK, W. N.	LUCAS, S. B.	PHILLIPS, S. G.	WHITEHEAD, L. H.
GAUTZSCH, F. I.	MATTHEWS, W. E.	PRENTICE, J. R.	WYGANT, E. G.

SECOND CLASS YEAR

FLY, W. L., JR.	BARNER, R. L.	KNAPP, G. A.	PLATT, F. C.
GREENMAN, F. P.	BLANCHARD, R. W.	McKISSACK, T. P.	SIDDLE, E. J.
HALLOCK, R. F.	CALHOUN, W. L.	McLEAN, R. E.	TRUXTON, T.
HOUCK, R. W.	COOPER, E. G.	O'BRIEN, F. R.	

FIRST CLASS YEAR

BAKER, M. D.	MAGRUDER, P. M.
CORBIN, W. L.	SMITH, R. C., III
WOODRUFF, J. A.	

A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, flowing lines that frame the title. The flourish starts with a large loop on the left, sweeps under the text, and ends with a smaller loop on the right.

CLASS HISTORY



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ACADEMY,
PRANKS SUCH AS THIS WERE COMMON OCCUR-
RENCES, AND THE INHABITANTS OF ANNAPO-
LIS LIVED IN CONTINUAL FEAR OF A NOC-
TURNAL RAID BY THE NAVAL CADETS. WE
TOO HAVE OUR PRANKS — THOUGH THEY ARE
OF A Milder NATURE — AND WITH THEM
THE SERIOUS EPISODES THAT GO TO MAKE UP
THE HISTORY OF FOUR YEARS AS MIDSHIPMEN.



THIS IS THE STORY OF DAYS GONE BY
INSCRIBED BY THE PEN OF CHARLIE FREY



COME one, come all, from far and near,
and list this wondrous tale to hear, a tale
of sorrow, strife and war, a truthful tale
of thirty-four. It reeks with fun and laughter
too, and joy and happiness creep thru. A
stranger tale, since time began, has not been
heard by mortal man.

Come with us and stroll along the paths of
time, with jolly song we'll sing and chant the
roundelays of our happy middy days. On flam-
ing spits the souls we'll roast of Sinister Joe
and the Galloping Ghost, the Gallant Fox, and
for a lark, we'll give the Beagle one last bark.
The Iron Duke always pulls a vote, while





Madame X still gets our goat, Jesse James, and Bunky Hill, and Skinny Paul, and Two Gun Bill, and Big King Kong, enormous guy, and "That won't work, and I'll tell you why." Fiends, the Square Deal was another, the Big Bad Wolf and dear Grandmother, the Screaming Panther raved about, the hands were tied on the old Boy Scout, and while we laughed at Slipstick Willie, Stray Power Mox would knock us silly.

But now we're free, so we believe, no more the Moose, no Gallant Steve, no Fu Manchu in Dahlgren Hall, no Ampere Pete to gripe us all. Maybe someday we will meet College Joe

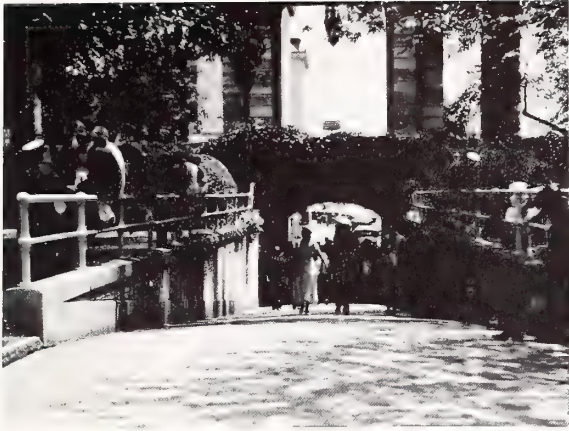




upon the street, we'll stick our noses to the sky, like the dread Gon, we'll pass him by, Spot One no more will plot our fall, we will not care for him at all, and there will be revenge so sweet, if we should clash with Papping Pete.

This is the way we went to town, stand 'em up and knock 'em down, fill 'em up and tuck 'em under, on thru life we'll boldly blunder. Who cares if we make mistakes, we think we'll get just what it takes, so read the song that's written here, all our woes and all our cheer. History lies before you, so, step on the gas and let 'er go!





Nineteen thirty, month of June, we started coming, pretty soon a miracle had come to pass, we formed the semblance of a class. No more in slouched did we drape, we got ourselves whipped into shape. The Nation's pick, say, ain't we grand? Run up the flag, strike up the band! Rifle range and cutter drill, we worked and worked and worked, until you'd think we'd drop right in our tracks. Springfield rifles broke our backs and service white would scratch our necks while second class searched us for specks upon our blouse, and finding, slap, our toil worn bodies on the pap. But Saturdays we spent in town, gulping rich peach





Melbas down, and Sundays, when we loafed all day, wasting leisure hours away, were interludes that brightly shown—unseeing Plebes, had we but known!

Ac Year, what memories fond it brings,
floating back on feathered wings. Feathered
brooms were more in taste, but over that we'll
pass in haste, and muse a while, when we're at
ease, o'er skinny probs and dago trees. With
football trips and Xmas Leave a wreath of
memories we'll weave and fondly place it on
the brow of those we leave behind us now. An
Army game, the first in years, we find among
our souvenirs, a first term passed, don't ask us





how, we cannot answer, even now. The second term, a hundredth nite, and all our pals were treated right, the day grows near, it comes apace, when soon we too will take a place as upper class, oh happy days—so on thru April, on thru May. June Week at last, the task is done, come on, you Plebes let's have some fun. Moonlite evenings, spent ashore with drags—well, what's the moonlite for? Class pins given with a kiss, no other life was just like this. The Farewell Ball, a glorious thing—three cheers, what will the morrow bring? Graduation, tears and joys, Carry on! You're Youngsters, boys!





YOUNGSTER

AFTER that we packed our gear in bags and boxes, shed a tear for those we left behind us, and shoved off for a foreign land. Full of vigor, full of pep, Youngsters now, so get in step. Everything seemed lovely; so, once again we took a blow, took it right upon the chin, mighty hard it was, to grin when all the ocean seemed so dark, and hope was just a dying spark. Up at five and turning to, scrubbing down with sand and goo, shining bright work, scrubbing paint, and other duties queer and quaint, it made a bunch of landsmen seem like living in an awful dream. Dirty weather, storms at sea, who thought such awful things could be, bedding wet and mal de mer, and





YEAR

people griping everywhere. The Nautilus we stopped to save, to keep her from a wat'ry grave. Oh thrice-accursed metal fish, to see you sink our only wish! For weeks and weeks we towed that scow, then left her with fond thanks, and how! But Copenhagen came at last, and all our days of woe were past, because there's fun in Danish ports, Tivoli, and indoor sports, and things to see and pretty girls, and lots of mad gay social whirls. Berlin, if you cared to go, extended us her best hello. Of all the towns we've ever seen, we rate Berlin at once the Queen. Oh wond'rous city, filled with joys dear to the hearts of Middy boys, and other things for which we yearn—perchance some day we will return.





Then off to Scotland, Glasgow fair, and Johnny Walker everywhere, and mountain views and inland Lochs, and waves a-dashing on the rocks, and people there with open arms —Scotland really has its charms! Three days there were not in vain, and then we pointed off toward Spain. Land of toreadors, they say, land of Romance anyway, and old Cadiz, that white-walled town, we surely did it up and down. The Spaniards are as fine a bunch as ever asked us in to lunch. Gibraltar then, enormous rock, we tied ourselves up to the dock, and went ashore to munch on grapes and look around for famous apes. A place to buy shawls,





very pretty, but doubtless made in Jersey City. But the last was still the best, we stuck our noses to the West and sailed across the bounding blue, the doggone cruise was almost through. Norfolk then, oh happy days, oh joy in many different ways. Lots of dances, lots of dames, lots of lovely parlor games. Everybody falls in love, swears by all the stars above that his can be the only lass, forgets the girl in Boston, Mass., swears that he'll come back some day, settle down to work and play—then the cruise shoves off, and so, the home town fellows get the show. That's the way they play the game, every year it's just the same,





farewells tearfully we speak and hurry up the Chesapeake. At last we see the Chapel dome, "So long, boys, I'm going home."

Then back again to one diag and lot's of dames, for Youngsters drag, and lots of work and lots of toil and lots of burning midnight oil, and boning in the shower bath to keep from bilging out in Math. It was a gay and hectic gait, swaggering with our Youngster rate. What did we do? Don't ask us now. We couldn't tell you anyhow. New York again, an Army game, it was a good fight just the same. An over-night, the last we'd get, we all re-





member even yet Greenwich Village, Harlem browns, seeing all the ups and downs, a jug of wine, a drag so sweet, sing heigh-ho Forty-Second Street. But all things end, and so did that, and we returned just busted flat, to our rooms in Bancroft's halls, behind the grim and gateless walls, to smoke our skags and take our ease, and keep our names off Skinny trees, for Christmas Leave is in the hat if we can keep our poor selves sat. Then we bought tickets, caught our trains, dashed off to mothers, sisters, swains, and for a fortnight, more or less, we lived in one grand glorious mess,





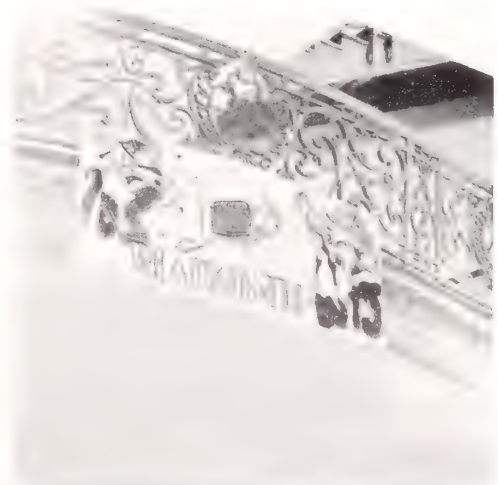
losing sleep and driving cars, and tossing glasses over bars, and never thinking of the day when we would pay, and pay, and pay.

January, dreary times, longing much for warmer climes, looking forward to the day when we can throw our books away, still we studied, day and night, keeping up the awful fight, throwing leisure to the breeze as by the first term line we squeeze. "What's it all about?" we ask, as in our rooms we daily bask, and echo answers, oh so well, "What the hell, boys, what the hell?" But February sneaks away, and March is Springtime, so they say,





and in the Spring a Middy's moonings often turn to moonlit spoonings, and Youngsters put away their tomes while thoughts of romance fill their domes and slipsticks gather layers of dust while Youngsters dream, as Youngsters must. And so we sit and fondly dream and find ourselves unsat in Steam, and beat ourselves about the brains unraveling epicyclic trains, and some pull sat and some don't pass, and have to leave our jolly class, and June Week comes and June Week goes, and everyone forgets his woes, for though we're bright or though we're dumber, no one cares, it's two c summer.





SECOND CLASS

TWO c summer, what a dream, and what an awful raft of steam, working hours in a daze, boning thermo's frenzied ways, tracking down a flock of pipes, griping with the best of gripes, screaming, cursing, tearing hair, and still not getting anywhere. Oh, it was a wondrous thing, living in the first batt wing, and even now I often sit and fondly think of every bit, and memory paints, in rosy haze, the wonders of those long lost days.

For those were times, there's no denying, when fun was ours just for the trying, we really rated in this Navy, and life was just a bowl of gravy, covered with a toothsome sauce that sometimes threw us for a loss. We bothered not





YEAR

to bone our juice and found that we had cooked our goose, for when we tried to run the motors we ripped the winding from the rotors, and juice profs looked like undertakers when we blew out circuit breakers and filled the air with flame and sparks and got two twos for highest marks. Then there was steam, and we may mention that it required no small attention to please some lousy two striped weasel while we took readings on the Diesel and things like indicator cards have never been the themes of bards, as for the lovely thermal unit, we've never heard a crooner croon it. There's no romance attached to pumps, they only give a guy the jumps, and we could never keep a





tab on all the hours in the lab, bending metals, forging bars, what an awful life for tars; destroyer trips to Sparrows Point, lovely little dust filled joint, where we looked into the furnace, while the gasses tried to burn us, where they fed us chops and spuds and coal dust filthified our duds.

But there were week-ends, lovely things, when off we sped, as tho on wings, to Washington and Baltimore, and drank mint juleps by the score, and ran up bills at country clubs, just like a flock of haywire dubs, but what's the diff, it doesn't matter for frenzied mids to





make a clatter and a fuss, and throw red paint, and other little tricks, quite quaint, for one expects a little noise when mingling with the middy boys. And flight, they say, was quite a drill, for e'en the most staid get a thrill from soaring, in a bird like way, in flying freight cars, o'er the bay.

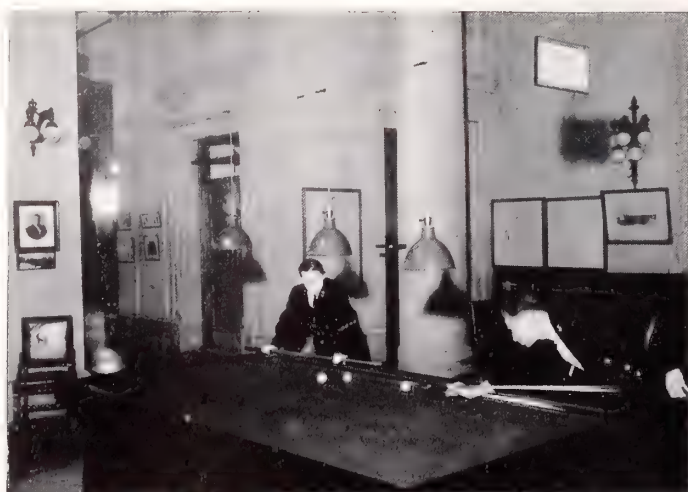
Machine guns, at the rifle range, was interesting, for a change. It rather soothes the disposition to shoot away much ammunition, imagining some favored foe exactly where the bullets go, and that's the way the summer went, like ammunition, wisely spent, shot





into the summer breeze, who liked it not is hard to please.

A nice blue suit with two diags has often been the theme of wags who like to take a verbal pass at middies of the second class, but what cared we who had for years toiled along this vale of tears; the first half gone, we'd glossed the hump, and those who heeded not could jump into a hole and pull the ground around their heads and tramp it down and we'd not give a happy hoot or even fire one last salute or say a psalm for the departed, and that's the way our year was started.





Immediately we plunged into a jug of academic goo, no way's better to begin than take a couple on the chin, it puts a fellow on his toes, he knocks off leading with his nose. Transition classes always find they've left all precedent behind, and so we found, as on we tore thru Navigation, Juice, and more. Dago, which had long been fruit, distressed us, we turned in our suit and quit the team, and softly swore that we'd not study any more, then suddenly we saw the light, like a beacon in the night, for all you really need to know, to make the wheels of progress go, to hitch the wagon to the star is—E is equal to IR.





Another thing we'll long remember, an Army game in dull November, a nine o'clock in dear old Philly, nine o'clock, now ain't that silly? But it was quite a lovely game, although the score was just the same, as it had been, it seemed, for years, still the Middies shed no tears, and left the field with heads held high, and throats quite parched and very dry, a matter which, so goes the song, did not exist for very long, for middies have a funny habit of getting fun when they can grab it, and even there, in dead old Philly, the boys will cut up, willy nilly.





The rest of the year was just the same as any year, it's all in the game, we knocked off thermo, yes indeed-o, and were introduced to the torpedo, with half a million different sketches to memorize in lengthy stretches, but again we sneaked ourselves under the line and June Week came, and again we were fine, and some of us lashed up our clews and made things ready to take a cruise, and the other half, as you may believe, made ready to take a two month's leave, but really the very finest of things—we were all First Class and we all wore rings!





FIRST CLASS

COME aboard the old Wyo and travel with us while we go sailing off across the seas, come with us and shoot the breeze, come with us and get the news of the joys of First Class cruise, come and listen to our gripes while the wise boys grease for stripes. The first cruise, that was pretty fair, although we really went nowhere. Madeira Islands, just a dot upon the map, delightful spot, home of famed Madeira brews, which knock the soles right off your shoes. We danced there, at the Country Club, and at the Savoy ate the grub, at the Casino we were goats, and *walked* back to the Wyo's boats, pulled up the hook, stuck out our chest and shoved our noses to the West. Dropped right in on Gloucester town and really did the place up brown. Gloucester's nice, but by





YEAR

the gods, it really smells of half baked cods, but what care Middy lads, if they can ride a gravy train all day. Delightful place, and that's no joke, we doff our hats to Gloucester folk.

The second cruise was much the same, again Funchal's the spot we name for our first, then like the rest, we point the bow back to the West until we come to Newport town, and then we let the anchor down and go ashore, all dressed up slick, to see what makes the darned place tick. It's just the same, the same old thing that always makes the welkin ring, that makes the middies lick their chops, a constant round of dames and hops. And then both cruises come at last to Crabtown, and the cruise is past, but e'er we start the year anew, let us pause in brief review.





Let's look back at the cruise to where we didn't get the news, let's see how time was passed, those days we spent before the mast. Some of us would trace down pipes, or listen to a fireman's gripes, and on our notebooks we'd take pains to locate secondary drains and baffle plates and full speed throttles and sooty air compressor bottles. And some of us would shoot the stars, and run a fix twixt moon and Mars, and some of us would fake our sights and shoot the various running lights, and perform most peculiar feats plotting lines on plotting sheets. Others would have charge of decks,

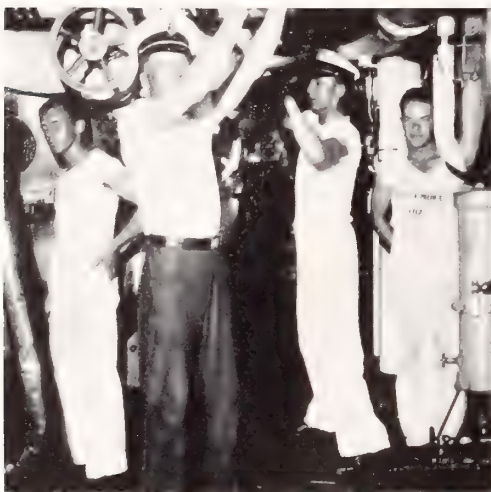




bearing down on Youngster necks, growling at those prone to shirk, shining up that old bright work, sweeping down those waterways, painting in outlandish ways, overlooking many gripes, greasing up for those old stripes. That's a cruise and that's the way it has been since Noah's day and First Class middies had a lark when they went cruising in the Ark.

How now, my friends, how now, what cheer, and here we are at First Class Year, and all is rosy, all is fine, and we'll just coast right down the line. Yes, we'll just roll in Plenty's lap, and find ourselves hung on the pap, for





First Class is the year of years, but more or less like three-two beers, for one looks forward quite a lot, and when he has it, what's he got?

But it's really not so bad, perhaps we're only feeling sad, perhaps we hate to think of leaving and that is why we take to grieving. We all remember happy spots, we all remember lots and lots, do you recall that football game when Navy knocked off Notre Dame? Do you recall that fighting team that set the Irish on their beam after all the years we swore we could not win in Baltimore? Oh happy time,





oh frabjous day, chortle then, Caloo, calay!
 Then best of all our Army games, we almost
 beat those nasty names, the fightingest of
 Navy teams almost beat those Horse Marines.
 Liberty then, every day, so we could throw our
 cash away, in the evenings then we'd doze,
 listening to our radios. Kings we'd say we
 were, in truth, sitting on the throne of youth,
 ruling with a salty hand, First Class Year, gosh,
 it was grand.

Oh of course there were those things of
 which the minstrel seldom sings. There was





Steam and there was Juice, and Seamanship, but what's the use of opening up the long healed sores and harping on unsettled scores? Let's draw a veil of charity over every English tree, let us avoid like mortal sin all the cards they handed in, let no man whisper softly, "jeeze, I only got three five in grease." Instead let's sing a happy song, let each one hum the tune along and let the song that each man sings recall to all just happy things.

For that's the way our four years went, and that's the way our days were spent. It was really a happy life, there really wasn't so much





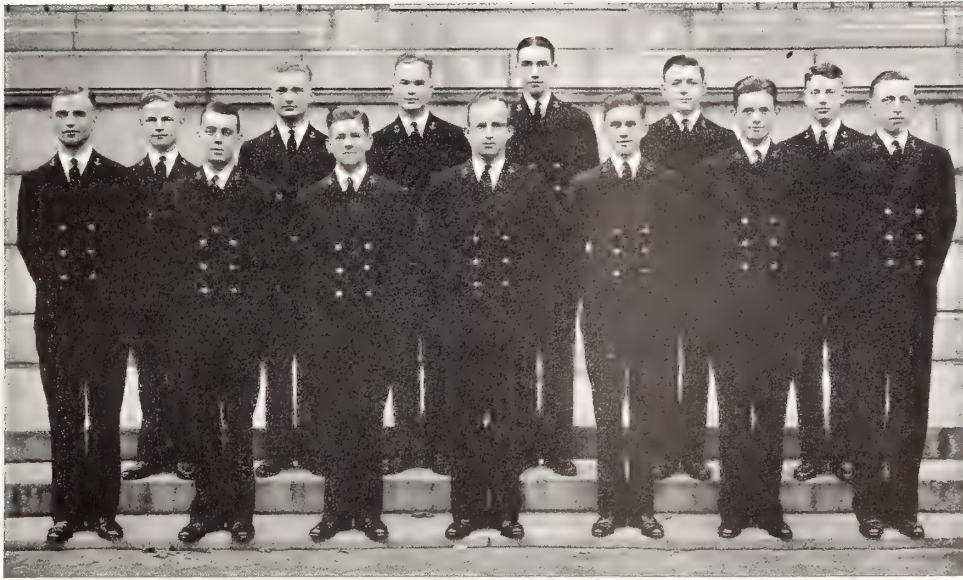
strife. Those who would extend the neck would get the thing knocked off, by heck, but those who took it on the chin would usually come back with a grin and get in there and fight so well they got the nod at the final bell. This is the song, it ends this way, so pause and think of what we say. There's lots of bottles on the shelf, let each man pour his drink himself, then bare your heads and stop and think about the toast you're going to drink. There's lots of bets we haven't layed, there's lots of games we haven't played, but what we did we sure did well, so what the hell, boys, what the hell.



ACTIVITIES

HOPS IN THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES AND
HOPS IN THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES DIFFER
CHIEFLY IN THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE OF
THE DANCERS. THE ORGANIZED EXTRA-
CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES OF THOSE DAYS
WERE FEW, BUT TODAY WE FIND A WIDE
RANGE OF ORGANIZATIONS IN WHICH A
TALENT FOR ALMOST ANYTHING CAN BE
GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EXPRESSION.





*Rear Row—BURKART, EGNOR, LANDER, DODSON, THOMPSON, ELY
Front Row—CAMERON, LANGSTON, SAMPLE, SOUTH, MANN, CLINE, KAIL*

THE NAVAL ACADEMY TEN

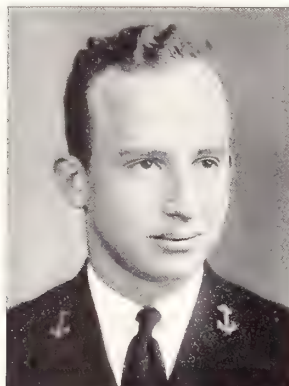
THE N. A. Ten is the most active of the various musical organizations at the Naval Academy, appearing both afloat and ashore, on the cruises and during the Academic Year. Its membership is unrestricted, and varies in number from ten to fourteen, or even more, subject to the discretion of its Leader. The name Ten has been carried on from the year of its founding; modern dance orchestration has, however, necessitated the addition of more instruments.

At the outset of each First Term, try-outs are called for within the Regiment by that man of the First Class elected Leader the previous Spring. A band is picked, and the Fall season is on. Although little more than two hours are available a week for rehearsal, a concert is held each Friday night after supper in Recreation Hall. Football is in order, and spirit runs high. The Ten keeps it there, putting the final seal on the old "week-end attitude" which creeps on late of a Friday afternoon.

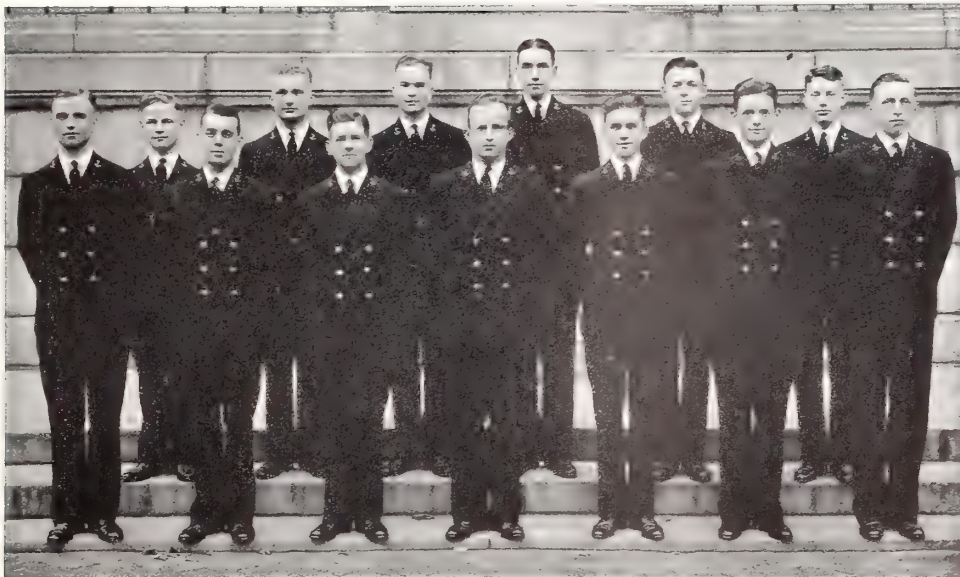
The job most eagerly sought after is that of playing at the occasional First Class Hops, for then the Ten can function in a true dance-orchestra role.

Friday night concerts continue after Christmas until the middle of February, when the Ten virtually goes into a training-camp, in preparation for the Spring Show. Here original arrangements are worked over, and a major peak of team-work and finish is attained.

With the Show over, another cycle begins, and the Ten is out once more to attack the lethargy which settles on the troops after the never-ending Academic "bouts." Another week shot—; "the N. A. Ten has permission to leave the mess-hall at will."



SOUTH



*Rear Row—BURKART, EGNOR, LANDER, DODSON, THOMPSON, ELY
Front Row—CAMERON, LANGSTON, SAMPLE, SOUTH, MANN, CLINE, KAIL*

THE NAVAL ACADEMY TEN

THE N. A. Ten is the most active of the various musical organizations at the Naval Academy, appearing both afloat and ashore, on the cruises and during the Academic Year. Its membership is unrestricted, and varies in number from ten to fourteen, or even more, subject to the discretion of its Leader. The name Ten has been carried on from the year of its founding; modern dance orchestration has, however, necessitated the addition of more instruments.

At the outset of each First Term, try-outs are called for within the Regiment by that man of the First Class elected Leader the previous Spring. A band is picked, and the Fall season is on. Although little more than two hours are available a week for rehearsal, a concert is held each Friday night after supper in Recreation Hall. Football is in order, and spirit runs high. The Ten keeps it there, putting the final seal on the old "week-end attitude" which creeps on late of a Friday afternoon.

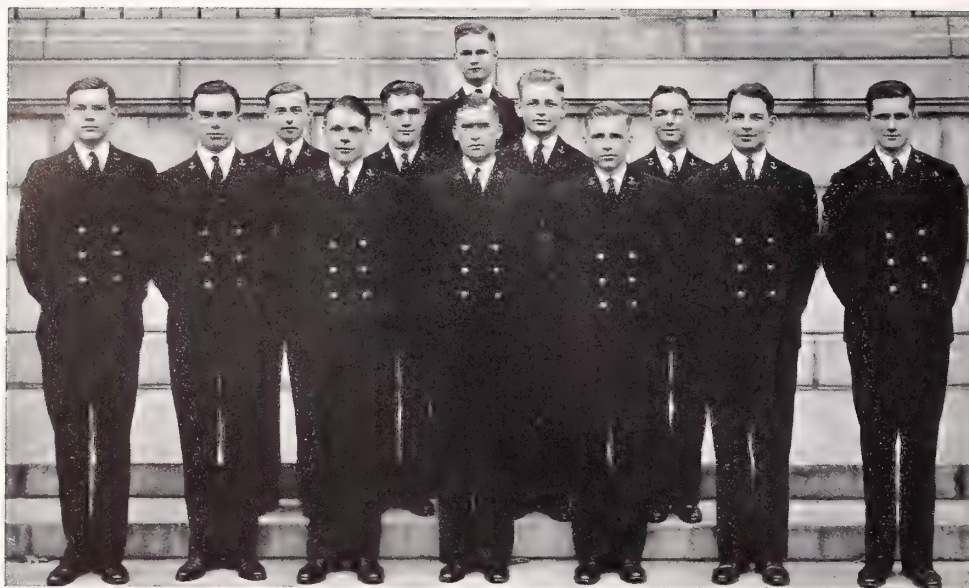
The job most eagerly sought after is that of playing at the occasional First Class Hops, for then the Ten can function in a true dance-orchestra role.

Friday night concerts continue after Christmas until the middle of February, when the Ten virtually goes into a training-camp, in preparation for the Spring Show. Here original arrangements are worked over, and a major peak of team-work and finish is attained.

With the Show over, another cycle begins, and the Ten is out once more to attack the lethargy which settles on the troops after the never-ending Academic "bouts." Another week shot—; "the N. A. Ten has permission to leave the mess-hall at will."



SOUTH



Rear Row—BENEDICT, R. H. SMITH, BURKART, SLACK, SAPP
Front Row—DISSETTE, DOSS, FLECK, FREY, INGERSOLL, ERWIN, COLLINS

THE MUSICAL CLUBS

SO WHAT was this year's effort of the Combined Musical Clubs. It is a well-known fact that the Clubs manage to put on, each year, the largest and most elaborate of all the yearly stage presentations. In *So What* they have far out-stripped any previous efforts. "Magnificent," "Colossal," these are Broadway words, but they still are not big time enough to describe this show.

The whole show was written and planned by that grand old master of wit and stagecraft, Frey; directed by patient and hard working Erwin; and beaten into a well rounded and smooth working production by Lieutenant Beecher. Under their hands it grew from a germ of an idea into a super production, filled with laughs, songs, flashing music and dazzling scenery.

With Collins and Sapp in the leading character roles, the audience followed the none too smooth romance of the principals into the past and into the future. The strange invention of Ingersoll, as Professor Moriarty, brought back the past in all its color, and with all its humor. First the two lovers were found on the Western Plains. Covered wagon days introduced the Mandolin Club as early settlers, invariably attacked by Indians. But the wily redskins were repulsed by the hero, and the scene shifted to the landing of Columbus. Whether Columbus really was met by a brass band and newspaper reporters is a matter that is even now in dispute, but trifles like that can be overlooked when the lovely Indian princess says "Why'n ya cum up n see me sumtime?" Ancient Egypt came into the limelight when Doss, as Caesar, conquered that country, and remained firm in his decision to destroy the country, even after being entertained by a highly versatile dance chorus.

Then the past was finished and done, and the second act took a convulsed audience into the Future. Who can tell whether the forecasting was correct? Need more be said than that the next age to come, as foretold by the show, was an age of Luxury and Ease, when people lived in beer gardens, when the singing waiter was in his glory, and all were happy? And then the Age of Speed, when the hero made a flight around the world between breakfast and lunch, just because he had a date. Surely it will be an odd world if such things come true, but remember, they said that the bicycle would never replace the horse.



ERWIN



LT. (j.g.) BEECHER



“SO WHAT”

The Future continued, with an Age of Invention, and that famous thought projector, the Telemento, presented a great assortment of entertainment. Who will ever forget the N A Ten, or the inspired leading of suave and polished Tommy South? And then who will ever forget the end of the world, those of you who live to see it? It wasn't such a bad time, if the show was correct it will almost be a pleasure, until the fireworks start, and who knows "where in Hell you will be" then?

Do you get it? Do you remember? It was the biggest and best show that any organization has ever put on in these parts, bar none. To say that it rivalled professional productions is not over-rating in the least.

The two main reasons for the phenomenal success of *So What* are the cast and the scenery. A company of some one hundred and eighty odd were kept busy every afternoon for two months. Dance choruses, under the capable direction of Mrs. Allen, worked tirelessly to obtain the final precision and perfection that was so evident in the final staging. The Glee Club, led by Benedict, gave their usual smooth presentation.

The stage blossomed into an extravaganza of color under the skilled hand of Mr. Shilling. From covered wagons to the shores of Florida in the twinkling of an eye were child's play for the expert crew of back stage artists. The lighting effects were an important stone in the foundation, and as usual, were superbly handled by the Juice Gang, under the able leadership of Lieutenant Paro.

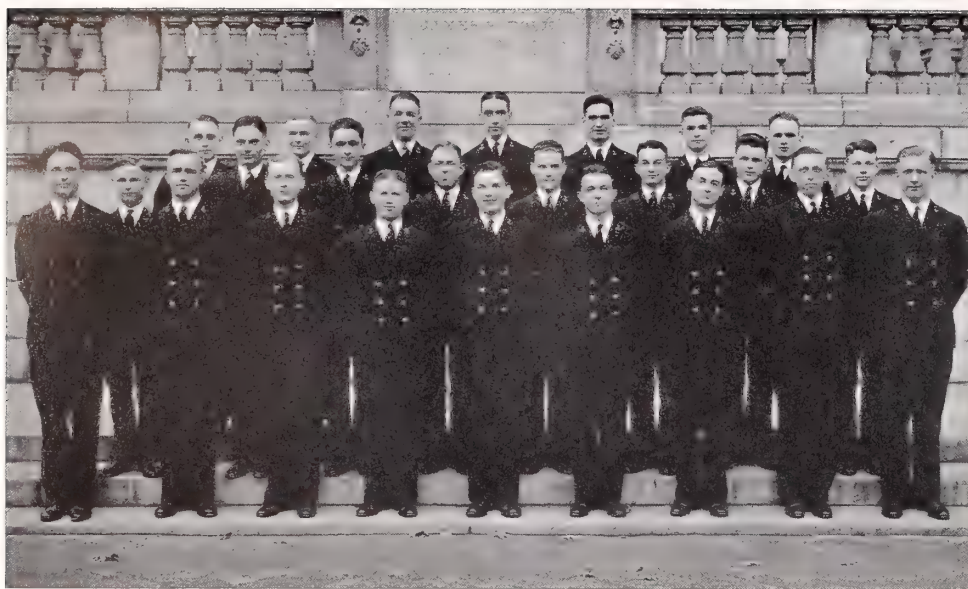
This resume cannot attempt to give credit, or even to name, all those who were directly responsible for the success of *So What*. However, it would be a direct oversight to omit McKeithen, Assistant Director; Smith, the star reporter; Fleck, the comical Columbus; Steele, whose tap dancing was a sensation; and Professor Pease, whose able coaching and years of experience smoothed over many bumps.



PROFESSOR CROSBY



PROFESSOR PEASE



Front Row—SANGER, KOPFF, BROWN, HEMBURY, LEE, SHEPARD, LOGSDON, KAIL, SCHANTZ
Second Row—BURKHART, GABBERT, SMALL, FURER, HAAS, CODDINGTON, HITESHUE, ELY
Back Row—SCHMIDT, SHERRY, DeLONG, DODSON, FILLIPONE, STEIN, McKAIG

THE ORCHESTRA

THE presentation of the Musical Club's show every year finds the orchestra doing its full share of the work. What would the show be without an introductory overture? Though never in the spotlight, the orchestra is the accompanist in nearly every scene. It is indispensable in the production of the show.

Maybe the boys in the Third Battalion will not agree upon the word "indispensible"—they have to listen to the orchestra practice. And though the practicing may tax the patience of both auditor and performer, it is necessary; the members of this organization spend many an hour over the music of composers from Gershwin to Tschaikowsky. But tiresome as the work may be, the musicians like it; to listen to them tune up one would say they were just wild about it.

Last year during June Week, the orchestra put on a concert that was a decided success. Maestro Lee will follow the same policy this year. The orchestra has a definite place among the extra-curricular activities of the regiment. It serves as a balance for the technical training and as a relaxation from the academic grind. Probably its members can not say exactly why, but they enjoy getting together and forgetting themselves in music.



E. S. LEE



Front Row—DAVIS, GEISSER, TRAVIS, CHUNG-HOON, KAIGLER
Top Row—DOUKAS, STAPLES, NEYMAN

THE MANDOLIN CLUB

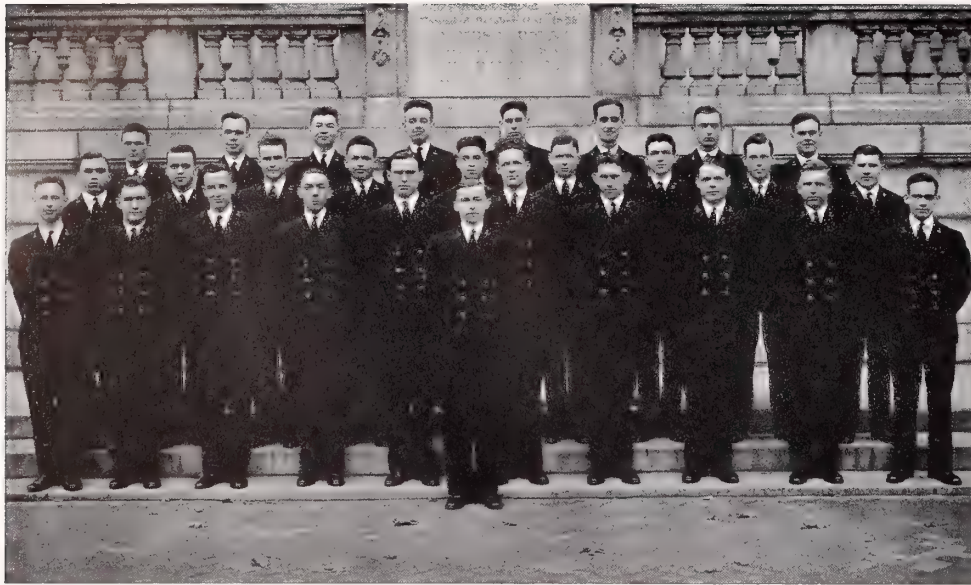
AFTER several years of comparative insignificance, the Mandolin Club has come into its own. Rarely does that organization boast a musician, but it has become increasingly popular over a period of years until now it occupies a position of not little musical prominence at the Academy.

The spring Musical Show is *the* spot for the Mandolin Club, and without its stringed instruments the Show would be handicapped in no small degree. Last year the Mandolin Club showed the regiment a band of cut-throat gypsies; in the preceding show they were black entertainers in New York's Harlem. This year they started as early settlers on our far western prairies, made a quick change to portray vanquished Egyptians at the merciless hand of Caesar, and strummed their way through the last act as native Hawaiians. Whatever their musical limitations may be, at least they are versatile.

The Mandoliners spend hours at practice and appear to receive nothing to repay them for their effort. The satisfaction, however, of an unsolicited "well done" amply repays them for their hours of practice. Everyone likes to hear stringed instruments, and the Club is gaining popularity each year. More success to them.



TRAVIS

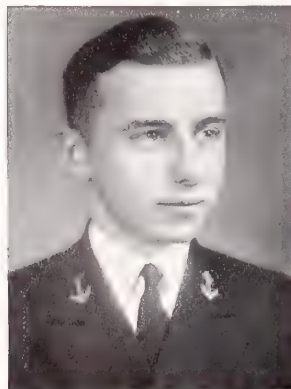


Front Row—BROWN, SMITH, R. H., CLIFFORD, BUTTERWORTH, DOSS, BENEDICT, KILMARTIN, MARTIN, FLECK, INGERSOLL, PENLAND
Second Row—RUPP, WAUGH, HARRIS, C. L., NEYMAN, JOHNSON, W. C., KOLB, HAMMOND, CLAYTON, SHAPPER
Back Row—KNOWLES, MAYES, GRANTHAM, KEEN, COOPER, JACK, ESLICK, BURGESS

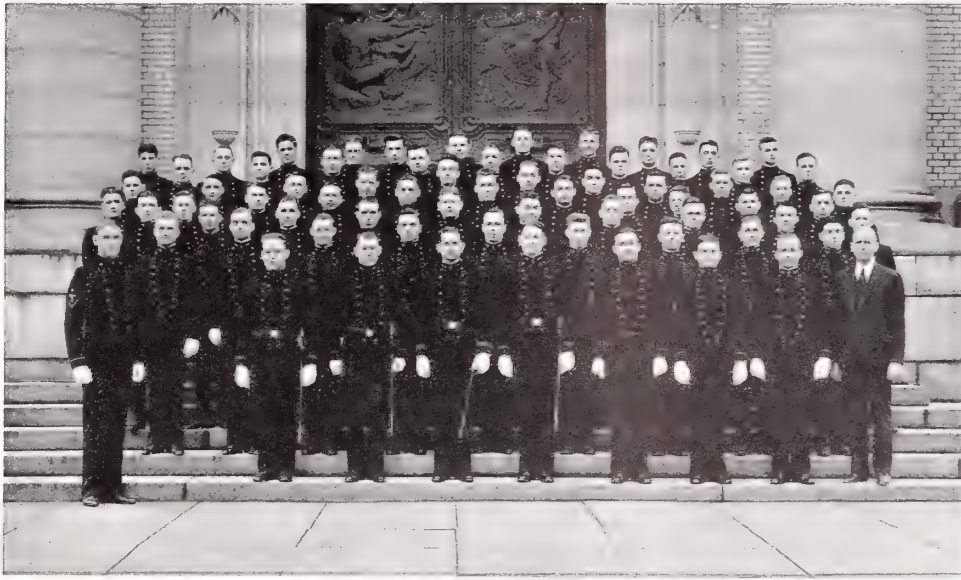
THE GLEE CLUB

ONCE a year the Glee Club gets an opportunity to show its ability in the annual Musical Club's show. During the first two years of the class of '34 at the Academy, the club performed in concert form. During the last two years, however, it has taken an active part in both the musical and dramatic ends of the show. Its performance now calls for action similar to that of the choruses of light opera and also for a lot of hard work on the part of its members.

In spite of these dramatic tendencies, which might be open to question, the primary purpose of the club remains that of giving an opportunity for Midshipmen who like singing and who have good voices to get together in a little close harmony. The club has a large repertoire of all types of songs, from the Fred Waring harmony to the classics. It works all of these up in a masterly style through the guidance of Mr. Crosley. The hard work put in by the members of the club toward perfecting their numbers gives the Glee Club the reward of living up to the best traditions of the association of "The Sea and the Song."



BENEDICT



Front Row—KIRKPATRICK, PFOTENHAUER, DRUMTRA, MCKEITHEN, ERWIN, ARTZ, INGRAM, SOUTH, PROF. CROSLY
Second Row—EGNOR, CAMERON, THEIS, BRIGHT, MAYES, HUGHES, STEELE, MANN, JOHNSON
Third Row—HAMMOND, KNOWLES, GEISSER, RUEHLOW, SIMS, CAMPBELL, WARPLER, BARTLETT, WILSON, BROWN
Fourth Row—SMITH, MEEKS, RODIER, NEYMAN, AMME, VINCENT, STUESSI, SMART, ELY, SHAFFER, RUPP
Fifth Row—GAGE, MOORE, ZIMNY, DENNY, KEEN, O'NEIL, EVANS, WAUGH, CRUSE, SANDERSON, PRITCHARD
Sixth Row—MCKAIG, STEIN, ESLICK, JOHNSON, DELONG, NORTHWOOD, ALFORD, CLAPHAM, SHERRY, BURGESS
Top Row—RUTHERFORD, SCHMIDT, BARROWS, HULSON, DAVIS, BULL, McLEAN, WILSON, ROMBERG, GENFEL, WHITE

THE CHOIR

THE Naval Academy Choir is the oldest organization within the Regiment. Its existence dates back to the days when it served as a good excuse for those First Classmen who wished to slumber peacefully between the anthems and hymns. At present men of all classes constitute the membership—some seventy-five in all.

This organization takes a prominent part in every Chapel service, and sometimes functions at special services. The outstanding performances of the year are those presented at Christmas time and on the last Sunday of the Academic Year, better known as Sob Sunday. People come from many miles around to hear the Christmas carols and to join in the spirit of good will. That last Sunday of our Midshipman days is an excellent time to think back over the four long years at the Academy while the choir presents Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional."

No description or history of the Choir would be complete without the name of Professor Crosley. This man bears the greater part of all the trials and tribulations of the Choir, and it is due to his efforts that its presentations have been successful. Professor Crosley has been an integral part of the Choir for fifteen years. We leave him with regrets, but also with the hope that, in the future, the Choir, the Regiment, and the Navy will continue to enjoy his services.



PROFESSOR CROSLY



*Front Row—GREER, SELLARS, HAWORTH
Back Row—SHEPARD, WHITAKER, COMPTON*

CLASS CREST COMMITTEE

THE choosing of a Crest is the first activity a new class at the Naval Academy undertakes. And the Class Crest Committee is the first organization in the point of time. Until time is ripe for further organization within the class, it is through this Committee that all class business must be transacted. But the primary function still remains—to provide for the approval of the class as a whole an appropriate symbol, which when engraved on rings, pins, and jewelry will prove both ornamental and significant.

It was with no lack of zeal and industry that the Crest Committee of '34 assumed this traditional responsibility. After considerable time spent in exchanging ideas and suggestions; in drawing and inspecting prints submitted by various companies, the Committee presented with just pride the fruits of its labors.

It is a fixed tradition that the formidable eagle should preside as guardian over all else on the Crest. Perched on the bow of a modern cruiser, he is apparently in conflict with the sea horses which represent the perils of the sea—the resourceful and ever-present adversary of the Navy. The "1934" stands out on the crest in a manner which will be paralleled by the future achievements of the class accomplished by the individual efforts of its members. The whole makes for a simple—but modern and significant—representation of what the class means to its members and to the Service.



DICKEY



Standing—EVANS, KING, SCHMIDT
Seated—CHURCH, MUMMA, WAYBRIGHT, KIRKPATRICK, CLINE

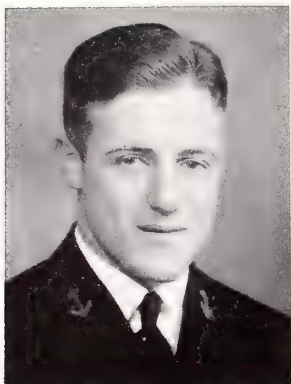
NAVAL ACADEMY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

THE work of the Christian Association is to uphold and improve the morale and religious tone of the Regiment, and to carry out a three-fold purpose. It holds regular Sunday night meetings during which informal talks are made by leaders in naval, military, and civil life; it keeps the daily papers and popular magazines on the tables in Smoke Hall and in the Hospital, and it sponsors a Bible Class during Lent. Funds for the Association's work comes from the solid membership of the Regiment.

Chaplain Thomas, as Officer Representative, has by his deep interest and excellent advice, been responsible for the continued success of the association. The task of choosing speakers was quite unceremoniously dropped into his lap at the beginning of the year, and without much help from the Association, he has enlisted a series of timely speakers who have in the Sunday night meetings helped us maintain a closer touch with the outside.

We may say somewhat proudly that the magazines put in Smoke Hall this year have stayed. All credit for this noble work must go to Mumma, for it was his paternal care that kept them there.

Parting advice is most often hastily read, but here is some for '35—although the Sunday night talks will benefit all hands, they are especially helpful to the Graduating Class, for they give a broad view of life, not only in the Fleet, but also on the outside.



WAYBRIGHT



CHAPLAIN THOMAS



*Seated, left to right—HILL, WAYBRIGHT, SLACK, BERTHOLF, BREWER, CRESS, AKEROYD, STALEY, BUSE, GERLACH, PEDDY, MUMMA
 Standing—HUNTER, HUGHES, RICE, ADAMS, CONNELE, NOHRDEN, SEYMOUR, LOFFLAND, BECKER, SEXTON, HOWE
 Absentee Members—DISSETTE, FAHY, McMILLAN, WHITAKER, CLINE*

HOP COMMITTEE

THE Hop Committee is formed for the purpose of planning, managing, and supervising the regimental and class hops. The members, elected by the three upper classes from the various battalions, accept many responsibilities in exchange for the honor of wearing the sword belt. At each hop one of the first class members receives with the wife of one of the officers on the station. The second classmen of the committee are detailed to see that only bonafide and properly attired guests are admitted. The youngsters have duties of a less specific nature. Although they, along with the rest of the members, endeavor to explain satisfactorily why the orchestra plays so many fast pieces, so many slow pieces, so many waltzes; why the punch is too weak or too strong; why the floor is so sticky. Answers to the above are regarded as being very easy compared with solutions to the typical drag's queries as to why she can't smoke, or why the hop has to end at eleven-thirty.

The Hop Committee's work for the year is brought to a climax in the preparation for the June Ball. With great care the invitations and favors are chosen. With even greater care they are distributed so that Dahlgren Hall does not resemble the interior of a sardine can that night before graduation—but in spite of all the Committee can do, some eight thousand people turn up to make crowdedness a suitable excuse to the drag for seeking out a secluded corner of Smoke Park.

This year the Committee has tried especially to make the first class hops never to be forgotten events. And with pardonable pride they point to the pleasant nights at Luce Hall where '34 danced to the smooth music of the NA-10.



BREWER



*Front Row—McKEITHEN, BREWER, FISHER, SOUTH, GUTHRIE, CHAMBERS, EDWARDS
Rear Row—BERTHOLF, NUTT, MUMMA, MORLAND*

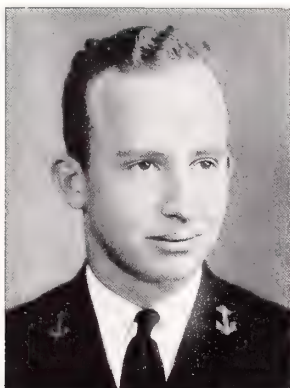
THE RING DANCE COMMITTEE

OF all the June Weeks experienced by undergraduates at the Academy, perhaps that one which terminates Second Class Year is the most outstanding. The past has seen the gradual climb; the future looms as life on the upper and final plane. The intermediate breathing spell is most welcome. It exists as the phase of each man's "coming into his own," and is climaxed by the Ring Dance, and far-famed ceremonial Hop of the Naval Academy. With this dance comes official sanction for the wearing of the newly acquired Class ring which represents far more than mere energy expended and lessons learned.

The Ring Dance Committee begins its operations shortly after the preceding Christmas Leave period. Printers, engravers, and decorators are sought, and invited to submit dance-favor schemes and accompanying bids. An apparently endless stream of attractive suggestions rolls in. A careful choice and award of contract is finally made and manual labor begins in earnest.

The Committee is enlarged to include Second Class members of the Electrical Gang. Floor plans, lighting, and general decorative plans are hashed over; indeed fought over. The Rigging Loft of Luce Hall is besieged by a spirited army of workers, assisted admirably by the Department of Buildings and Grounds. The scene, in preparation, is a confused panorama of miles of colored paper frills and ribbons, thumbtacks, scissors, tape, and wire. June Week draws nearer. The huge wooden ring remodelled to bear the seal of 1934 takes its key position in the center of the floor. Order comes where chaos once reigned. "Test lighting to night"—and our job is done.

It was hard work, but how ample a reward were the remarks which came our way "the morning after." We, even as Ring Dance Committees of other years, wanted to feel that OUR Ring Dance was the most enjoyed and the most likely to be remembered social function of all the time spent here together.



SOUTH





*Front Row—MURRAY, METCALF, SELLARS, PRICE, WAYBRIGHT
Back Row—JOACHIM, McKEITHEN, STUART*

THE CLASS RING COMMITTEE

THE policy of the 1934 Class Ring Committee has been primarily to foster the manufacture of a 1934 Class Ring that will last; to give the class a ring that is not only beautiful but comfortable to wear; and to compose a design with our class crest which will best portray the symbols of the Navy and the Naval Service.

We started out Plebe Year with a Crest Committee which worked together for the purpose of choosing the best possible design for the Crest of 1934. That design, as we all know, is among the best to be seen around the Academy. Its simplicity of design, coupled with its natural adaptability to the contours of a Naval Academy ring, lessened the work for the Ring Committee to adjust it to a ring. The only undesirable feature which cropped out was that the forefoot of our cruiser bow might protrude too far and wear a blister on the wearer's fifth finger. But this matter was settled by the removal of one sixty-fourth of an inch from the offending bow, and, strange as it seems, there have been no gripes to speak of. The numerals presented a question of wear; so they were raised enough to insure a long life for the recognition of the Class of 1934. The biggest problem that a Ring Committee has to solve is the choice of the design for the other side of the ring. Much time was consumed in the selection of the most appropriate design; and now we will challenge anyone to show us a better proportioned ring.



SELLARS





JOACHIM, COLEMAN, DISSETTE, FREY, BLENMAN

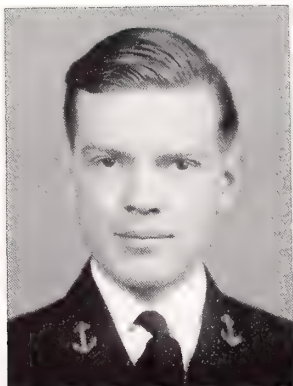
THE PEP COMMITTEE

THE Pep Committee is a small organization consisting of five first classmen and any number of underclassmen who are willing to work without glory. The first classmen are elected each year by the organization of the preceding year. The candidates are selected from among the workers of the old Second Class.

The committee was formed approximately eight years ago when it was found that some organization was needed to direct the spirit of the Regiment into some definite channel which would benefit the athletic teams. The spirit was far from lacking, but it needed guidance.

To accomplish the direction of the Regimental pep, the Committee operates through the cheerleaders as a direct contact with the Regiment. For its indirect activities, which are more numerous, it reports to Pep meetings, fight talks, signs in the corridors, smokers, hell-raising in the mess hall (with Executive consent, you dopes), and numerous other "under-cover" methods of steaming up the Regimental boilers to superheat. In addition to these "firing" activities, the Pep Committee organizes and directs the card stunts performed at the football games, and modestly admits that the name "All-American Cheering Section" is but a mild tribute to the Navy let loose in the stands. When not engaged in fostering the fighting spirit which has characterized Naval Academy athletics for years, the Pep Committee performs other duties, most outstanding of which are the planning and execution of Deck Sports and Happy Hours which cause many an hour to pass swiftly on the cruise.

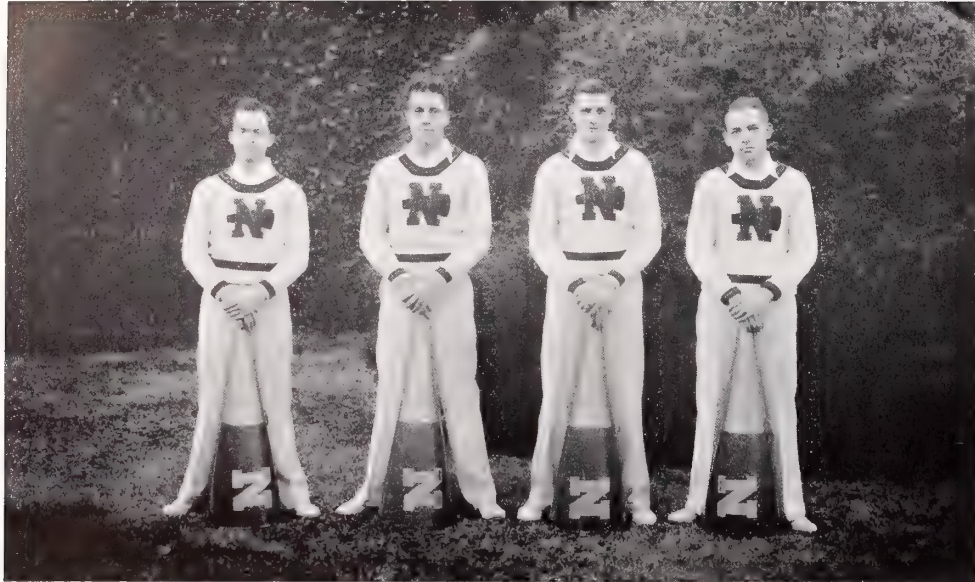
"We seek no glory—we want results."



DISSETTE



THE CHEER-LEADERS



WARE, PUGH, COLLINS, FELL

THE GOAT-KEEPERS



SHAW, GOAT, PFOTENHAUER

THE CHAPEL USHERS



METCALF, GREER, SCHATZ, PERKINS, BRINKER, BREWER, SIVER, SHILSON, BATCHELLER, OVROM,
ROBBINS, HOUSTON, RABORN, SMITH, A. C.

THE CLASS SUPPER COMMITTEE



ERWIN, TAYLOR, VAN ARSDALL, CLOUD, NUTT



Standing—SHALLENBERGER, SHEPARD
Seated—KEY, GEBELIN, JOACHIM, HAWORTH, DUNKLE

THE ART CLUB

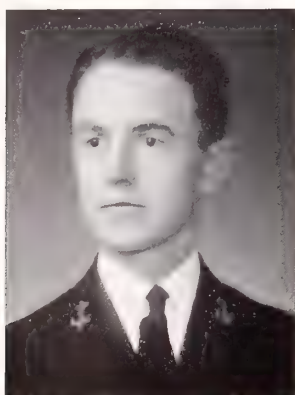
SINCE the Art Club is a newly formed organization at the Naval Academy, it seems quite appropriate to explain its purpose. This new club was formed in 1933, having the dual purpose of improving the quality of illustrations used in the various Midshipman publications and stimulating an interest in art within the Regiment.

Whenever posters are desired for the Musical Clubs, Masquerader, or Navy Relief Shows, the Art Club willingly sets to work and soon produces them.

All efforts of the club which embrace work in pastel, water color, tempera, pen and ink, charcoal, and oil are directed primarily toward an annual exhibit held each June Week during which the best work of the preceding academic year is shown. The exhibit last year proved quite successful. They will continue to provide an aim and furnish a stimulant for work.

The members have benefitted from the formation of the club in comparison, instruction, and criticism. An intimate group has resulted from close association in the work. From this association and a common interest, many lasting friendships have sprung which will not be forgotten in the days to come.

Although the membership is small and the club may not appeal to the average person, its influence has been strongly felt throughout the Regiment.



JOACHIM

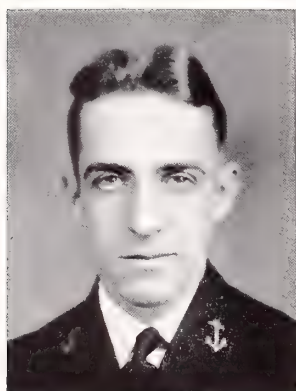


Standing—STEUART, ROBBINS, O. C., SCHOFIELD
Seated—JOACHIM, FREY, COMPTON, GUTHRIE, W. L., STALEY

THE CHRISTMAS CARD COMMITTEE

THE "raison d'être" of the Christmas Card Committee is to select, purchase, and distribute to the Regiment a suitable Christmas Card representative of the Naval Academy and the spirit of the Navy—a task of no little difficulty. As all details must be arranged and the contract let before the summer cruise, the period from February until the end of "Ac" year is a succession of interviews with the representatives of the various companies wishing to bid on the Card, Committee meetings, discussion of design, and a struggle to effect a compromise among the many factors entering into the production of the finished Card. In addition to details of this nature, a careful estimate of the total number of Cards that will be demanded by the Regiment has to be made in order to provide a sufficiency with as small an excess as possible.

In selecting the 1933 Card, an attempt was made to depart from the "ship" trend of Cards of the several previous years, and the Committee, it must be admitted, awaited the Regiment's acceptance of the Card with something akin to trepidation. Approval—as evidenced by sales far exceeding expectations—seemed to be the verdict, and was ample reward, indeed, to the Committee members for their conscientious work.



COMPTON



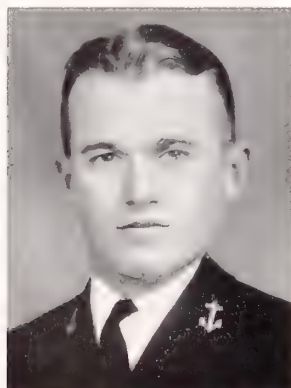


THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

PICTURE a winter Saturday at the Naval Academy. On the daily schedule of events you will find listed six or seven intercollegiate contests, such as Swimming, Fencing, Basketball, Wrestling, and Boxing. Perhaps more than a hundred visiting athletes will be included in this muster. These are the weekly guests of the Regiment of Midshipmen.

The Reception Committee was conceived for the purpose of caring for these visitors. The Naval Academy offers to these guests both competition in the field of sport and a home during their stay. To supply the latter is the function of the Reception Committee. From the moment of their arrival until their departure, the Committee endeavors to remove the strain that a civilian necessarily experiences when in close contact with a military organization. How well it succeeds in carrying out its purpose is attested by the prevalent good will that is carried away by the members and coaches of these teams, and the reciprocal receptions accorded to Navy teams on their trips away from home.

This good will and good sportsmanship, shown to the visiting athletes, goes a long way in building up the enviable reputation of the United States Naval Academy and the Service it represents. To maintain this good will and good sportsmanship off the playing court or athletic field—this is the primary reason for the existence of the Reception Committee.



McMILLAN



Rear Row—BLASDEL, HESS, RICH, CURTIS, GOODLOE, SHAW, KEATS, PINKERTON, KONCHAR, BROWN
Front Row—MCALLUM, SPENCER, FISCHER, KRAFF, BUTTERWORTH, CLOE, DOLL

THE AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

ONE of the more romantic activities within the Regiment is the Amateur Radio Club. It is composed of those who are interested in any of the many aspects of this fascinating science; it offers a source of knowledge that may be of great use to the Naval Academy graduate, and an opportunity to make many pleasant contacts.

The Radio Club has made many friends not only in every state of this country, but also in such far-off lands as France, Morocco, Australia, Russia, Argentina, and Japan. Interesting messages have been exchanged with all of these places, and schedules are kept with many stations for the handling of private messages for Midshipmen.

In line with current trends, the Club has, during the past year, been given a "New Deal." A new, and high-powered transmitter has taken the place of the old faithful "fifty-watter." One of the latest types of receivers has been installed, and alternating current has replaced the noisy generators formerly used.

Despite its name, however, the Radio Club occasionally branches out to cover fields other than radio itself. The public address system in Thompson Stadium is operated by the Club, and most of the wiring for the system was installed by its members. In addition, a class in code and communication is presented, and examinations are given for licenses as radio operators.

It would not be amiss to mention that the Radio Club is under the protective wing of the Department of Electrical Engineering from which it obtains much necessary apparatus for its work.

The motto of the Club is far-reaching. It is "Hello, World."



BUTTERWORTH



Standing—RAMIREZ DE ARELLANO, LOVELL, AYLESWORTH
Seated—KILROY, CHAMBERS, MORLAND, BENNETT, FOUST

THE JUICE GANG

AND what is that supposed to be?"

This and other similar remarks are often heard when the Regiment, bound down the Royal Road to Learning sees a new Juice Gang sign on the clock tower for the first time. All sorts of disparaging remarks concerning the "Kind of persons who go in for that sort of thing" are heard. But the signs *usually* look right at night, and after all, that is the time for which electric signs are made.

Though the clock tower is the most spectacular scene of the Gang's activities, it is not by any means the only one. Upon this Gang devolves the work of furnishing all the lights and other electrical effects for the theatrical performances presented in Mahan Hall each year. Then there are the Ring Dance and the N-Club Dance for which lights and decorations are required. In addition the Pep Committee often calls for help during the football season.

When everything is considered the men on the Gang spend a rather long year at it—from October to June Week. Along with the labor there is a lot of fun, however. Java sessions in the "prop" room—sleeping-in Sunday mornings—"I helped make that" when pointing with pride to a successful sign—getting out of drills before each show—and the many other moments of pleasure help make up for the many hard hours of work.

It used to be a Juice Gang rate to be a radiator hound and a Red Mike, but a glance at the picture will show both athletes and "snakes." Perhaps they have learned to use the Juice Gang's wire to tangle up both their opponents and femmes.



MORLAND



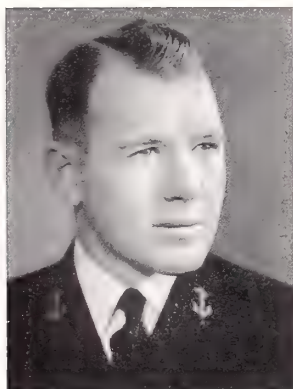


Rear Row—MESSENHEIMER, HESS, CLARK, HARVESON
Front Row—BARKLEY, PETRIE, DONALDSON, DRUMTRA, THARIN, BARROWS, ELLIS

COSTUME, BUSINESS, AND PROPERTY GANGS

THE Business Gang is just another one of the behind-the-scene gangs that helps make the Masquerader's and the Musical Club's shows a success. It is the job of the Gang to arrange a program, to make contracts for scenery, to distribute tickets, to balance the bank accounts, and last, but not least, to pay the bills. The Gang must know what everybody else is doing, for everything must have our help—It's our business. The work begins in mid-January, and sometimes does not end until the last of May. It is not, however, done without compensation. Business contacts and associations are made, and a spirit of comradeship is diffused among all the organizations co-operating to put the show over. We are all working for the same end, and this is to offer to you a performance that will meet with your approval for at least one evening's entertainment. If we accomplish this, we can then retire content with another year's work well done.

The Property Gang is that indispensable part of the show that produces, by one means or another, any articles or odds and ends that may be needed to give a smooth and complete performance. Its members are less in evidence than those of any other adjunct of the show, but they are sometimes seen wildly dashing around behind the scene. The work of this Gang is so varied and heterogeneous that it is, indeed, very difficult to describe, but it is never lacking in interest. If anyone wishes to develop his ability to think and act quickly—Join the Property Gang.



DRUMTRA





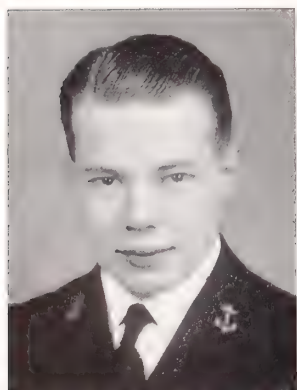
Standing—FINNEY, WESTCOTT, LANSDOWNE, BARNEY
Seated—WRIGHT, P. K., DENBY, SHILLING, COLE, H. E., MILLER, SNEERINGER, GUMZ

THE STAGE GANG

THE Stage Gang is an organization most unique in its requirements, whose work is the only evidence of its presence. These men combine strength, agility, and sureness of foot with imagination capable of bridging the gap between a Pharaoh's palace in ancient Egypt and the age of invention far in the future. Versatility, sociability, craftsmanship, and an ardent desire to make distant scenes materialize from painted canvas and plaster board are the tickets of admission to the Gang, and the only reward is the satisfaction of work well done.

The Gang begins the season in October and carries through until graduation. It spends its time moving things from here to there and back again at odd moments and in odd places in the preparation of "background" for various activities, as they are needed. The Stage Gang answers the author's calls for rain, snow, thunder, or the mumblings of an unseen audience; it erases a rock-bound coast and substitutes for it the throne room of a palace in a mythical kingdom. Trouble-shooting in the files or gridiron is sometimes distasteful, frequently dangerous, but always interesting, and is the order of the day for the Gang.

Then there are the "Joe Fights" when the work is done and the cigar before each performance that bring to the Gang a spirit of comradeship and unity. These are the ties that bind us to our outfit and will bring us many happy memories in years to come when we are afloat with the Fleet or ashore in civil life.



COLE

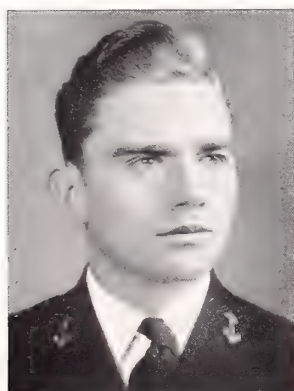




Top Row—HEMENWAY, RYAN, OKE, DOLL, CRENSHAW, BROWN, LEDERER, KARASYK, PENLAND
Middle Row—DAVIS, COLE, THOMPSON, WALLIS, SNYDER, HUSBAND, JOHNSON, McCANN, SCHECTER, GAYLER, FAGAN, INGRAM
Front Row—STURDY, LENNOX, FAHY, McCOMB, KOPFF, PEELER, CROWELL, CRAFT, GRIFFITH, TAYLOR, CROMMELIN

THE QUARTER-DECK SOCIETY

THE two oldest and noblest of the fine arts are writing and speaking; they are the two methods of shaping and swaying public opinion. Art is the highest function of the mind; it requires the utmost instruction, training, and practice to become an artist. The Quarter-Deck was founded by a group of Midshipmen who realized the necessity of such training, and who also realized that the ability to speak well in public and the ability to speak clearly and forcefully before a group of men is an art universally recognized and respected and one which is essential to a successful Naval career. The purpose of the Quarter-Deck is "to develop the art of public speaking among the Midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy." To carry out this purpose, speakers assisted by the program committee, work out programs for the meetings which permit them to talk upon topics of their own choosing. The meetings are carried out according to Parliamentary Procedure with the President, or one designated by him, acting as chairman. Each talk is followed by an open forum which sometimes develops into a debate in which the entire Society participates. The crowded daily schedule of the Academy does not allow enough time for intercollegiate debate, but for those who wish to practice this more formal and dignified form of public speaking, intra-mural debates offer the desired opportunity. The Quarter-Deck accomplishes its purpose by offering to the young Naval Officer the training he needs for speaking in public; but it does more, it broadens his powers of reasoning and thinking and of putting his thoughts into words.



PEELER



Lt. (j. g.) CROMMELIN



Back Row—COLE, C. C., SMITH, R. H., JANNEY, SMITH, M. J., FINNIGAN
Front Row—PURDY, BATCHELLER, BOYLE, COTTEN

THE MASQUERADERS

ALL is not gold that glitters, nor is presenting a play before the Regiment of Midshipmen quite as simple a matter as it would seem. The remarkably smooth and polished performances given by the Masqueraders were made possible only at the expense of many weary months of rehearsal and many more of reading, discussing, and rejecting a seemingly inexhaustible supply of plays. The presentation this year of "Three Cornered Moon," brain child of one Gertrude Tonkonogy, was all the more impressive in view of the fact that of the nine members of the cast, only two had had previous Masquerader experience.

The play deals with the amusing trials and tribulations of the Rimplegar family, mother, daughter and three sons. Mrs. Rimplegar, she of the imposing Turkish headdress, is one of the most delightfully insane people we have encountered in a long time, and her sons have apparently inherited this blessing from her—denatured, we admit, by a small amount of common sense, but not entirely spoiled. Even Elizabeth, the daughter, is not wholly free from it, though of the five, she undoubtedly has the levellest head. Around these five revolve four others, Dr. Stevens, a young physician, Donald, Elizabeth's dreaming fiancée, Jenny, the unintelligible Swedish maid, and Kitty Davidson, the maligned and scatter-brained inamorata of son Kenneth.

The part of Mrs. Rimplegar was splendidly taken by Janney, an invaluable recruit from last year, who again proved his worth. He succeeded in giving feeling and indispensable humor to a difficult role, and one which could so easily have been burlesqued in less capable hands.

Finnigan gave a surprisingly good account of himself in the part of Elizabeth. A newcomer stepping into the feminine lead, he acted with an air betokening long experience. With Jenny, it is a case of actions speaking louder than words. M. J. Smith aroused deserved laughter in the comic part. The small part of Kitty was competently taken by Cotten, the other veteran.



SAPP



PROFESSOR PEASE



“THREE CORNERED MOON”

E. H. Batcheller is the personification of the proverb, “If at first you don’t succeed—.” He has tried for several years for a part, but got one only this, his final year. Judging by his performance as Dr. Stevens, we wonder how he managed to stay out of the Masqueraders for so long.

Donald was acted by A. M. Purdy, another newcomer who did good work with an unsympathetic part. The character was not an engaging one, and he deserves much credit for making of it a believable person instead of a simpering idiot.

R. H. Smith gave to the part of Ed the necessary bounce and mixture of juvenile cynicism and sincerity. It is a difficult thing for an amateur to faint successfully on the stage, but the gasps from the audience gave proof to its realism.

The harried young law student Ken, was acted by C. C. Cole who showed skill in his excellent handling of a part of varying merits, and F. D. Boyle as Douglas had, beside histrionic talent, a voice of excellent carrying quality. By his acting, he increased the importance of a comparatively secondary role.

Unfortunately, audiences give little thought to anything save what is placed before their eyes, forgetting entirely those piloting the presentation. Much credit must be given J. W. Sapp and A. D. Kilmartin, president and director respectively, for their untiring efforts and valuable suggestions which so helped to make of “Three Cornered Moon” the great success it was. Of inestimable aid, also, was Commander Tisdale, officer representative; he it was who guided with amazing ease and good will through the Executive Department the many requests which inevitably appeared.

Finally we come to the person who, above all others, deserves credit for all the praise which the play has received, the unsung hero of the show. Since 1918 Mr. Pease has been the guiding force which has given the Masqueraders their present enviable reputation, and without him a performance of any kind would be unthinkable. He cannot be too highly acclaimed.



LT. COMDR. TISDALE



KILMARTIN



Front Row—CALLISTER, TOWNSEND, ADAMS, EDWARDS, MACKENZIE, KEY, SAPP, ZYSK, LEEMAN
Back Row—DE ARELLANO, STEPHENSON, O'HANDLEY, THOMAS, VETH, METCALF, NEWCOMB

REEF POINTS

THE Reef Points has been referred to in the past as the Plebe Bible. While this nick name is appropriate in part, it really stands for much more. Its purpose is threefold: first, to help indoctrinate the incoming Plebes to the Academy life; second, to furnish a permanent record of academic marks and athletic scores; and, third, to help keep alive many of the fast disappearing customs and traditions of the Academy and Service. In the fulfillment of these purposes it gives first a short account of the Yard explaining briefly the various buildings, statues, and monuments. Following this description of the Yard is a word or two about the various Midshipmen activities; such as the Masqueraders, the NA 10, the *Log*, and the Radio Club followed by Navy songs and yells. After this comes a section devoted to the Academy athletic activities. Included in this section is a word or two from the captains of the various teams together with the team records of preceding years. Following the athletic section is a chapter devoted to the Fleet giving a description of the organization of the Navy and the characteristics of the various vessels. As an appropriate ending there is a section devoted to defining the various sea terms and naval slang which are so confusing to the average civilian.

Originality has not been striven for, but rather the idea of presenting a book which would be of maximum value to its reader. In doing this, it is the hope of this year's staff that this little book will help with that important part of our naval education that cannot be had in the classroom, but which must be gained by our personal contact and observance of naval customs and traditions.



MACKENZIE



LT. SWANSTON



Standing—WING, KEY, CLOSE, FERGUSON, KILMARTIN, SLASON, LEDERER, FRANCIS, BROWN, SCHERER
Seated—BUTTERWORTH, DISSETTE, SMITH, A.C., WHITAKER, BENEDICT, SHEPARD, BUTLER

THE TRIDENT SOCIETY

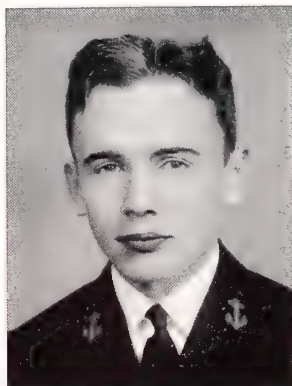
THE Trident Society is a unique organization among the extra-curricular activities at the Naval Academy in that its primary aim is to encourage the literary and artistic interests of members of the Naval Service and their friends.

It was founded in 1924 by a group of Midshipmen who felt that some organization was necessary in the Regiment to foster and encourage these interests. They published the first *Trident*, a magazine which was, and is, the literary organ of the Society, and laid the foundation of the present Society.

The scope of the Trident Society has been continually broadened, and has resulted in other endeavors besides *The Trident*. "The Book of Navy Songs" fills a long felt need for a book which would contain the music and verse of the many songs we are continually chanting upon in the Service. "Anchors Aweigh," a book of Service verse, has appealed much to the lovers of sea literature since its publication by the Trident Society.

No limits are placed upon the subject matter discussed in the meetings or published in the magazine. It has always been the purpose of the Society to try to broaden into any field in which Midshipmen are interested, but we avoid subjects, which when published, would be purely technical, detrimental to Naval prestige, or of a political and controversial nature.

We hope the Society will continue to grow, for we believe it fills a real need of the Naval Academy, and we, its members, are proud of our connection with it.



WHITAKER



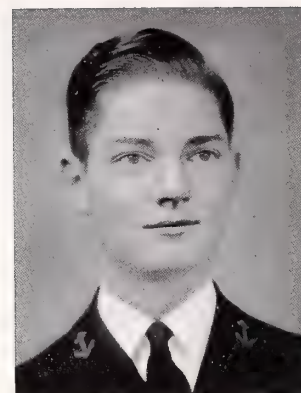
LT. ELLER



LT. CMDR. QUINN



FISHER, EDITOR



HERBERT

THE LOG

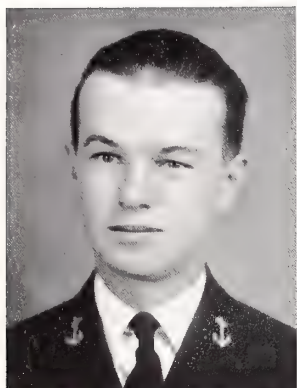
A little nonsense now and then
A little horseplay on the side
Was cherished by the wisest men
Who really lived before they died.

Have you ever been in the dormitory of a girl's boarding school? Perhaps that is a wee too personal, but what we mean is have you ever seen the dear things gulp their Monday morning coffee and rush back to their rooms for the first mail and their weekly *Log*? Or has your heart ever warmed to the glow on the face of Mrs. Gish in Vicksburg as she opens her *Log* to read about her son Joe and his doings with the suicide squad? If the answer is no, you have missed one of the Academy's most intimate and far reaching effects for the *Log* alone is the barometer of the Regiment.

Reaching as it does four thousand homes and stations in forty-eight states and twenty-five foreign countries, this weekly publication is a much anticipated item to many families, friends, and old grads. It is the most absorbing activity of the Academy and requires from its editors a seven day week for



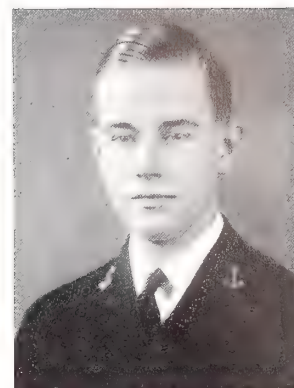
Standing—KRULAK, STUART, KEY, JOACHIM, NUTT, BINGHAM, HERBERT, DRIVER, TAYLOR, B.
Seated—BLENMAN, SELLARS, SAVIDGE, EDINGTON, FREY, FISHER, LOGSDON, ROENIGK, ROBBINS, FAHY, SMITH, A. C.



SAVIDGE



LOGSDON, *Business Manager*



ROENIGK

THE LOG

eight full months. It represents more than a few hours of pleasure to its readers in that it is the culmination of literary art, humor, and talents of the Midshipmen, and these efforts often mean the sacrifice of some other duty or pleasure on the part of its staff members. While the majority of the Regiment has its ear to the radio or is attending N. A. C. A. on Sunday nite, the *Log* editors are working feverishly to send their next week's edition to press, and when on Wednesday afternoon the theatres in town are playing to packed houses, the *Log* staff is not among those present for it is then "making up" its "baby" and putting on the finishing touches.

Oddly enough, the Naval Academy is perhaps the most demanding college in the country from a standpoint of spare time . . . academics can never be dodged or put aside and free time is at a minimum . . . yet the *Log* is one of the very few, if not the only, college weekly magazine published.

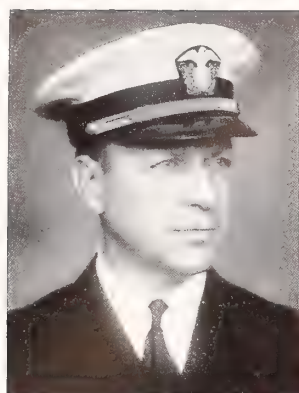
From the underclass point of view, this year's issues have been exceptional and we feel that a high mark has been established for us to aim at when it becomes our duty to guide the destinies of this publication. We shall always remember the *Log* of 'Thirty-four for its excellent covers, its memorable *Army-Navy*, *Confidential*, and *Time* issues, and above all for its organization and consistent quality.



Top Row—WILMAN, MEAD, KEEN, GRIDER, MEAD, R.

Middle Row—HIRSCHFIELD, NEWCOMB, BROGGER, HACK, MEYER, CRUTCHFIELD, TAYLOR, GARDES,
HAMMOND, FISHER, RAYMER

Bottom Row—SLASON, SNYDER, O'HANDLEY, KINTZ, GEBELIN, SCHOFIELD, VAN ARSDALL, BROOKS,
O'CONNELL, PETRIE



LT. COMDR. CECIL
Officer Representative



F. L. PINNEY, JR., *Editor-in-Chief*



VAN LEUNEN
Photography

THE LUCKY BAG

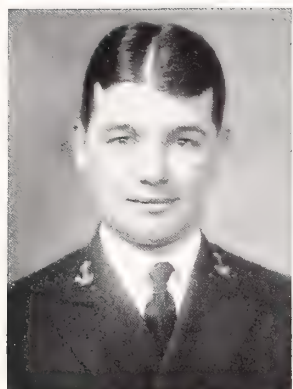
THE battle is over at last and we present it to you for what it is. There was a lot of fun and much more hard work in the making of it. At times things were all smooth sailing, but these periods never seemed to continue very long. It seems to be a tradition—not one of the best—of the Academy that the *Lucky Bag* is never completed by the time the Printer and the Engraver say it should be. If we have followed in the footsteps of our predecessors in this respect, we can at least say that we came out on top in the end, for these words are the proof.

It all started back at the end of Youngster Year when the Editor and Business Manager were elected—and promptly forgotten—by the class. Second Class Summer found us trying to assimilate some knowledge of the printing and engraving business from the many representatives that came to solicit our business. We went blithely along through Second Class Year, planning much and accomplishing little, until we were brought up short by the financial crisis of last March. Our optimistic budget was radically cut; new bids were requested, and we found ourselves with our plans made and insufficient money to carry them through. Somehow we managed to bring ourselves down to stark reality and by the time we embarked on First Class Cruise we at least knew what we were going to do and how it was to be done. Since then there has been no opportunity to look back on what the *Lucky Bag* might have been. All our efforts have been directed towards the goal of putting in everything that should be in the book with a minimum expenditure of money and space, and still living up to the standards set by past *Lucky Bags*. It is our sincere belief that we have succeeded—let the reader be our judge.



Editorial Assistants

DISSETTE, FREY, BUTTERWORTH, KAIT, INGERSOLL



BLENMAN, *Asst. Business Manager*



F. J. NOVITSKI, *Business Manager*



CHURCH, *Biographies*

THE LUCKY BAG

However, it is not for us to extol our own merit, but rather to present the story of the rather hectic year during which the finished *Lucky Bag* has slowly taken form. In order to raise the necessary money, it was necessary that the Advertising staff balance a budget that was only a bit lower than those of previous pre-depression years, and under Callister's constant guidance and with the help of his famous horizontal file, the budget was actually exceeded.

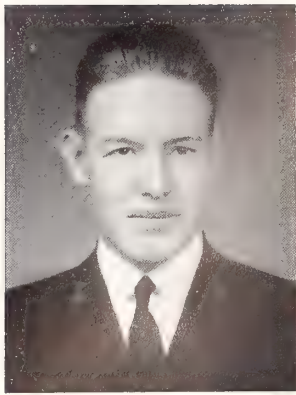
The business staff, with the price of the book reduced by one dollar over that of previous years, still had the courage to predict with astounding accuracy the total anticipated receipts in order that those who were to do the spending might know exactly how far to go. Nielsen and his circulation assistants roamed the hall at night, sacrificing study hours and numbers to get names on subscription cards, while Novitski and Blenman wrestled with monthly financial statements and hopefully tried to collect money for cruise pictures. A business staff is usually sufficiently occupied with the handling of the checks and cash to preclude any other activities, but Novitski found time to render invaluable assistance to the editorial staff, and thanks to his constant pressure and energy much was accomplished in the way of getting out copy and cuts that would otherwise have been lagging far behind the production schedule.

Of the editorial staff, much could be said in the way of invective, but the book is published and that fact cannot be overlooked. Van Leunen did an excellent job in obtaining the thousand-odd photographs necessary to properly depict the history and incidents occurring in our four years at the Academy. Church struggled manfully with biographies written in haste by second classmen and liberally revised.



CIRCULATION STAFF

Rear Row—SWIFT, CLAREY, R. E. NICHOLS
Front Row—SAPP, NIELSEN, Mgr., WELLS, SMITH



DRIVER, *Athletics*



CALLISTER, *Advertising Manager*



BECHT, *Associate*

by first classmen who had acquired a veneer of sophistication in the course of their last year as Midshipmen. Driver fought his way through mountains of sports photographs and Becht edited and typed copy for the many athletic activities of the year. On top of this hive of activity sat the editor, checking up, cajoling, pleading, and threatening in order to get things done that were sometimes behind schedule. Coordinating the work of two artists in New York, an engraver in Minneapolis, and a printer in Rochester required such constant activity that his associates sometimes urged a trip to the hospital for observation, but in spite of periodic lapses into incoherent mutterings, his sanity survived the test.

This *Lucky Bag* is the product of the endeavors of some forty members of the class to produce a book that would faithfully portray not only one class, but the Naval Academy as a whole. In the art theme, we have tried to show some incidents and events in the past history of the Academy that have built up the traditions and customs of the institution as it exists today. In doing this we are indebted to the work of Mr. Nicholas Comito, whose *Yard Views* we believe to be the best that have ever appeared in any *Lucky Bag*, and to Mr. Nicholas Riley who executed the water color illustrations and other sketches and layouts. Without their help and the advice of Joachim, our art editor, we would have been unable to produce what we believe to be the best *Lucky Bag* of all.



Advertising Assistants—BOYLE, SKJONSBY, NUTT, PEACOCK

A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, flowing lines that frame the word 'ATHLETICS'.

ATHLETICS



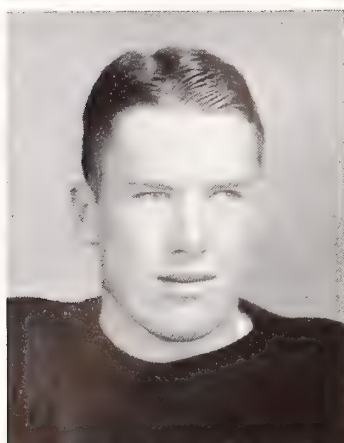
SINCE THE EARLY NINETIES WHEN FOOTBALL
GAMES WITH THE ARMY WERE FIRST PLAYED,
NOT ONLY THIS SPORT BUT MANY OTHERS AS
WELL HAVE GROWN UNTIL ALMOST EVERY
MIDSHIPMAN NOW TAKES PART IN SOME
FORM OF ATHLETIC ACTIVITY. HOWEVER THE
TRADITIONS OF SPORTMANSHIP AND NAVY
FIGHT THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN BY
THESE EARLY WEARERS OF THE BLUE AND
GOLD ARE THE SOURCE OF CONSTANT INSPI-
RATION TO THOSE WHO APPEAR IN THE
SUCCEEDING PAGES.



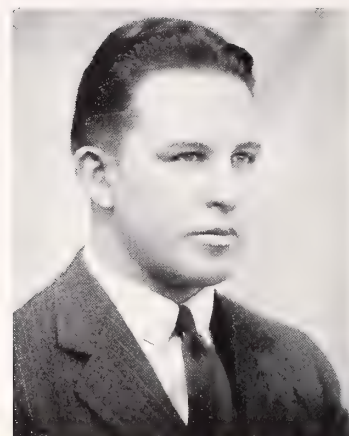
A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, swirling lines that frame the text.

MAJOR SPORTS





MURRAY



MILLER

FOOTBALL

WITH the exception of '26, the 1933 football season was the most successful since 1922. Winning a majority of their games, and losing the others by scant margins to worthy opponents, the squad reflects the type of All-America coaching typical of Navy teams. Among others, the victory over Notre Dame and the terrific battle finally awarded to Columbia, the Rose Bowl victors of 1933, were the highlights.

William and Mary, traditional first game foes of the middies, came down from Virginia only to be repelled by a promising Navy team by a margin of two touchdowns, the score being 12-0. It was sweet revenge for the upset of a year ago, and gave indications of a strong eleven from the young men on the Severn.

Both of the middies' scores came as a result of passes. A flat pass from Baumberger to Becht, who carried it fifty yards to the Indian's 24 yard line, paved the way for the first score. It was but the work of a few minutes before Walkup hurtled through and over center for a touchdown. In the third quarter a beautiful pass from Baumberger to Borries as the latter was speeding into the end zone accounted the other Navy tally.

After holding Army to a low score, Mercer came down from Georgia with high hopes of accomplishing something, but Miller and Company soon put these expectations to rout and sent a large Georgia delegation back greatly saddened by a score of 25 to 6. The result might even have been more decisive had the Navy coaches not wanted to try out some of their reserve material.

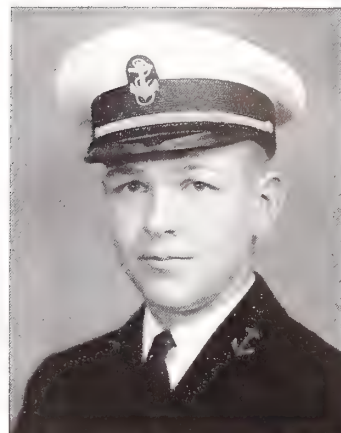


Top Row—RANKIN, MILLER, MINI, BORRIES, ZABRISKIE, ROBERTSHAW, PRATT, VOGEL, ARNOLD, T. S. KING, MANNING
 Third Row—LEE, WILSON, BAYLESS, HUTCHINS, WILCOX, J. C. BENTLEY, W. C. CLARK, SHORT, SCHECTER, SCHACHT
 Second Row—RAY (Manager), CHUNG-HOON, BAUMBERGER, DORNIN, EVANS, LAMBERT, CUTTER, C. H. CLARK, SPRINGER,
 BULL, LARSEN, WARD
 First Row—HARBOLD, WALKUP, McNAUGHTON, RUFFIN, BROOKS, FULP, SELLARS, BURNS, SHAFFER, BAIRD, JOHNSTON
 Front Row—SLACK, MURRAY (Captain), BECHT



LT. COMDR. OVERESCH

1933 SEASON



RAY

A fumble by Larsen paved the way for Mercer's only score. In the second quarter Baumberger evened things up with a short run around right end. Shortly after the start of the second half the red haired lad made another tally putting Navy ahead. Borries was not to be outdone and came through with a sixty yard run a few minutes later to increase the Blue and Gold's margin. In the final quarter, with the reserves in, Wilcox made it certain by scoring on a beautiful pass. Larsen converted the point.

The Navy line constantly outcharged the Georgian team to throw the Mercer backs for large losses. This, combined with the splendid pass defense of the secondary completely demoralized the foreign competition, and left no doubt all the way along what the final outcome was going to be.

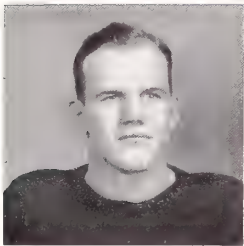
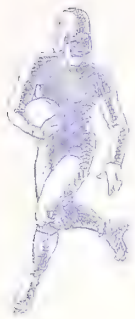
After playing a superb game both offensively and defensively for a whole half, the Navy squad faltered in the second half just long enough to let a ferocious Panther attack push across three touchdowns in rapid succession and provide a wide margin for victory.

During the first two quarters the teams battled evenly with the exception of the lone score that Sebastian carried over. Twice Navy was within the Pitt ten yard line only to give the ball up on downs. The loss of Becht on the first play of the game, followed by injuries to the other two varsity quarterbacks put the team in a tough spot. Pratt, who came up from the plebe squad last year, did remarkably well notwithstanding that it was his first varsity game and a hard one at that.

It was decidedly an off day for the middies, our only bright spot of the afternoon being a fifteen yard jaunt by Chung Hoon around right end for Navy's lone tally.



Coaching Staff—O'BRIEN, MILLER, FLANAGAN, TAYLOR



HARBOLD



MILLER



ZABRISKIE



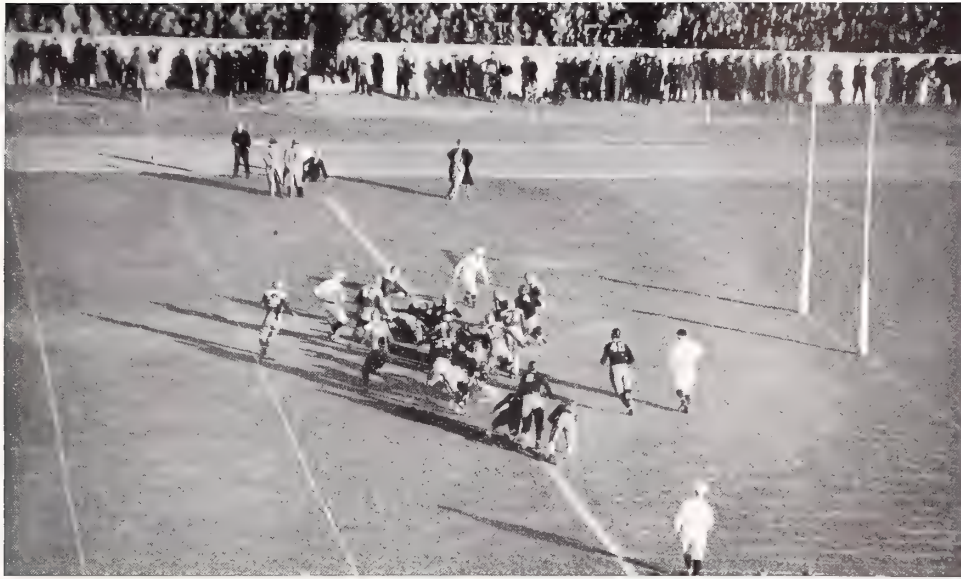
CHUNG-HOON

Virginia with a highly touted football team came en masse down to the Severn to renew athletic relations upon the gridiron with the Naval Academy after an absence of many years. It was an unfortunate renewal, however, for the Cavaliers had to return to their native soil with a 13 to 7 defeat hanging over their heads and the memory of a red haired youth riding rough shod over the entire Virginia eleven.

For three periods the teams had battled on practically even terms with the Cavaliers' passing attack going great guns and Bill Clark evening matters with some beautiful punting. Several times the fierce charging of the Navy line was all that prevented Virginia from scoring after Munger and Johnston of the visitors had passed their way into scoring territory.

It was at the beginning of the fourth quarter that Munger dropped back to toss that unfortunate pass. Baumberger, coming up fast, leaped high into the air, snatched the ball from its graceful trajectory, and then proceeded to





BAUMBERGER

do some All-American stepping for ninety-five yards to score the deciding touchdown of the game. Some fine blocking by Murray and Harbold aided materially. It seemed good to see Benny Walkup get back into form with some fine runs for long yardage.

With Zabriskie, Burns, and Harbold piling up Penn's line plays and Billy Clark and Buzz Borries doing some nifty running, the Navy got sweet revenge for the defeat of a year ago at the hands of the Quakers. The score of 13 to 0 little reveals the superiority of the Admirals over the Penn eleven; it was Navy all the way along with Keller keeping the score down with some fine kicking and punting.

Dornin's interception of a Penn aerial led to the first score for the Millerites. Dusty gave our hearts a little thrill by juggling the ball an instant before he got away for his score. With Baumberger and Borries taking turns the Navy squad again cut deeply into Quaker territory. A beautiful exhibition of running by Borries to the tune of 20 yards raised the score by six



JOHNSTON



BURNS



ROBERTSHAW



BORRIES



LARSEN



WALKUP



BROOKS

more points. Bull made the placement good. After picking up a Penn fumble, Murray had a chance to score but with no one between him and the goal line he slipped just short of the zero marker and another golden opportunity was lost.

It was a promising game for our coming encounter with Notre Dame and Army. The whole squad did well and the fact that substitutes did not apparently weaken the team was a great encouragement.

With nearly everybody on the squad assuming a stellar role, the Navy reached down in the bag, pulled out an enormous war club, and proceeded to whack Notre Dame over the head to the tune of 7 to 0. It was a gala day in view of the fact that it was the first time in Navy football history that a blue and gold team had conquered the green shirted boys from South Bend.

Several times during the first half—and the second, too, the Irish eleven drove deep into Navy territory only to be repulsed by a charging, scrapping





FULP

line that gave no quarter nor asked for any. Hunk Anderson's charges were making plenty of yardage but they couldn't seem to get it concentrated long enough to score.

Toward the end of the third period with Clark doing some fine kicking, the Navy began to edge toward the Notre Dame goal line. Then with Chung Hoon, Baumberger, and Borries making yard after yard, the ball was soon in Navy's possession on the Irish 5 yard line. With Borries on the end of a line plunge and guided by perfect interference the lone score of the game was registered. It was our fifth victory in six starts and gave promise of more to come.

With Columbia playing the same type of football that later won the Rose Bowl game for them, the New York boys showed Navy just how football ought to be played. It was a clean cut victory for the Lions and resulted mainly from the fact that their linesmen were consistently outcharging the Navy forwards. Save for a brilliant 76 yard run by Borries, the Columbia goal line was never threatened, the final score being 14 to 7.



WILCOX



CLARK, W. C.

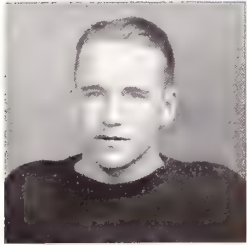


RANKIN





WIDE WORLD PHOTO



CLARK, C. H.



LEE



CUTTER

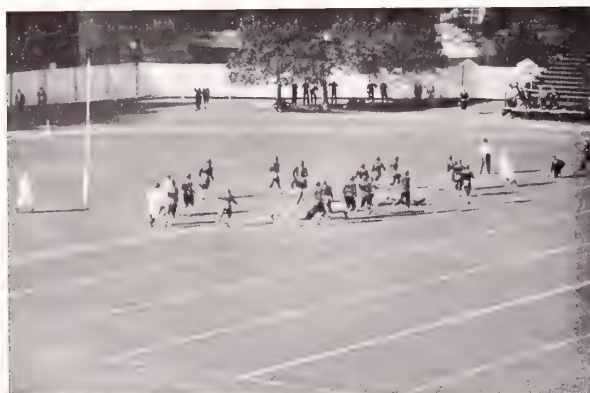


LAMBERT

It was a sad let down after the brilliant victory over Notre Dame the week before. However it must be said of Columbia that they were at their best, in other words they were "hot." Cliff Montgomery the Nittany captain, accounted for both of the Lions scores, going over in the first and third periods after high power drives down the field. In fact, Mr. Montgomery seemed to be doing a good job of everything on this particular afternoon, excellent kicking, passing, and running being his contributions.

With thirty seconds to go before the end of the first half, Buzz Borries broke into the open and outsprinted the entire Columbia team to score and Bull made a perfect placement to even the score at 7 all. In the third quarter Navy weakened momentarily and the Lions rushed another counter over. Toward the close of the game Navy recovered a fumble and were in a scoring position but an interception by Brominski killed this final hope.

For more than three quarters the Navy eleven gave the unbeaten Princeton team all that it could handle and a little more besides. A slight general letup





BECHT

in the last ten minutes was all that was needed to give the Tigers a brace of touchdowns to make the final score 13 to 0.

At the outset it appeared that Navy was going to take the measure of the Orange and Black. Runs by Walkup, Becht, and Baumberger carried the ball deep into Princeton territory. At this point they kicked out safely but the Blue and Gold boys kicked right back and a flat pass to Becht carried the ball to Princeton's 12 yard line. Becht reopened an old injury on this play and had to be removed from the game. All during the half the Admirals were threatening to score only to be repulsed by a frantic and wild eyed Tiger.

After both teams had battled through a scoreless third quarter, Princeton took advantage of a severe penalty on the Navy and by means of an aerial attack was able to score. A fumble a minute later gave them another golden opportunity, the second of their two scoring chances of the day. Navy fought desperately from then on but the damage had been done and there was not enough time left to rectify it.



SCHACHT



BULL



DORNIN





RANDOLPH



WILSON

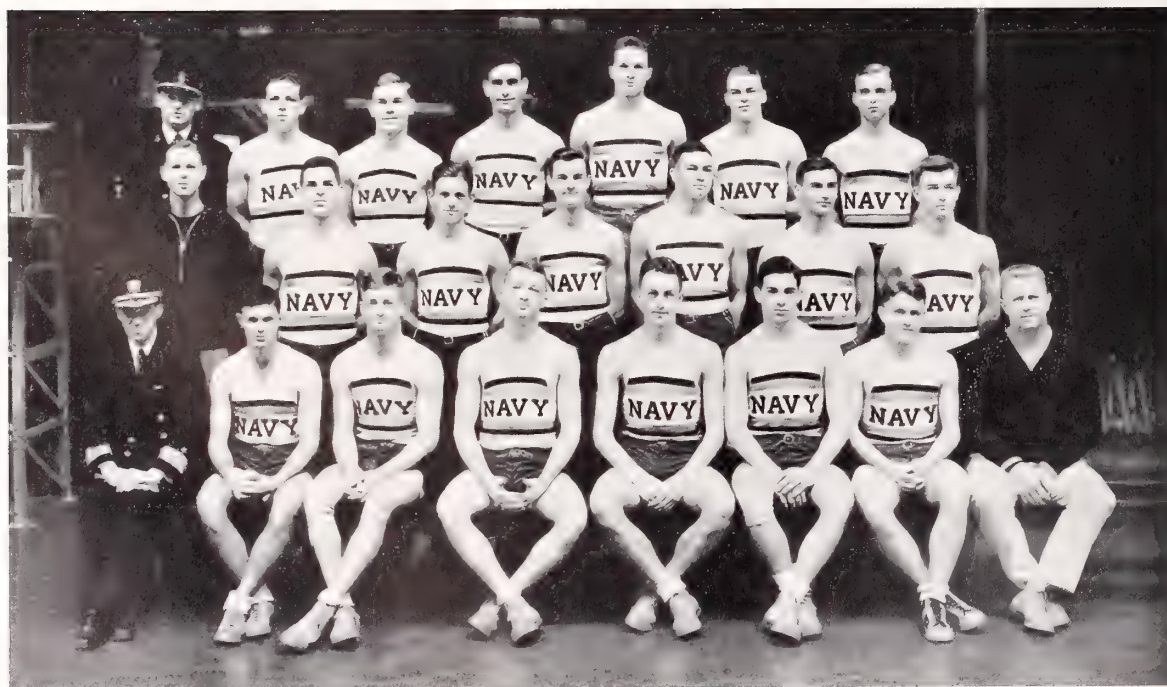
BASKETBALL

1934 gave Navy the best Basketball season for many years. The excellent coaching of Johnnie Wilson, the flashy playing and high scoring of Buzz Borries and Dusty Dornin, the brilliant floor work of Ronnie Rankin, the air tight defensive play of Badger and Mandelkorn, and fighting spirit of Captain Si Randolph, all combined to form a smooth, fast, and high scoring basketball machine. Since the season did not open until after Christmas, it was shorter than usual with only 13 games, but in winning 11 of those games Navy gave her supporters many thrills for the season.

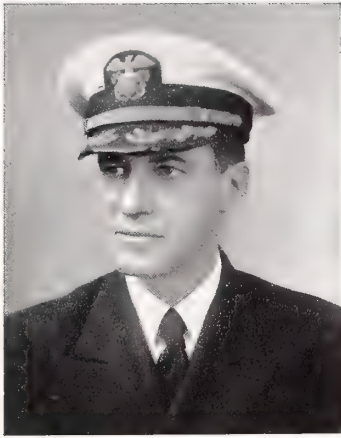
The success of the season was due to a wide open, fast breaking offense, and a close man-to-man defense. Speed was the outstanding characteristic of the team. The high scoring ability is shown by the 37 point average per game. About 90% of these points were made on free thrown or close in shots, which proves that it was a five man team who played together and worked the ball in for baskets by superior team play.

The season opened on January 6 with Western Maryland. Although the play was a little ragged, the potential power was evident and the final score was 41-21. Navy took the lead from the start and was never threatened. Wilson used the entire squad of 15 men and all three teams showed great promise. The scoring was led by Borries, who piled up 20 points on brilliant shots from all angles. There were few fouls in the game and the team play was fast and clean. Western Maryland gained most of her points in the closing minutes when the shifting of teams broke up the close Navy defense.

On January 13, Duke came down primed to avenge three former defeats and managed to win 29-23.

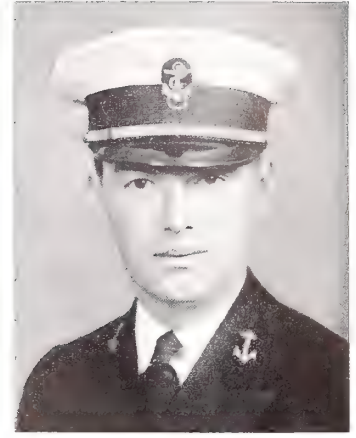


Top Row—CHURCH, BADGER, MOONEY, BUTLER, HOOD, FELLOWS, CAMERON
Middle Row—CARMICHAEL, KING, CLINE, BAILEY, BAYLESS, BRADBARD, WHITMYRE
Bottom Row—DAUBIN, RANDOLPH, BORRIES, DECKER, MANDELKORN, RANKIN, WILSON



COMDR. DAUBIN

1934 SEASON



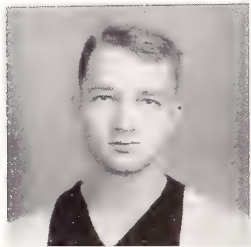
CHURCH

The superior Navy team did not expect such strong opposition and started out slowly, then when Navy finally hit her stride it was too late to even the score. Navy showed the same potential power and the individual members played well but the ball refused to hit the basket, shot after shot rolling around the rim and dropping out. Duke had played several previous games and showed the result of her greater experience. Dornin led the scorers for Navy with 9 points. The Thompson brothers were outstanding for Duke, both in scoring and defensive play.

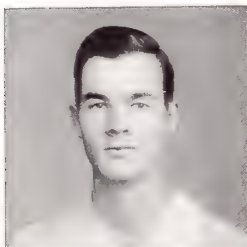
The next Navy victim was Georgetown, an old rival from Washington. The Navy team showed a decided improvement from the Duke game, but the team work was still a little ragged and some of the passes still wild. The final score was 33-18, and Borries was high man again. In this game Coach Wilson once more used his entire squad in an effort to find his best combination. The competition in several positions was very strong with everyone trying to land a permanent berth. Hargarden, a forward, led the Georgetown attack and played an excellent game. The defensive and offensive work of Mandelkorn was outstanding for Navy. He broke up many plays and was in the air taking the ball off the back board on every shot.

The next game on the schedule was West Virginia, but they were unable to make the trip and Catholic University filled the date. It was an unfortunate trade because, led by their center, Lieb, they won 38-30. It was a fast and hard fought game. Navy started her second string, but soon rushed the regulars into the fray. Catholic U. played her best game of a good season and continued her pace until

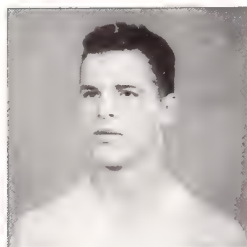




BORRIES



BAILEY



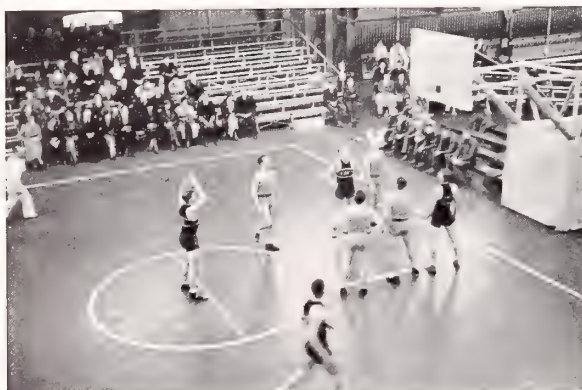
KING

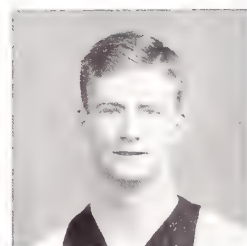
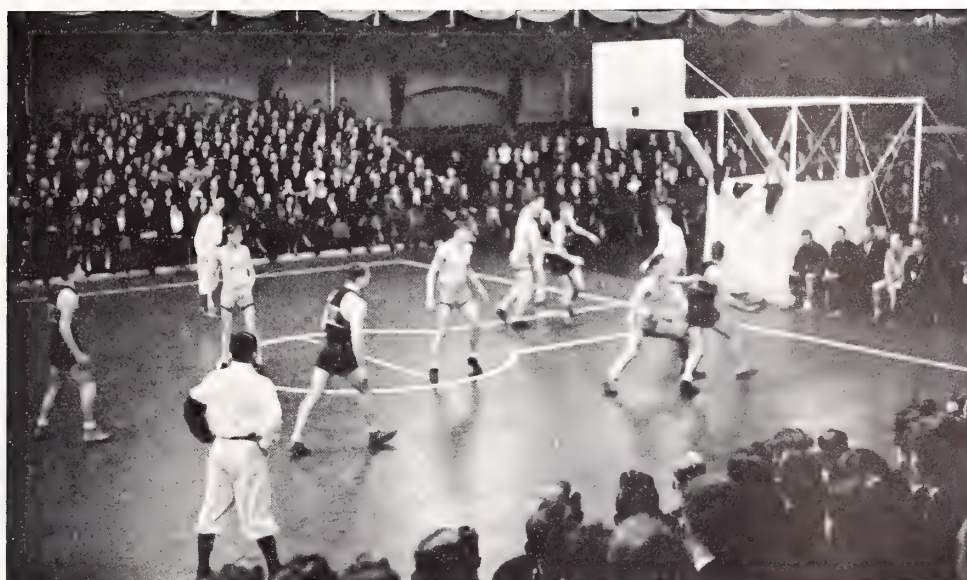


the closing minutes of the game. The Navy team then hit its stride and showed the brand of basketball that it was going to play for the rest of the season. Their rally started too late however, and although they cut down the margin, it was too late to gain a victory.

On January 27, a high ranking Penn State team came down all set to continue a long string of victories, but the Navy team had found itself and they were turned back 43-24. Their star forward, McFarlane, was a consistent scorer but under the stellar guarding of Mandelkorn he was unable to maintain his average, on the other hand Borries and Dornin returned to scoring form with 16 and 12 points respectively. It was a well played game and most interesting to watch. Time after time the Navy team broke fast to score on clever running shots. The entire team was in form and shared in the victory. In this game Navy showed the speed and form which was to make her one of the outstanding Eastern teams.

The next game, which was the U. of North Carolina, was the hardest fought and closest game of the season. North Carolina had a strong team and was endeavoring to gain revenge for a defeat last season. Navy led all of the time, but in the closing five minutes the visitors staged a whirlwind rally which only fell short by two points. The final score was 26-24 and during the last half the crowd was kept on its feet by a continuous series of brilliant plays, and accurate shots. For the Navy Badger played a very good defensive game, while Borries was again high scorer. The North Carolina team was well balanced with no stars, but a complete team of dangerous men.



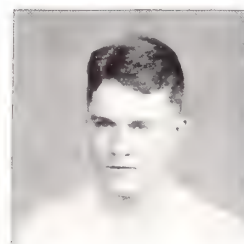


DORNIN

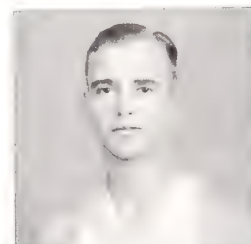
On February 3, we played our old rivals, the University of Maryland. We had defeated them for the past two seasons and they, like most of our opponents, were particularly eager to defeat us. From the start it was evident, however, that they were no match for the speed and deadly shooting of the Navy team. The Maryland team was composed largely of seniors and they made a valiant but vain attempt to stop the Navy scoring. Before the game was over three complete teams were used by Navy and all of them continued to pile up the score, when the game ended it was Navy 46, Maryland 27 and the elusive Borries and Dornin shared 35 of those points.

The next southern team to storm the portals of our Hall of Victories was the University of Virginia. She was also smarting under a series of defeats, but like her sisters from the South she was turned back in defeat. The Cavaliers led by Sturm, who scored more than half of their points, waged a vicious battle, but again the speed and power of Navy asserted itself. This time Dornin was the high scorer for Navy and the score was 34-20. The Navy team could be held for a few minutes, but then her speed would dominate and an avalanche of goals result. Every game seemed to make the Navy team a more perfectly coordinated machine, and her scoring power increased accordingly.

On February 10, Navy journeyed to New York City, to play Columbia and broke an old "away from home" jinx to score a decisive victory. Borries and Dornin shared the scoring honors for Navy with 17 points each, but

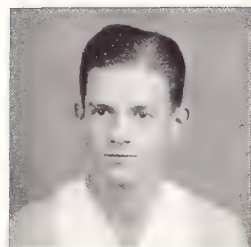


RANKIN

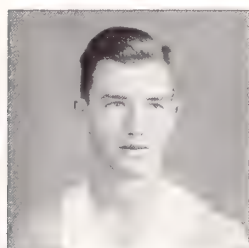


CAMERON

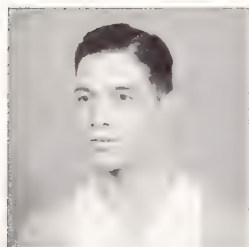




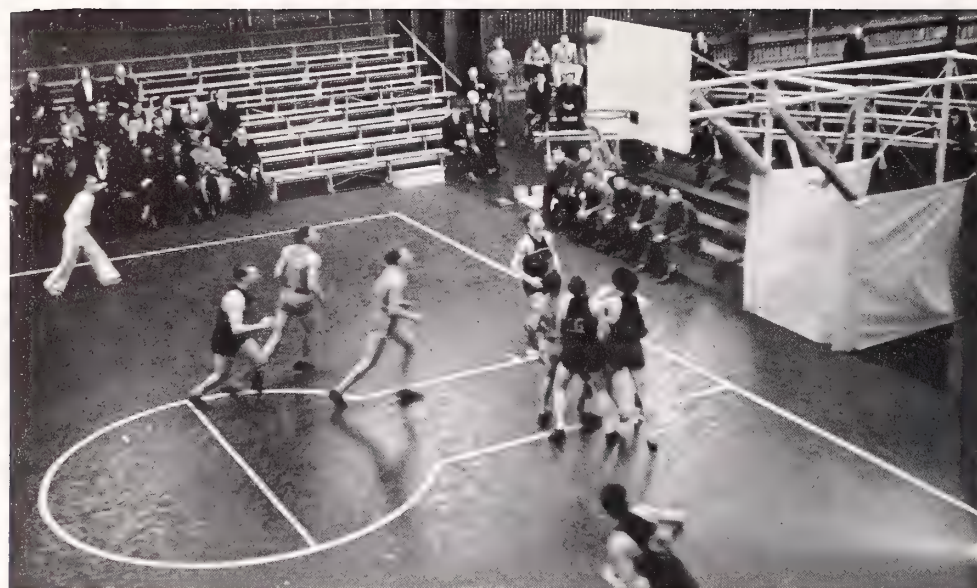
CLINE



WHITMYRE



MANDELKORN

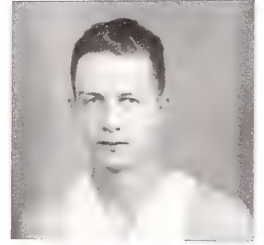


Rankin was the star of the game. He played a brilliant floor, and defensive game and was in the heart of every play. When the team started to slow down he broke through for beautiful shots to retain the scoring spark and keep the team at its rapid pace. Mandelkorn also played a great game and showed that he was one of the greatest "ball hawks" Navy has ever known, no matter where the ball went he always seemed to come out with it. When the final whistle blew Navy was ahead 43-20.

On the following Wednesday, Navy played Virginia Military Institute, and took the game in stride. She jumped into an early lead, which was threatened at no time. Like the other slow-breaking teams from the South, V. M. I. was lost against the speed of Navy. The score was 31-18. Navy's points were divided among the entire team with every one contributing a few points. Hancock led V. M. I. scores with 8 points. The reserves finished the game for Navy and made a very good showing by out scoring and out playing the visitors. Whitmyre, a third classman, made a very good showing that promises action for him next year.

On Saturday, February 17, against Lehigh, Navy was in top form and gave a rare scoring exhibition. Dornin was playing his best game of the season and when the game ended he had 21 points to his credit. He scored from all angles and no one was able to stop his shots, most of which were beautiful on hand tosses. Gearhart was high scorer for the visitors with 9 points. Once more Coach Wilson used his entire squad and used the game to point for the

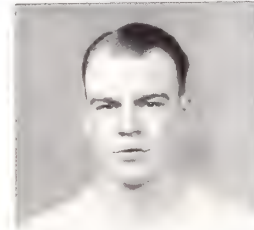




DECKER

contest with Pennsylvania, on Wednesday. The team functioned perfectly, both on the defense and on the offense. The visitors were never a serious threat and when the smoke had cleared away, Navy had amassed 54 points to their 29.

The game with Pennsylvania on Wednesday was second only to Army in importance. For the past few years Penn had nosed out by a point and this time we were out for revenge. Penn had a remarkable record for the season and was leading the Eastern League, which is a very fast league. On the strength of their past performances they were favored to beat us, but we did not think so and the gym was packed with Navy rooters who had faith in their team. Long before the game started the crowd was there yelling for action. Both teams set a fast and furious pace from the start, but the Navy team surprised the visitors and justified the faith of its supporters by taking a lead which it never gave up. A great Penn team was playing a greater Navy team and it was an all-Navy day. Time after time Borries and Dornin broke through for goals. The Penn team was helpless before their attack and the two of them scored more points than the entire Penn team. Rankin also played a marvelous game and scored his share of the points. The Penn team, on the other hand, was unable to break through our defense. Hashagen, a guard, was high scorer for them because our guards completely blanketed their forwards. The final score was 43-25. Penn made only one threat and when that was checked, they blew up and were completely routed. It was indeed a glorious day for Navy.



FELLOWS



BADGER





DAUNIS

BASEBALL



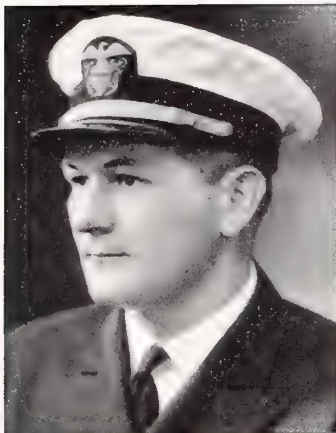
LT. FENNO

CAGES went up early in the Armory, as the seventy aspirants for positions as ball-hawks began loosening up and getting the feel of hickory on horsehide. Lieut. A. K. Doyle, Head Coach, and Lieut. (J. G.) F. W. Fenno, his assistant, soon had the squad doing *real* work, for the prospects were none too bright. Only three fielders and two pitchers were left from the team of '32, leaving five places to be filled. Captain Pablo Masterton had a berth in the field; Steve Daunis and Herman Kossler seemed able to keep their posts in the infield; Slim Davenport was a sure bet for starting pitcher, and Scotty Campbell was developing nicely into a dependable hurler. For the other positions, Coach Doyle called on the Youngsters, who ably responded with Knapper and Vic Gadrow as additions to the infield, and Buzz Borries to chase flies in the outer gardens. Van VanArsdall got the call for catcher, and Veasey Pratt was shifted from behind the plate to the field because of his consistent hitting.

The season was a success because of the win over Army, but at best the team failed to break even in its wins and losses, showing seven defeats against six victories. Lack of batting punch was the chief cause of trouble, and untimely wildness on the part of the pitchers didn't help. Even the use of



Back Row—KNAPPER, CASSIDY, CLUTE, GORHAM, MCCARTHY, CHIPMAN, CAIN, CRONIN, SPAIN
 Middle Row—DAVENPORT, E. M., PRATT, SMITH, J. A., DAUNIS, MASTERTON, KOSSLER, GADROW, VANARSDALL, DAVIS, A. J.
 Front Row—WALTERS, SELLERS, WELLER, GAGE



LT. DOYLE

1933 SEASON

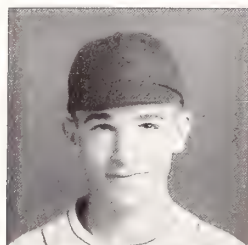


SMITH, B. A.

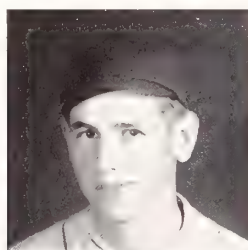
reserves, Dumay Gorham, Dud Hill, Herb Carroll, and Jimmie Smith in the infield, Tex Cassidy and Trip Menges in the outfield, failed to add to the punch. Steve Daunis, Capt. Masterton, and Kossler were the consistent batters, and the timely hits of these three played a major part in the six victories.

The team had "off" days and "on" days, showing uncanny reversals of form. Some games were a joy to see . . . like the ones in the days before baseball began to wane at the Academy. Others were loosely played under a shower of base hits which left Navy far behind. To Slim Davenport, the tall, loose-joined twirler from Arkansas, goes the credit for all the Navy victories. He did by far the largest share of the pitching, and though routed in several games, he turned in excellent work the majority of his starts. Campbell, Clute, and Davis were never able to go the whole route, nor to turn in a victory, though at times their relief pitching decided the issue. Among the new-comers who played regularly, VanArsdall, doing the receiving, went the full route all season, and handled his position ably. Gadrow and Borries fielded exceptionally well, but hit erratically. Knapper, the "little boy with the big arm," began the season with a bit of nervousness, but improved steadily, and was invaluable before the end of the year.





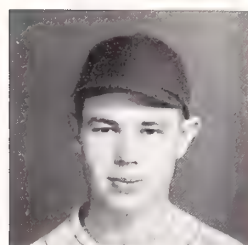
CASSIDY



MASTERTON



DAVENPORT



GORHAM

VERMONT . . . RICHMOND . . . LAFAYETTE . . . PENN STATE

Rear Admiral Thos. C. Hart officially opened the season by tossing the first ball onto the diamond, and then watched Navy win her first encounter by the close margin of 8-7 over Vermont. Steve Daunis banged out two home runs, scoring Kossler each time, while Davenport held the visitors in check except for two innings, when loose fielding enabled them to make seven runs. Richmond then proceeded to uphold the Virginia jinx over Navy in the second game by hammering Clute and Davis all over the lot for a 14-5 victory. Navy batters seemed baffled by the delivery of Morriss, and made few hits. Pablo got two and Steve three, but hits in the pinches just weren't there. Davenport returned against Lafayette and allowed only four scattered hits to win a pitcher's dual 3-1. The game was won in the third inning when Van, Pablo, and Steve singled successively, and a wild pitch allowed the last man to score. This was one of the best games on Lawrence Field during the entire season. Dave fanned nine batters. The Nittany Lions of Penn State then put Navy back to .500 by making the best of wildness and errors for a 4-2 win. Davenport and Campbell allowed only two hits, but costly errors gave the visitors their runs. Steve Daunis slashed out a triple and scored on a sacrifice, and Pratt scored on a wild pitch after hitting a double, accounting for the two Navy tallies.





VAN ARSDALL

W. MARYLAND . . . VIRGINIA . . . TEMPLE . . . W. VIRGINIA

After rain prevented the game with Western Maryland, the Nine took a trip to Charlottesville to play the University of Virginia. One of the largest galleries ever to witness a baseball game at that institution was treated to some of the snappiest baseball they had ever seen, when Virginia won 3-1. The game was a duel between Peck Luck of the Cavaliers and Slim Davenport. Both yielded four hits, but the sensational fielding of the Virginia team proved to be the deciding factor. Buster Borries made the lone Navy tally by slamming a home run in the fifth inning. Temple visited the Academy and met a barrage of hits from the Navy batsmen, and went back on the short end of a 11-6 score. Navy used three pitchers, and held the visitors off safely, while every member of the team made a hit to help in the first big parade the team started. They made it two straight wins by some more timely hitting behind Davenport and took West Virginia into camp 7-2. Pablo Masterton made three of the runs, two being from clouts down by the scoreboard. The game was even until the seventh, when Dave and Steve singled, and Pablo got his second home run. Kossler and VanArsdall aided to the cause by contributing two hits and a run apiece, and Gadrow made the hard ones look easy in the field.



GADROW

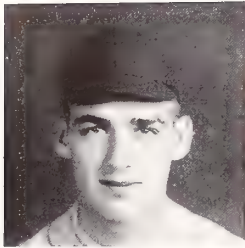


PRATT



KNAPPER





KOSSLER



CLUTE



A. J. DAVIS

GETTYSBURG . . . GEORGETOWN . . . W. & L. . . WILLIAM & MARY

An off day for Navy pitchers, and an on day for Gettysburg's batters proved to be too much, and the team went down 10-4 in a loosely played game. Four walks and two singles enabled the visitors to garner five runs in the third inning, while Navy could get only one run in each of four innings and, after hits by VanArsdall, Kossler, and Knapper, had those three left on base in the ninth. Old Jupiter Pluvius intervened and prevented the Georgetown game, and then Washington and Lee administered the third defeat of the season from a Virginia team, by bunching hits in two innings and driving three pitchers to the showers. After the Generals had scored five runs in one inning, Navy tied the score on hits by Pratt, Gadrow, Borries, and Van Arsdall. Buster drove in Pablo in the ninth to tie the score again, but W. & L. went on a spree in the tenth to score four runs, and then stopped the Navy attack by using Jarrett, their star hurler, for an inning. Then Davenport had an exceptionally fine day against William and Mary and Navy won 4-3. For eight and a half innings Dapper Dave allowed no hits, but Christenson singled in the ninth to mar a perfect game. Buster Borries scored one run on some fine baserunning, and then a spree featuring singles by Daunis, and Davenport, a double by Jimmy Smith and a triple by Knapper, put the game on ice for Navy.





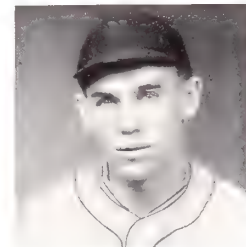
MENGES

NORTH CAROLINA . . . MARYLAND . . . MT. ST. MARY'S

North Carolina came up with the snappiest bunch of sluggers to invade Lawrence Field in many a day, and wrecked havoc with pitchers, baseballs, and fielders to run away with the game 11-3. Scotty Campbell got into hot water as a result of loose fielding, and was finally driven from the box in the seventh. Dave replaced him, but four walks and three errors in the eighth gave the visitors five more runs. Navy's only threat was in the fifth, when Tex Cassidy singled, Tony Gadrow followed with a hit, Kossler put one over second, and Steve Daunis clouted one up the bank for three bases. Maryland next administered another defeat in a long-hitting game, which ended 10-6. Dave was very wild, and walks and three-base-hits caused his removal in favor of Clute, who was frequently in trouble, but managed to hold Maryland to three runs, two of these being made on circuit blows. Navy also did some hitting, but not quite enough. Masterton and Borries both got triples, and the team loaded the bases in the seventh, but could only count six runs. With the score at 0-0 in the fourth inning and all going well, rain caused the game with Mt. St. Mary's to be stopped. This was the last home game, and the team began preparing for the trip to West Point, where it engaged the Kaydets on May 27, and won N-stars to the tune of 8-4.

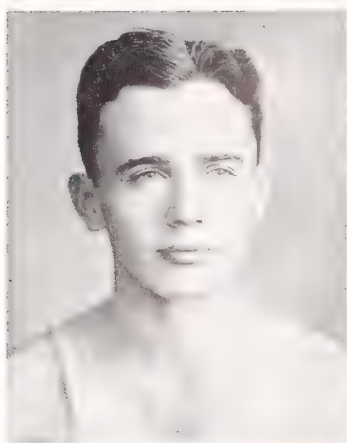


WELLER



SPAIN





WHITAKER

TRACK

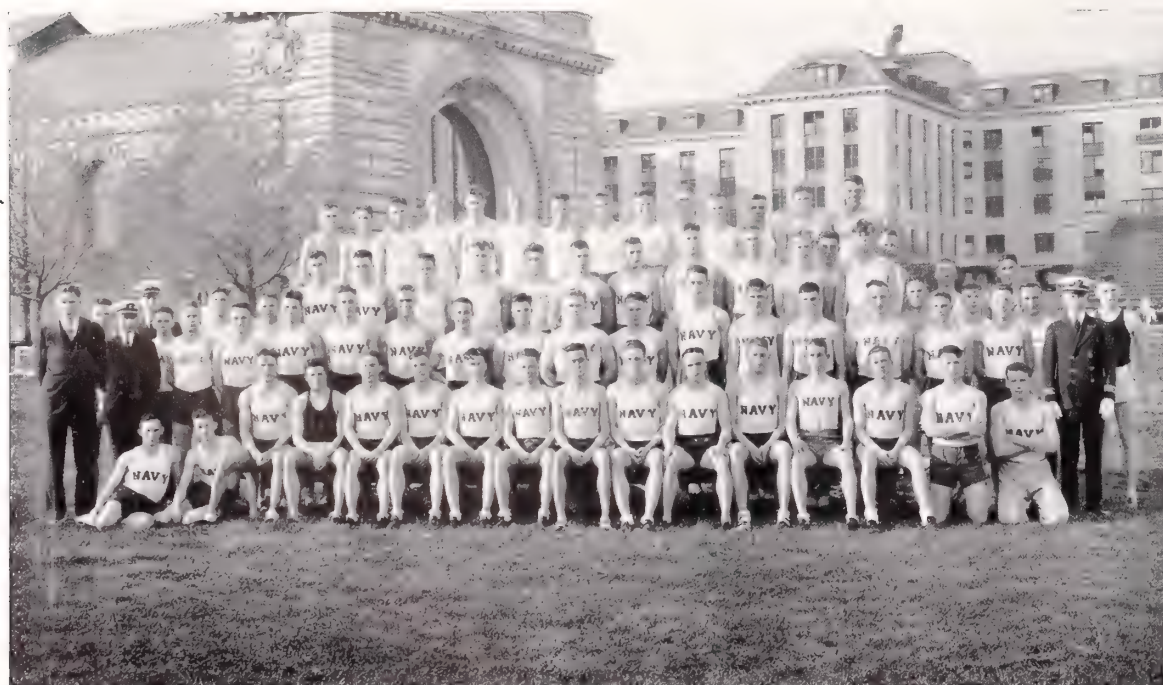


THOMSON

THE 1933 Season was entered upon with enthusiasm by a well balanced squad under the leadership of Captain W. H. Newton and Coach Earl J. Thomson. The team was destined for a series of brilliant performances against opposition of championship caliber. As in certain other sports, the score of a track meet often fails to give an accurate impression of the prowess of the victors. In the same manner the loser by a large margin of points may have lost by several close finishes. It is left to the chronicler to apply the critical equation by which the success of a track team may be measured.

The first meet of the year was with the "Tarheels" from North Carolina, Southern Conference Champions, which the visitors won by a score of 77 to 49. The feature races of the meet, the century and furlong dashes, brought together Childers of North Carolina, and our own Johnny Waybright, who had records of 9.6 and 21.3 seconds in these two events, including the distinction of having been an Olympic Contender. A week before the race Johnny pulled a tendon in his thigh. In spite of this injury he started in the hundred, and was leading for the first thirty yards by a comfortable margin when the injured tendon pulled again. He fell to the track, and was thus forced out of competition until the Army meet.

The uniform strength of the southern team could not be denied, but it was a fighting team that saw Captain Newton force Childers to turn in an exceptionally good time for an early season meet, 22.7 seconds for the half-lap sprint. The quarter mile was an all Navy event with Nicol leading his



Back Row—ALEXANDER, MACKENZIE, NEET, SIVER, COLLINS, STIESBERG, LUNDBERG, OAKLEY, WARD, DORSEY, MANN, PATTERSON, HOMMEL, MARTIN

Third Row—TAYLOR, FAHY, BOURKE, DAVIS, J. K., DRIVER, BESSON, FITZGERALD, KANE, COSGROVE, PRICE, TAYLOR, K. E., DISSETTE, CHASE

Second Row—THOMPSON, MICHEL, TYREE, VOGLEY, CUMMINS, STEPHAN, TINGLE, BAKUTIS, CLINE, NICOL, G. B., WRIGLEY, OUTLAW, METCALF, JOHNSTON, R. K., SHAW, DECKER, BLAKELY, RANDOLPH, JOHNSTON, D. G., SHELLABARGER, HAUCK, DOSTER, CURTZE, GRIFFITH, AVISE, SMITH, L. A., SHELLEY, DAVIS, G. E.

Front Row—HAILEY, PARRY, WHITAKER, BLOVIN, CONNOLLY, BINGHAM, McCRAE, HARDMAN, NEWTON, PILCHER, SCOTT, KASTEIN, NICHOLS, R. E., RHYMES, CAMERON



LT. COMDR. SHELLEY

1933 SEASON



WALTERS

team-mates, Cline in his first varsity race, and Tom Connolly of Olympic rope-climbing fame. Hardman produced a first place in an exciting half mile, only to repeat in characteristic fashion in the mile, with Hailey in third place. An upset occurred in the two mile, but Champ Blouin finished strong to capture a third within a few feet of the tape. Our hurdlers furnished a thrill for the spectators in a blanket finish, but were judged to have earned a single third place, with Pilcher making the point. In the low hurdles, Newton breasted the tape in 25.5 seconds, while Whitaker was bent on carrying second place honors. Abernathy of the visitors held his lead by inches. Dewey Johnston was supreme in the shot put with a 45 foot heave. Except for Bingham's first place tie in the high jump with the creditable mark of 6 feet, Navy was weak in the other field events. Metcalf, a new-comer to the varsity, placed second in the pole vault, McRae a second in the broad jump with an injured ankle, and Kane threw third best with the javelin. Peppard tossed the Grecian Platter to a second place in the discus.

The University of Maryland faced a spirited Navy team that was determined to show Tommy Thomson that it had profited by experience and stiff competition. With a single exception, the field men crashed through with all three places in their respective events. Decker, Shaw, and Peppard, in that order, garnered the discus points. The pole vault was split between two ties, Cameron and Randolph first, Metcalf and Cosgrove third, there being no second place. Metcalf repeated with a third in the broad jump, behind McRae and Cline who took the capital honors. Johnson exhibited his usual





NEWTON



CAMERON



JOHNSTON



HARDMAN



dependability with the shot, and Besson placed third. Martin, Kane, and Freeman cinched the Javelin event.

On the track the loss of Waybright was keenly felt, with Newton taking third in the furlong. Nicol set a furious pace in the quarter and was never headed or challenged. Hardman improved his time in the half, followed by Hauck, who came third in a close race. Hommel and Hailey turned in a creditable mile. The latter pulled an "iron man," coming home third in the two mile a few minutes later, which was won by his teammates Griffith and Blouin. The hurdlers redeemed themselves by scoring a "possible" in their two races. Whitaker won the highs, Pilcher took second in both highs and lows, and Wrigley placed third in both. Fitzgerald showed good form and speed to win the lows. Perhaps the most exciting race from the spectators point of view was an exhibition mile relay. Whitaker led off for Navy and established a lead which was increased by Newton. Nicol, running his second quarter for the day, gained so many yards that the result was scarcely in question when Connolly opened up with a surprising finishing sprint. The time was 3 min. 29.4 secs.

In keeping with the policy of previous years, the outstanding men on the squad were sent to the Penn Relay Carnival to represent Navy in special events. Connolly, Newton, Cline, and Nicol composed the mile relay team, and were required to lower the Academy record three seconds just to qualify





BINGHAM

for the trip. They proved their abilities by taking a third in fast company, their time of 3 min. 22.8 secs. being better than the winning time the year before. Our sprint medley team placed fourth, with George Nicol, Frank Whitaker, Captain Newton, and Ward Hardman running. The race was a crowded affair, with several spills and cases of runners being spiked on the turns. Bingham proved his versatility by placing in the colorful hop, step, and jump, covering 41 ft. 8 ins. Pilcher made good time against some of the best hurdlers in the East, placing in the trials. Whitaker essayed an event new to Navy track teams, the quarter mile hurdles. He placed third in a field that included men with Olympic experience. The results of the meet were gratifying even though there were no first places won. Incidentally, the "greyleg's" lone place was in the discus.

A week after the relays Navy defeated William and Mary with an impressive score, 81 $\frac{2}{3}$ to 44 $\frac{1}{3}$. Newton ran a step by step race with Little, of the visiting team, and made a gallant effort to make up for the shut-out Navy suffered in the hundred, but he had to be satisfied with second honors in the 220 dash. The quarter milers demonstrated their supremacy by finishing in a dead-heat, Nicol, Cline, and Connolly performing. Hardman won handily in the good time of 1 min. 57.2 secs. for the half mile, with Patterson in third position. The milers were not to be outdone. They executed a perfect blanket finish, Hailey, Hommel, and Driver reaching the tape at the same instant. The crowds in the stands had yet another surprise in store for them.



CONNOLLY



CLINE

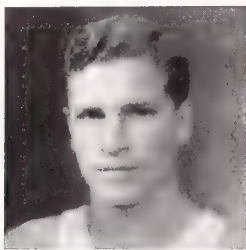


KANE





NICOL



HOMMEL



GRIFFITH



DRIVER



The two-milers lined up and were off for an unusually fast start. On the eighth lap it was apparent that Navy was in complete command. Four blue and gold girded runners flashed across the finish line in another tie for first. Griffith, Blouin, Fahy, and Taylor received the plaudits of the audience with the satisfaction of having run a good race.

The hurdlers warmed up with determination. They turned in good times in spite of a soft track, and again scored their maximum of points. Pilcher exhibited the good form, which hard work had made possible, to win the highs in 15.6 secs., followed by Whitaker and Wrigley. Newton skimmed the lows in 25.4 secs. just ahead of Fitzgerald who showed remarkable speed between barriers. Whitaker finished third. Little, of William and Mary, accounted for his third first place by distancing McRae in the broad jump. Cameron and Cosgrove had to be satisfied with a tie for second in the pole vault. Navy scored on all the other first places in the field events, Bingham in the high jump, D. G. Johnston in the shot put, Shaw, assisted by Kane in second place in the discus, and Kane in the javelin. The meet was undeniably a decisive victory for Navy. Coach Thomson had the satisfaction of seeing his boys come through in response to his patient and expert advice.

Navy's trip to Charlottesville, Virginia, on the 13th of May, was both heart-breaking and exciting, heart-breaking in that the Virginians won 64.1 to 61.9, and exciting in that the meet was not decided until the very last race.





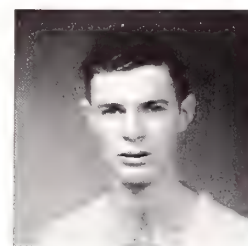
PILCHER

Off to a disappointing start in the dashes, Navy trailed for several events gradually closing the narrow gulf of points that separated them from a much desired victory. Another triple tie in the quarter, featured by the finishing dash of Conolly who was boxed in and running in the anchor position. He ran wide on the turn and joined his team-mates Nicol and Cline. Lauck, Virginia Captain, turned in an upset by running the legs off Ward Hardman to win the mile in 4 minutes, 15.7 seconds, the fastest college mile of the season. McRae and Cline took first and third in the broad jump.

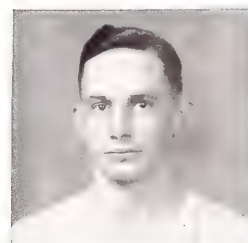
Hardman came back to win the half with Driver and Patterson tied for second. Fahy and Blouin followed Lauck in the two mile, while Johnston annexed a second in the shot. The pole vault is often split between several tied places. Cameron and Randolph topped Ward and Metcalf, all of Navy for eight points. Bingham added points in the high jump, Peppard and Kane placed in the discus, and Kane again with Martin secured the trailing points in the javelin. Pilcher added a second place in a fast flight of hurdles, after running a trial and equalling the Academy record of 15.4 seconds. Navy still had a chance to win the meet. The first two places in the low hurdles were needed. Everett of Virginia, an outstanding hurdler, was too fast for Newton and Whitaker who tried desperately to pull the meet out of the fire. The time of 24.2 seconds was exceptional. Thus it was that another of those "lost by inches" meets occurred. That the team benefitted by such competition was shown by several performances in the Army meet two weeks later.



WAYBRIGHT



RANDOLPH



HAILEY





CONDON

LACROSSE



FINLAYSON

WITH the usual watch-setting regularity, Coach George Finlayson put in his appearance on March 1st for the start of the 1933 Varsity Lacrosse season. Faced with the problem of replacing an All-American goalie and several other valuable men with mostly inexperienced material, George marshalled his forces in the respected persons of Clem Spring, former All-American of St. John's, and Lt. Whitey Taylor, former same for Navy and Captain of the '24 (?) twelve. To replace Porter in the goal was an almost impossible task but some nice work was turned in by Jim Reedy and Dick Bird during the season in spite of the fact that most critics named this as the weak spot of the Navy team. Moncure on attack, was replaced by Howard in creditable fashion and the remainder was built around Captain Ferguson with Morton, Condon, and Seeds at center supplying the timbers. On the defense, which centered around Ole Zack Tyler, Captain Bucky James was replaced by Clark and George Pressey by Butch Harbold with Murray, Dutton, Kerby Smith, and others acting as alternates. In midfield, Bill Buse turned in excellent work and he was ably assisted by some new material in Dusty Dornin, K. G. Schagt, and Swede Larson.

The season opened with Harvard here and with St. John's own Bobby Pool in the driver's seat for the Crimson, Navy faced a different outfit than Harvard had been presenting in the past. The game from the start was close and exciting with Navy holding a marked edge. Ferguson and Elmer Seeds put Navy ahead in the first quarter, Captain Fergy scoring first on a clever dodge play and Seeds following with a nicely executed pass play from Howard. Harvard retaliated with a score in the



Top Row—NIBBS, McQUILKIN, VETH, GIMBER, WARD, BAUER, SHERWOOD, BLACK, DAVIS
Second Row—TAYLOR, WESSON, THOMPSON, STEVENS, GAILLARD, DORNIN, KING, ANDERSON, REEDY, CAMPBELL, SAMUELS
First Row—SCHUMANN, BAUER, SCHACHT, CRESS, DUTTON, BALLARD, KIRKPATRICK, BERTOLET, BAILEY, ELLENBERGER, BEDELL,
 SLATER, COX, FERGUSON, J. D., FINLAYSON, ROWE
Front Row—DAVENPORT, CAMERA, SMITH, BIRD, HOWARD, TYLER, FERGUSON, G. T., CONDON, MORTON, SEEDS, BUSE,
 CLARK, SPRING



LT. COMDR. PEYTON

1933 SEASON



OLIVER

second period but another goal by Ferguson who was playing a great game gave Navy a lead of two points at half time, the score standing at 3-1. The third period opened up with a goal by Condon and was closely played throughout but with Navy in possession of the ball most of the time. The fourth quarter provided the real excitement of the day and it was here that the excellent goal-tending of Porter was sorely missed for the first time. Navy scored first on a fast goal by Tommy Morton who had been showing his flying heels to the opposition all afternoon, and Harvard followed with a counter that looked like an easy stop. This 5-2 lead was held by the blue and gold until the last five minutes of play when things really began to happen. Harvard had the ball around the Navy goal and Bobby Pool's pick off plays began to function netting the crimson four goals in quick succession. With only a few seconds left to play, Condon flipped a long one into the net for Navy and the game ended in a deadlock which an overtime period failed to break. It was a tough game for Navy to lose and an equally tough one for Harvard not to win but was cleanly played and exciting all the way. The game showed where certain weaknesses lay and these were stressed in the following week's practices. Reserve material that looked promising in this game were Ken Veth at center, and Bedell and Nibbs on the attack.

The game with Lehigh which followed was all Navy in every department and the Bethlehem boys were swamped by a score of 16-2. Captain Ferguson lead the attack with four goals and was followed by Seeds, Morton, and Condon, almost every attack man on the Navy team scoring at least once. All the Navy reserves played and Ellenberger and Torrey looked like they could be counted on





SEEDS



NIBBS



HOWARD

for plenty of support during the remainder of the season. The defense functioned perfectly and Tyler, Buse, Smith, Clark, and Harbold only allowed about ten shots at our net, in which Jim Reedy of football fame had replaced Dick Bird.

The following week the Old Liners of Maryland who had been our June week opponents during the Army "vacation," came down for their annual joust. The game started off with both teams playing careful lacrosse and it looked like a tight game from the first play. The ball see-sawed back and forth during the first quarter and the first score came when Jim Howard caged one on a pretty pass from Captain Ferguson. At the start of the second frame Willy Pugh, all-American center for Maryland, sneaked away from Bud Seeds and shot a fast low one which evaded Reedy and tied up the score. Play grew a little fast at this point and on a pretty pass from Tommy Morton, Seeds came back with a high goal which once more put Navy out in front. Just before the end of the half, Faber of Maryland eluded the Navy defense and facing the goalie alone scored on a high shot. At two all it looked like a battle royal and both teams entered the second half full of the old fire and ready for anything. A goal by Condon for Navy put the blue and gold up





DUTTON

one but this was erased before the end of the period by another Maryland score when Faber netted one on a block play from Willy Pugh. Judging from the preceding periods everyone expected to see plenty of action in the final session and they did but it wasn't just what Navy spectators like to see. Using their midfield defense men as artillery, the Old Liners opened up with a series of screen shots which netted them no less than four goals before the final whistle blew, the game ending at 7-3 for Maryland. Once again we groaned for the greater experience of Porter, the '32 goalie but Jim Reedy playing his second game in the nets for Navy made some wonderful saves and it was only lack of that same experience which allowed those last Maryland goals. The work of Bedell, Nibbs, Larson, and Harbold as relief men was encouraging and they fitted in well with the regular lineup.

Our next opponent was Penn and they came prepared to take a Navy scalp, loaded up with football players on the defense to make it tough for our fragile (?) attack men, and with an attack that had been playing together for four years. When the dust settled and the war cries subsided, we found some two or three very tough football players looking as if they had just returned from the battle of Tippecanoe. The score board told us that Fergu-



SMITH, J. B.

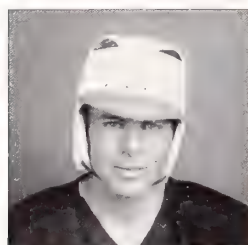


CLARK, C. H.





TYLER



FERGUSON



BUSE

son, Seeds, Condon, and Ole Zack Tyler had rung the bell for the Blue and Gold and that only one lone Penn marker was showing, the game ending 6-1 for Navy. It was closely fought throughout and was probably the roughest fray seen on the homesward for the season, but the outcome from the opening whistle was never in doubt.

On a journey to the mountains of Pennsylvania the team next took on the Penn State organization and in spite of heavy rains no trouble was experienced in subduing the inferior team the Nittany Lions put on the field. All men making the trip played and scores were made by practically all the attack and one goal even by the defense, Bill Buse whipping a long one into the Penn State nets. The final score was 11-4 and gave an idea of the comparative strength of the Navy and Army teams, Army defeating them the previous week by a score of 9-3. The first serious injury of the season came in this game when Ken Veth, promising center, fractured his collar bone.

The next bunch on the calendar consisted of the world's only collection of men having their Master's Degrees in Lacrosse in the person of the Mount Washington Club of Baltimore. They outclassed the Blue and Gold from the start and an apparent slump in the Navy play didn't help matters any.





ANDERSON

The game developed into a lesson for the boys in blue and Coach Finlayson made frequent substitutions throughout. Howard and Condon scored the only goals for Navy while the roster of the Mt. Washington scores looked like a roll call of the All-American squad for the last six seasons. A real loss was experienced in this game when Butch Harbold was injured so badly that he was definitely out for the Army game.

With only Army left on the schedule the team settled down for two hard weeks of work in preparation. The men who were outstanding during the season and turned in consistently good performances were Captain Ferguson, All-American selection, Morton, Howard, Seeds, and Captain-elect Condon for the attack, while Tyler, Smith, Buse, Clark, and Harbold stood out on defense with Jim Reedy giving the best show in the nets. Of these men those who played their last game for Navy against Army were Ferguson, Howard, Morton, Tyler, Smith, and Reedy, all of whom will be hard to replace. However with some good material coming up from the third and fourth string that only needs a little seasoning Coach Finlayson is hoping to put out a squad next year that will at least take a scalp up in New York state in June,—namely one Army mule that needs skinning.

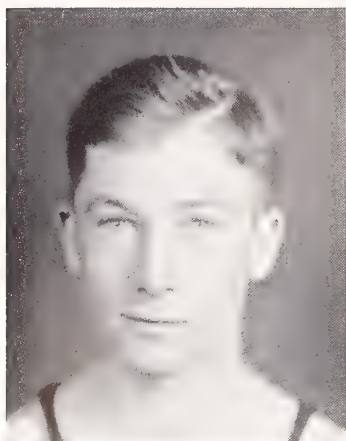


MORTON

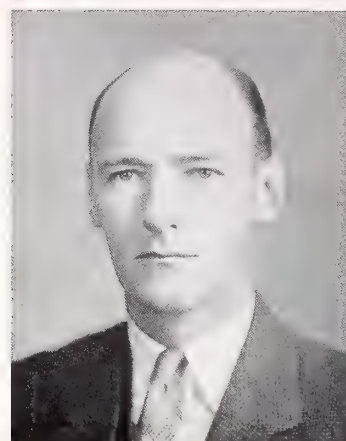


REEDY





KRULAK

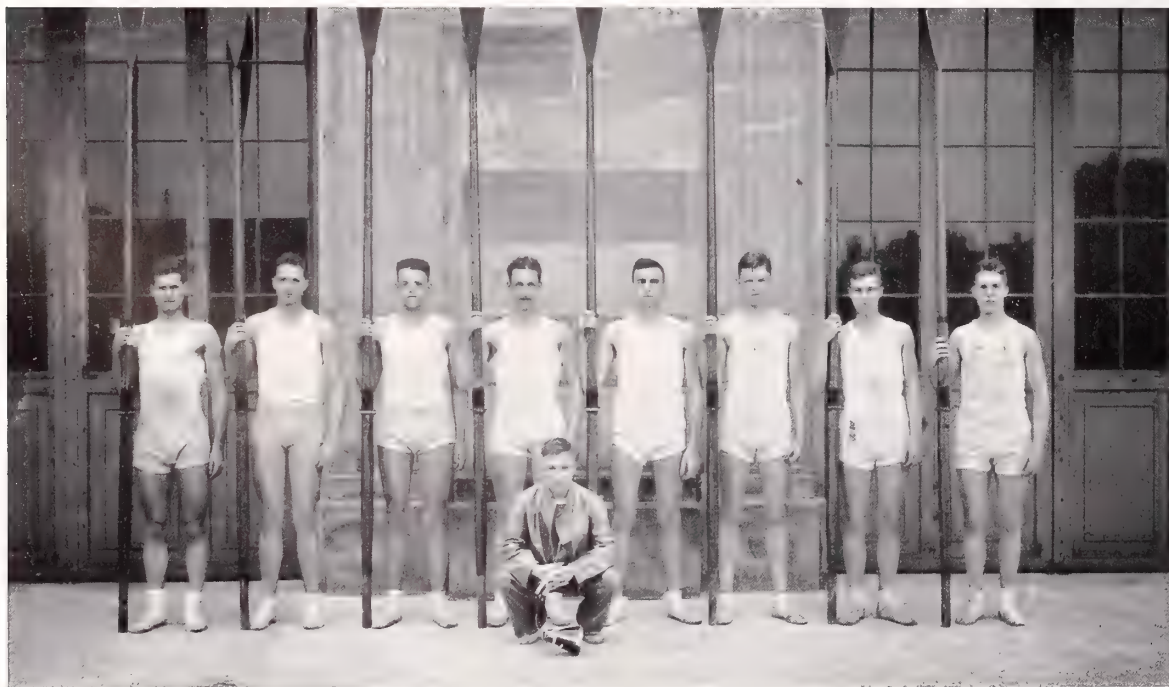


WALSH

CREW

PROSPECTS for a good season were everywhere in abundance on the first of February this year. The tanks and machines in Hubbard Hall gave evidence of a real fight for the positions in a strong 1934 Navy boat. Six men from the strong varsity of last year were on hand and seven from the Junior Varsity as well as a great deal of material from the Plebe boat of last year. Coach Charles (Buck) Walsh's policy of building up a strong squad instead of just a strong first boat is beginning to bear fruit, and will be the main reason for the attainment of even greater heights by Navy crews. The squad is led by Coxswain Brute Krulak, whose election as captain is recognition of the fact that few, if any, better qualified men have ever held down the number nine seat in a Navy shell. Brute coxswained the Plebe boat in '31 under Buck Walsh and graduated to the varsity the next year as Walsh took over the entire squad after the resignation of Old Dick Glendon. Buck has since devoted every effort to the building up of a squad of well trained oarsmen, working in the best of equipment, who row because they like it, from the first boat all the way down the line.

Last year's season was highly successful. After being upset to the tune of a quarter length by a strong Princeton crew in an early season race, the Varsity did not again taste defeat throughout the season, although racing against tough competition. The usual Poughkeepsie Regatta was not held but Navy ended the season gloriously by bringing the new Charles Francis Adams trophy back from a thrilling race on the Charles with Harvard and Pennsylvania.



STONE, HOOD, McLEAN, PHILLIPS, KRULAK (Coxs'n), WENDT, WEEKS, BROCKETT, BALDWIN



COMDR. TISDALE

1933 SEASON



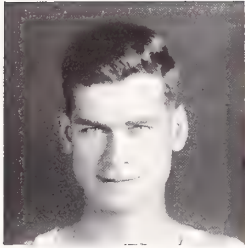
BOYLE

The season started when Princeton invaded the Severn with her Varsity and Junior Varsity, ready for dashes down the Henley course of a mile and five sixteenths. The Junior Varsity race ended up with Navy one half length ahead with a time of six-fifty-five. Both crews started fast in the varsity race, but Princeton was able to forge ahead until a couple of inches of open water showed at the half way mark. The greener crew, Navy, then gave evidence of coming strength by deciding that they were far from licked. When the half mile mark was even with Coxswain Brute, the stroke picked up to a strong thirty-six and the open water disappeared and the Blue and Gold oars steadily crept up on the Orange and Black. Shortly after, the men from Lake Carnegie raised the stroke in an effort to hold their lead. The race ended with Navy pulling up but still a quarter length behind. The winning time was two seconds slower than the J. V's time.

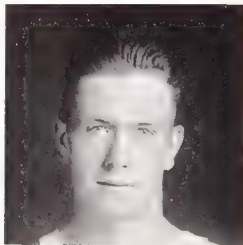
The next event was the annual regatta with M. I. T. on the Severn. The Varsity, J. V's, Lightweight and Plebes swept the river of a game, fighting, sportsmanlike Cardinal and Grey fleet, in the midst of wind and waves. After the lightweight and Plebe victories, the Junior Varsity pulled ahead almost immediately from a start that was exceptionally clean considering the weather. Although the Jayvees from up North fought hard and were always a threat, they were outclassed from the start and trailed by more than two lengths at the half way boat. By the finish line Navy had a five length lead. The water had calmed a little by the time the varsity boats were under way on a start which showed the engineers strong. By the time the sweeps had dipped twenty times, however, Navy had



McMAHON, COFFIN, GRADY, BENTLEY, WAHLIG (*Coxs'n*), AUSTIN, WOODS, WHITE, SMITH, J. V.



STONE



SMITH



WENDT

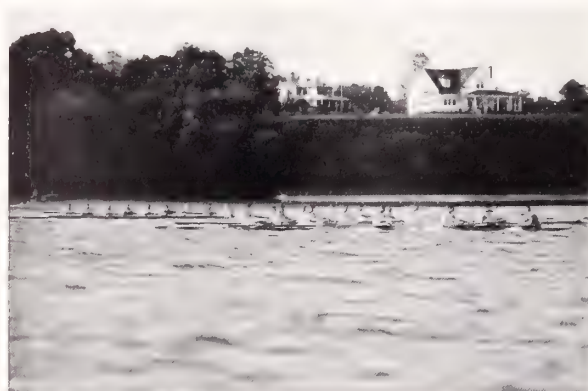


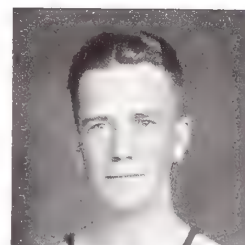
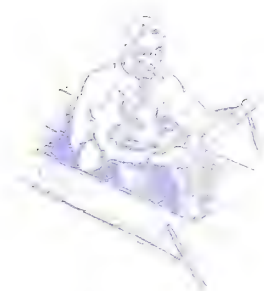
COFFIN



picked up an appreciable lead which was made greater and greater as the mile and then the half mile marks were passed. Navy rowed a smooth, powerful stroke throughout, characterized by the imperceptible pause just after the oar was flipped out of the water, and a continuous, even, hard catch. The boat showed itself well trained and well drilled. At the end of the finishing ten, Navy had six lengths to spare.

One of the most important to the Academy and one of the best races was run off the following week on the Harlem with Columbia. Connected by the famous name of Glendon, the two schools are arch-rivals in crew, and there are few things more pleasing to a Navy crew man than one of those little light blue and white bits of cloth known as a Columbia crew jersey. Buck gave his varsity everything he had to help them and sent them out on the river. The sports writers conceded the victory to the strong Lion boat and the Blue and Gold was slated for a crash. The start was fast with the hosts jumping to the lead and keeping it to the half mile marker. From the start, Navy settled down to a slow powerful stroke that stayed within reach of the other boat, but saved something for the place it was needed. At the half mile, Brute Krulak began calling for a slow steady rise in the stroke which began to close up the distance. Surprised, the Lions raised their beat, but before long they found themselves behind a boat suddenly faster, but still swinging long and smoothly. Archie Stone in the stroke seat clenched his teeth and kept the stroke high and smooth in answer to Brute's constant demand. Once the Columbia shell could be seen behind, it was just a matter of keeping them there, and when the race was over, there was open water between the boats.

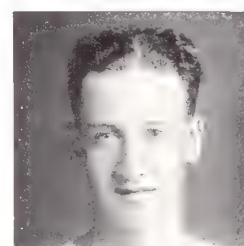




WOODS

A very colorful and enthusiastic crowd characterized the races with Cornell the first week in May. Two subchasers were allotted to Cornell rooters and four more held the Navy section, in addition to many other craft and a large crowd in the stands on shore. A jumped slide in the Plebe boat lost the first race by a length. The varsity race was very similar to the one with Columbia. Cornell started out fast with Navy apparently just hanging on. Again the half mile mark told a different story, though, as Archie slowly raised the cadence while Brute called it out. Again, Navy stepped out ahead in spite of everything the visitors could do to hold their lead. Navy had taken advantage of a ticklish point in any crew race, by making it the point of attack. This time the margin was not so great, but the victory was there with a quarter length to the good.

The Charles River way up North was the scene of the closing race. A cup presented by a Secretary of the Navy should by all means be won by a Navy crew, and the Charles Francis Adams cup is spending its first year in Annapolis. The first race was won by a strong Penn freshman outfit with the Plebes coming in second ahead of Harvard. The Jayvee race was a dual affair between Harvard and Navy. The former was able to get open water in the first half of the race and staved off a determined rally with only a quarter length to spare. The varsity race was one of the most thrilling of the year. With a choppy breeze blowing right up the mile and three-quarters course, Penn got off well and left Navy and Harvard behind to fight it out between themselves. The half mile mark showed Navy pulling away clear of Harvard and putting out every ounce of strength to catch up with Penn. The last forty strokes saw the two boats side by side. Brute was able to call out a hidden reserve of power, though, to cross the line first by the scant but sufficient margin of two feet. The season ended with a well earned, glorious victory.



PHILLIPS



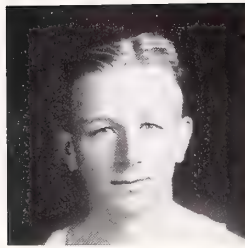
McMAHON



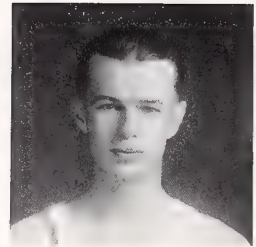
BROCKETT



KAUFFMAN



LAUTRUP, *Captain*



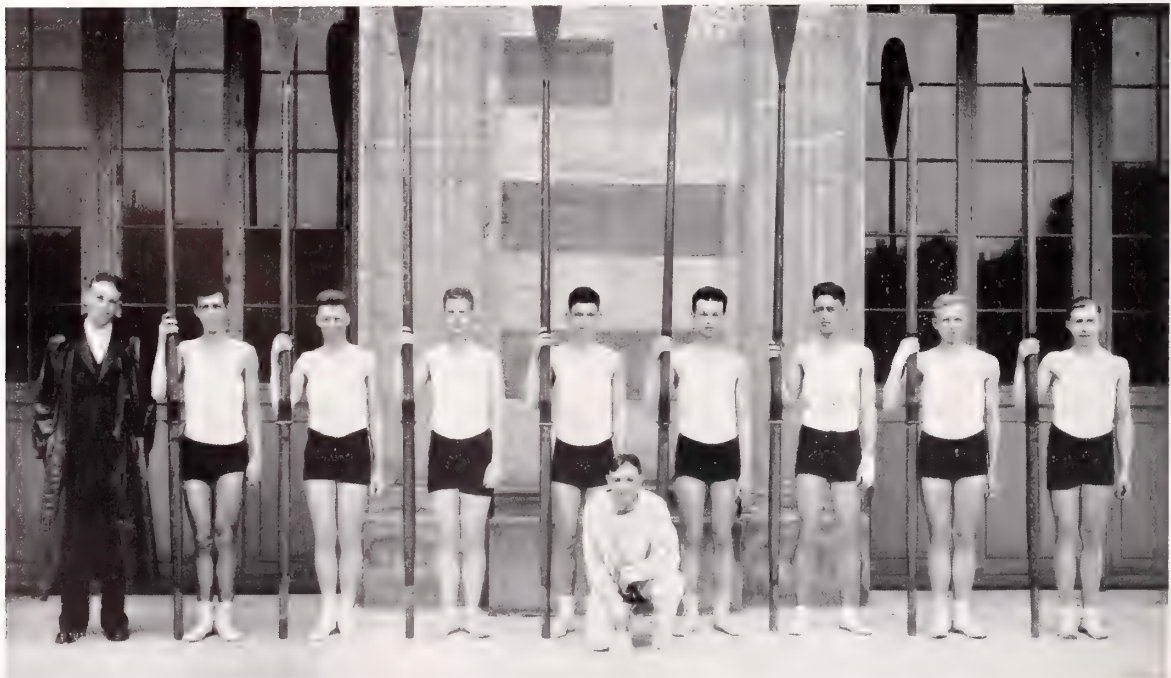
SAVIDGE

LIGHTWEIGHT CREW 1933

1934 sees the Navy Lightweight Crew squad working hard for that tempting goal, so near in recent years, but yet to attain, the winning of the American Henley on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. Under Captain George Lautrup, a large squad of 150 pound men are competing for places on what should be a powerful varsity boat.

Last year, with Ensign Piecentkowski as coach, the crew reached a new high mark, and just missed a perfect record. The first race was with M. I. T. The Engineers had an exceptionally strong aggregation and came down confident of victory. The weather was bad, but the race was started with both crews getting off fast. Navy took the lead definitely at the mile mark and rowed a stroke that was remarkably smooth in spite of the cross chop. Open water appeared shortly after the half mile mark and Navy crossed the line a length and a half ahead.

The first day of June Week found the Henley getting underway with Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Navy represented. By a stroke of bad luck, the start found Navy off balance and ahead of Harvard only at the curve in the course just before the half way mark. While under the bridge, Johnny Sapp, cox, called for a higher stroke and Draper Kauffman took it up smoothly from the master seat. Navy gained ground and at the half mile passed up Penn who was then third. Princeton had the lead, closely followed by the blue and white of Columbia. Navy took up the stroke more and by the finish line was only six feet behind the New Yorkers. Another try may find Navy with the lead at the finish and the championship tucked away.



PIECENTKOWSKI, KAUFFMAN, BABB, THOMAS, SCHECTER, SAPP (*Cox's'n*), SAVIDGE, DRESCHER, LAUTRUP, KLOPP

A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, swirling lines that frame the text.

MINOR SPORTS



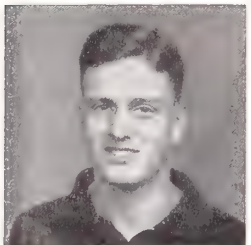
Back Row—SELLERS, RICHARDS, SNYDER, RAMEY, R. L., UPHAM, BELL, THOMAS, EISENBACH, HEMENWAY, HOFFMAN, BENGSTON, BOYLE
Standing—FEINEMAN, REICH, KRAMER, HEWITT, SCHLECH, McCANN, BRINKER, WILLIAMS, RITTENHOUSE, MORLAND, ZYSK,
 ROENIGK, WARD, N. G., REED, THOMPSON, ARNDT, DOUGHERTY, LOGSDON
Seated—RIEWE, MILLER, S. R., SWEENEY, FROLING, WIGFALL, MOORE, GEIST, ELLENBERGER, STIRLING, MARSHALL, DRY,
 SCHWARTZ, TAYLOR



ELLENBERGER



STIRLING



SCHWARTZ

SOCCKER

AFTER two weeks of practice, the first game of the season was played with Lehigh furnishing the opposition. The first half was slow, each side making one goal. In the second half the Blue and Gold opened up the fight determined not to have a repetition of the tie game on record from the year before. The result was Navy 5, Lehigh 1, Geist and Dougherty scoring two goals apiece. Hewitt, youngster fullback, was outstanding on defense.

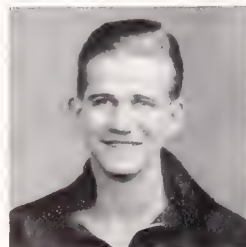
Next came Penn State and an extremely hard-fought game resulted. The long passing game of the Pennsylvanians proved successful, while the short passing game of Navy showed vestiges of stage fright and lack of the fighting spirit displayed later in the season. The final score was 3-1, Navy's only score coming from a penalty kick by Geist.

Four days later Western Maryland presented a hard-fighting team but Navy proved that the defeat the previous Saturday had taught them something and earned a 3-0 decision. All scoring was done in the second half, the first one coming on a long shot by Stirling from his halfback position. Moore's playing at right wing was even better than usual which means a great deal for he easily outclassed all opposing wings met during the season. Schwartz, in the goal, had his easiest game of the season, for the ball was kept almost entirely in the Green Terrors' territory.

The Orange-clad men from Syracuse were the next to suffer defeat by Tom Taylor's freebooters, 6-3. The first goal was scored by Wigfall on a pass from Sweeney. The second was made by the same man after Moore had dribbled down the side of the field and passed to center. The final counter of the first half came after perfect coordination between the halfback and forward lines, Miller sinking it on a five yard shot. In the third quarter Miller scored again; then Syracuse opened up an attack that netted two goals in quick succession. That ended their threats, however, for less than a minute later Wigfall made his third score of the game after a succession of short passes carried the ball down in front of



GEIST



MARSHALL



TAYLOR



1933 SEASON

the goal. Navy's final marker came near the end when an Orange fullback sent a glancing shot past his own goalie. Syracuse scored again in the last minute against a combination second and third team. Final score Navy 6, Syracuse 3.

The next game was the surprise of the season. Gettysburg, taking advantage of the wind blowing down the field, made two goals in the first quarter. Except for those first few minutes Navy had the upper hand in keeping the ball, but inaccurate shots, probably caused by fear of getting hurt and being unable to play in the big game of the year three days later, cost the game, 3-1.

This sudden and unexpected setback served to revamp the spirit and teamwork of the Blue and Gold. On Armistice day Tom Taylor took his new fighting machine to Haverford and the result was one of the best and hardest fought games in the history of intercollegiate soccer. Navy won the game, 2-0, before a large crowd of spectators. With the wind to their backs in the second period, Navy's forward line kept shooting at the goal until finally Geist headed the ball past the goalie to give Navy a one-point lead. Geist was hurt on the play and was forced out of the game; Reed went in at wing and Moore proved himself well able to handle other jobs than his specialty of outside right. The half ended without further scoring. Less than a minute before the end Moore took a pass directly in front of the goal and headed the ball past the goalie to clinch the victory.

The final game of the season was with Bucknell. The first quarter was scoreless although Navy was continually shooting at the goal. Bucknell drew first blood in the second period when a long shot went just under the crossbar. Wigfall soon evened the count by dribbling down to the side of the goal and then making a fast shot into the edge of the net. There was no more scoring until the fourth quarter when the Blue and Gold scored three goals in two minutes, Geist netting two and Wigfall one. A series of substitutions then started and the game ended without further scoring. The final score was 4-1. Marshall, Ellenberger, and Dry were outstanding in the game.



WIGFALL



BRINKER



DRY



LT. COMDR. FEINEMAN



SWEENEY



LOGSDON



HEERDE, THOMSON, NELSON, HAILEY, HOMMEL, MACKENZIE, FAHY, PATTERSON, HAUCK, GRIFFITH, HUTCHINSON, SHELLEY



HUTCHINSON



HAILEY



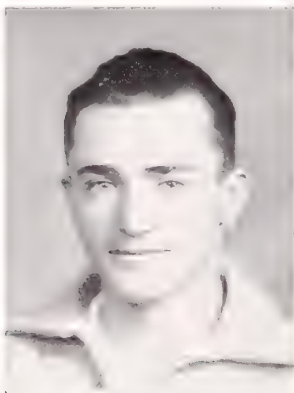
GRIFFITH

CROSS COUNTRY

A NEW system of meet schedules was initiated this year, the meets being run off on Wednesday afternoons instead of Saturdays. This allowed for an unbroken program and a more compact season. So with a strong desire for an unbeaten season foremost in their minds, the boys started to work. With the results of the first meet their hopes went up a few points. We had our first meet with Lafayette and had the thrill of seeing eight blue jerseys snap the tape simultaneously. The time was 18 minutes, 14.3 for the course. Captain Fahy, Hommel, Hailey, Mackenzie, Griffith, Nelson, Hutchinson, and Hauck tied for first place, thus checking it off with a perfect score 15-40.

Feeling very much encouraged from the results of the first meet, the eight men who had turned in the best time the week before left the dressing room to repeat their performance. The University of Virginia was scheduled to be our opponents on this afternoon and much stronger opposition was expected. This was only a three mile race, so a fast pace was set and maintained to the end. The finish of this race indicated that Navy had a winning combination in Hutchinson and Nelson because they broke the tape together again on this occasion. Banta and St. Johns of Virginia managed to interrupt the procession, but Fahy, Hauck, Hailey, and Griffith came in on their heels making the score 21-34. The winning time was 18 minutes. Prospects for a clean slate were beginning to materialize even though there were two big rivers to cross in Duke and West Virginia.

The program was not arranged to grow easier with each meet and the results show that such was the case. Fear and worry increased as the meet with Duke drew near. We had very good reason to believe that they were going to be the crisis of the season, but two decisive victories had stored up enough confidence to lay side these fears. On Wednesday afternoon, the 8th of November, Captain



FAHY



THOMSON



1933 SEASON

Fahy lined up his team with the invaders from Duke and on the crack of the gun both teams got off to a fast start. On the completion of the first lap, Hutchinson was the only Navy man to be up with the leaders, Bray and Bird of Duke. The race ended with these two Duke men tying for first. Our best was not enough to overcome the South, so the team suffered its first defeat of the year, 23-32. Bray and Bird of Duke tied for first in the time of 21 minutes and 28 seconds for the four miles, with Hutchinson, (Navy) and another Duke man, Heritage, close on their heels. Captain Fahy, Jester of Duke, and Nelson with Hauck and Mackenzie coming in together to tie for seventh place. This meet removed all hopes of an undefeated season and that familiar phrase "wait until next year" was heard from someone on the way back to the showers.

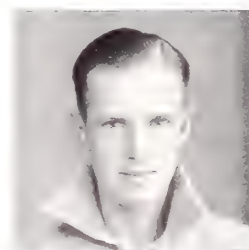
West Virginia was scheduled for the next Wednesday, the 15th of November. Inasmuch as they were the only team to spoil the record of the previous season, the outlook was much different than the week before. Only by decisively beating them could the season be considered at all successful. The intervening week was jammed full of hard practice with the anticipation of another tough meet ahead. On the following Wednesday the team assembled on the starting line for the last time of the season. This was also a four mile race, so all hands felt greatly relieved when the majority of leaders were of the home team at the beginning of the second lap. The finish was similar to the finish of the Lafayette meet. Fahy, Griffith, Hommel, Mackenzie, Hauck, Hutchinson and Nelson came across the finish line in step and in a dead heat; time 22 minutes and another perfect score, 15-40. Evidently these boys from the mountains of West Virginia have some trouble in running over normal ground so much different from the nearly-perpendicular routes which mark their course.



MACKENZIE



HOMMEL



NELSON



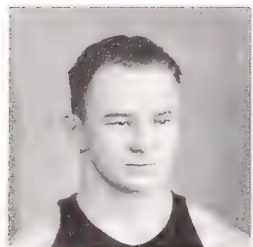
LT. COMDR. SHELLEY



HEERDE



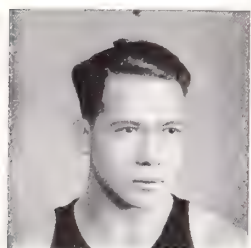
Top Row—LINCOLN, MERRILL, WINTERS, RIERA, WALKUP, TRAYNOR, WINFIELD, LITTLE
Middle Row—DAY, BROWN, TIPTON, HOPIAK, HUTCHINGS, LEE, COLE, SAMUELS, FLUCKEY, JACKSON, BULL
Bottom Row—SCHUTZ, JURADO, MILLS, WIDEMAN, DOUGHERTY, VOGEL, HUNTER, SOLENBERGER, WRIGHT, PERRY



COLE



SOLENBERGER



JURADO

WRESTLING

THE 1934 season promised to be an interesting one from the start. With only two lettermen returning and a schedule of the best teams the country had to offer facing us, it was a green outlook. Before Christmas, any visitor to the wrestling loft would have shaken his head in knowing anticipation of a dreary time to come. That is—anyone but Mr. Schutz who should be a true example by now of the coach who can make a way out of the will.

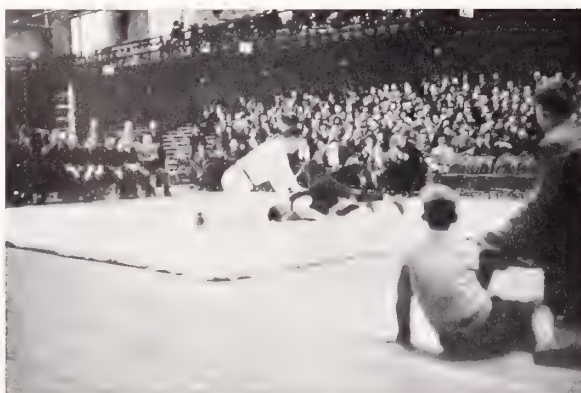
The will was there and the way was made. Before the first meet with Penn, we heard such names as Solenberger, Gay, Hunter, Vogel and Wideman rumored about as members of our new team with the familiar Jurado and Wright. Captain Dougherty was out because of an old injury and Tipton took his place. That bout was the only one we lost and the score stood 27-3. Mr. Schutz had done well with his inexperienced material as the first test told.

The V. M. I. meet was a thrilling one and the Cadets proved strong, but not enough. Navy gained an early lead to win 26-8. Wright and Gay lost while Tipton came back to win. The others continued.

It was a cold day when Navy journeyed to Harvard but colder yet for the home team when we came back with the warm bacon tuned to 19-13. Jurado, Solenberger, Wright and Adams won while the last three weights lost hard fought battles. Captain Dougherty looked great after his enforced lay-off.



DOUGHERTY



SCHUTZ



GAY



WRIGHT



WIDEMAN

1934 SEASON

The winning streak was due to end and did when the W. & L. Generals came north to tie us sixteen all. They came as Southern Conference Champs and meant to leave with the same prestige but Navy held them under until the last bout when a fall on Brooks tied the count. Dougherty threw Sarkis and Cresap, Gay and Vogel gave us the other points, but the fatal clock had started another chime. It was injuries. Jurado and Solenberger were out from Harvard and in this meet Jack Hunter was forced to default because of his pulled side.

The new second-string men began to make rapid appearances and in the next meet with North Carolina we saw Cole take Hunter's place and win by a fall. Nice work. Jurado pinned his man in short style and Cresap won a decision. Wright came back wonderfully for a decisive fall. Mills made his debut with a decision. Vogel continued as our iron man and Walkup lost to Johnson of N. C. The scores ended Navy 28—N. C. 3.

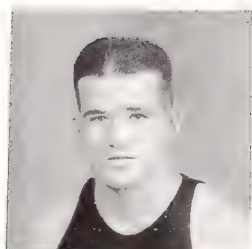
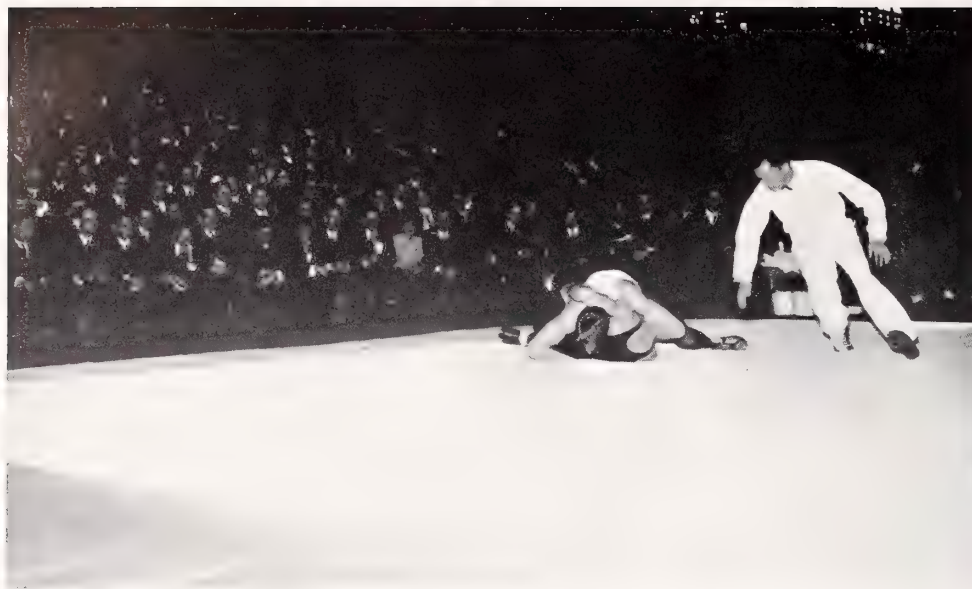
Next was the great struggle with the National Champions from Oklahoma A. and M. Each and every bout was closely contested and two of their falls came with less than 30 seconds remaining. Tito Jurado wrestled wonderfully against Perry and almost sustained, but condition told. Dougherty had it all over Flood but, in an anxious moment rolled into one from the West. Solenberger fought Rasor



LT. COMDR. PERRY



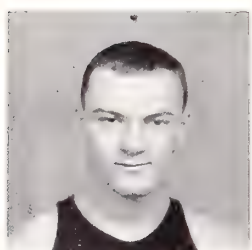
DAY



HUNTER



TIPTON



VOGEL

to a standstill but lost by a decision. Vogel proved that we could get more than closely contested battles and was all over Dupree. Walkup lost to Hanly. It was a much tighter meet than the score indicates.

The last meet was the one with Lehigh, which always proves a battle to the finish. This was—not being settled until the heavyweight bout. As Eastern Intercollegiate Champions, they were merely Lehigh to us. "Tito" started off with a well-fought decision over Meixell. Dougherty lost to Case. Solenberger won and Vogel pinned his man twice. Johnston lost a brave fight against Gonzales. The clock had chimed again and Wright was out with Wideman on the bench. Schacht went in for the latter and gave a proud account of himself, almost throwing Scobey, but the excessive weight was too much and he rolled into the short end of a score. Final Navy 11—Lehigh 19.

As a season of fighting against the greatest odds in wrestling—those of inexperience and injury—Navy came out on top. Only losing two meets, and those to Champion teams, is a record to be well





MILLS

proud of, and this year's team did well, also, in advancing the popularity of a sport of ever-increasing attendance. The members grew quickly under Mr. Schutz's tutelage to a formidable group of wrestlers and met the best under the worst conditions. One man stands out as one of the greatest wrestlers Navy has had to date. He only lost one bout—that to Ames of Harvard, but came back to beat the Oklahoma point-winner in the Nationals. Vogel should go far and we wish him luck.

Only losing two regulars by graduation, next year's team should reap the benefits of this year's work. However the loss of Jurado and Solenberger will be sorely felt as those two were in every meet to clinch the first needed points and give us a confident start.

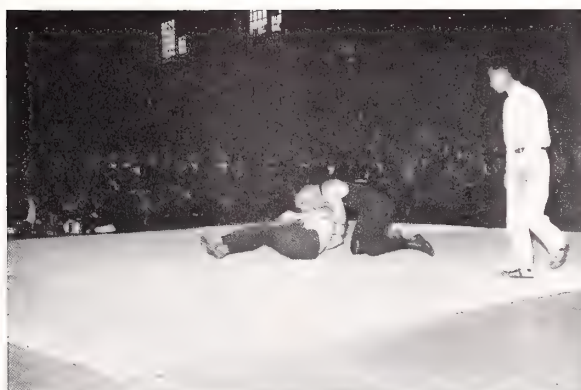
To carry one, there is a powerful group headed by Captain Ned Dougherty and including Clay, Tipton, Cresap, Wright, Gay, Mills, Cole, Hunter, Vogel, and Wideman.

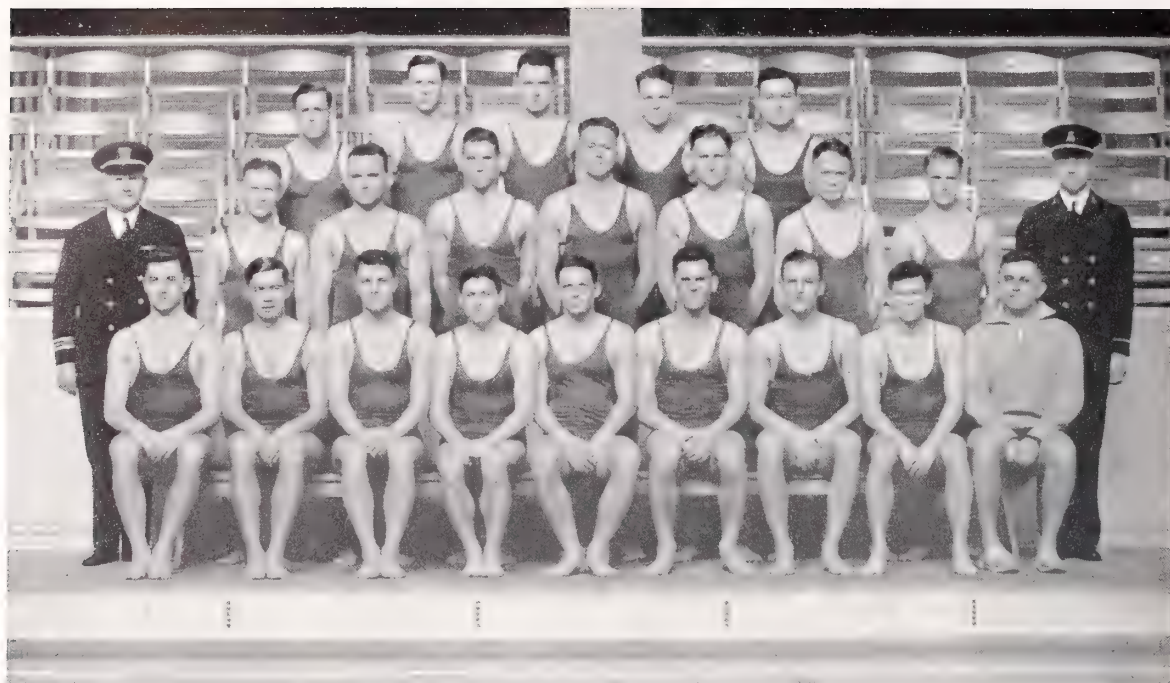


WALKUP



CRESAP

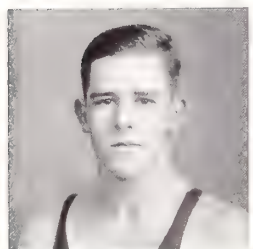




Top Row—J. HYLAND, BOWER, THOMPSON, KEITHLY
Middle Row—RYAN, HEMBURY, SMITH, MARTIN, WESTON, LAIZURE, ROENIGK
Bottom Row—CLIFT, MCKUSICK, MILBRATH, TORREY, PLICHTA, STEVENS, W. HYLAND, ORTLAND



STEVENS



J. HYLAND



DIXON

SWIMMING

TO most swimming teams, the loss of a pair of intercollegiate champions and a host of other valuable performers would have been an irreparable loss. But the 1934 edition of Navy mermen was nothing daunted, and took hold in fine style. Under the expert tutelage of Coach Henry Ortland, backed by the hard work of the swimmers themselves, the team finished the difficult season with a very creditable record of four outstanding wins and two losses.

The opening meet of the season found Colgate invading the natatorium. Here, Navy showed promise of its strength by making off with all but two events. Jack Stevens and Joe Plichta shared individual honors with two victories apiece. The final figures credited the Blue and Gold with 46 points to the visitors 25.

Two weeks later Navy played host to City College of New York and annexed an easy victory. The winning mermen gained first place in every individual event and also captured the relay. The salient feature of the meet was the performance of Plichta who cracked Naval Academy records in the 220 and 440 yard free style events. His 2:20.6 in the shorter swim clipped 4.8 from the old figure, and his 440 time gained 3.2 seconds. The final score was 58-13.

The third meet of the season resulted in Navy's first defeat—at the hands of Rutgers University. Plichta again stole the spotlight by triumphing over Rutgers' undefeated Walter Spence, again in record time. Captain Flip Torrey won his third victory in the 200 yard breast stroke, while Bill Hyland contributed a pair of seconds to Navy's point total.



TORREY



ORTLAND



1934 SEASON

The closest dual meet of the season resulted in a 38-33 Navy triumph over the mermen from Pennsylvania. The breast stroke was a blanket finish featuring Weeks of the visitors, and Torrey and Grider of Navy. Bob Milbrath turned in a fine performance to win an easy victory in the 150 yard back stroke event.

Navy's last two engagements were fought in foreign waters. In the splendid new Yale pool the Midshipmen were forced to bow to the superior prowess of their hosts to the tune of 52-19. The meet was featured by a brilliant 220, in which Livingston of Yale was pushed to a new intercollegiate record to defeat Plichta. Joe came back to win the 440, however, and Stevens added a fast victory in the century. The seasonal finale with Columbia provided a fitting climax. The Navy swimmers redeemed the Yale defeat with a slashing victory over the Lions. McEntee finished a season of stellar performance with a first in the diving. Milbrath and Torrey took customary firsts in their specialties, while Plichta and Hyland were invincible in the middle distances.

The brightest spots in the season were the record-shattering feats of Plichta, the consistent work of Bill Hyland, and the fine performances of Captain Torrey, Milbrath, Stevens, and McEntee. Timely additions to the Navy scores were contributed by Dixon, Martin, and Johnny Hyland in the first class; Smith, Westin, Bauer, and Bright in the second class; and Grider, Laizure, and Crutchfield of the Youngsters. Despite five losses by graduation, Coach Ortlund is left with a nucleus around which to build a team which promises to offer the sternest competition to any and all invaders.



PLICHTA



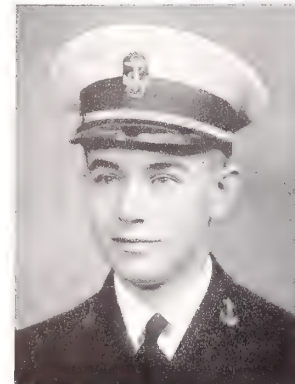
MILBRATH



GRIDER



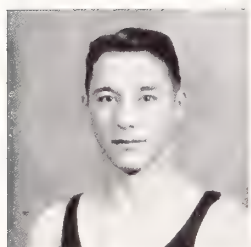
LT. COMDR. RYAN



ROENIGK



Top Row—LANGLOIS, DAUB, AMME, CROSBY, SULLIVAN, CHENAULT, SHARROCKS, RUTTER, PALMER
Middle Row—RYAN, BENNETT, MORAN, STIVERS, BAKER, JOHNSTON, R. K., GUSTAFSON, AMBROSE
Front Row—GRIDER, SHAFFER, OAKLEY, FITZPATRICK, CLOSE, OUTLAW, GUNN, CLARK, FOSTER



OAKLEY



GUNN



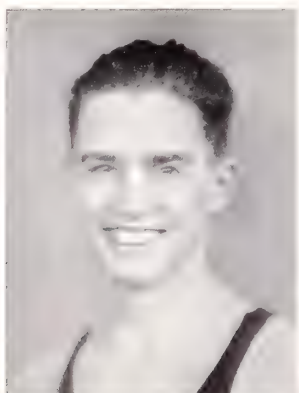
STIVERS

WATER POLO

As per usual, things did not look so good at the beginning of the season. Graduation took a good many of the last year's Intercollegiate Champions and left us without experienced forwards. Coach Foster developed the squad wonderfully and turned out a team that was a decided credit to Navy.

Our season began with the traditional game with the New York Athletic Club. These veterans of numerous previous games with Navy teams of years gone by, took us to the score of 28-14. In our second game with C. C. N. Y., Navy won 41-10, a victory in which the whole squad took part. Our third game with Rutgers did not present much difficulty and Navy won 31-15. The fourth game of the season, with Pennsylvania, and the last home game, was more difficult but Navy won this by a score of 21-13.

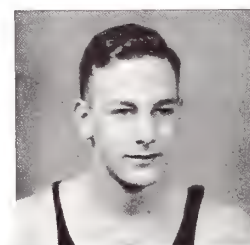
On the trip away, Yale was encountered first. The game was close and hard-fought from start to finish but Navy defeated the Elis 18-11. On the following night in New York, Navy with an undefeated season met Columbia. The game was close, hard-fought, and thrilling, but Columbia proved



CLOSE



FOSTER



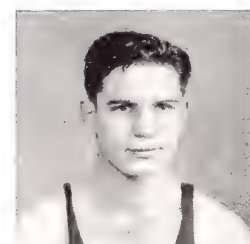
OUTLAW

1934 SEASON

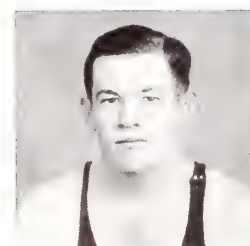
to be just that much better, and defeated Navy 14-10, the lowest score of the season. Columbia's victory gave her the Intercollegiate Championship, spoiling our record and taking the Championship from us. Navy had the fight and endurance, but did not seem to have the punch to score.

On the whole, the season was successful. We lost two games out of six, and both of those to excellent teams. We finished second in the Intercollegiate race, losing only to Columbia. Our backs, Oakley, Gunn, and Fitzpatrick were powerful defense men, and deserve All-American consideration. Captain Close at center forward led the team in scoring, followed by Outlaw, only a few points behind. Sickness kept Atkins out of the last three games. For next year Atkins, Outlaw, Clark, Fitzpatrick, Grider, and Baker will form a nucleus for a squad that should include some of the fine Plebe team of this season.

Close, Gunn, Oakley, and Johnston are graduating, leaving berths to fill. These four men have contributed much to the success of the "Suicide Squad" in their four years at the Academy and will be missed next year in the pool.



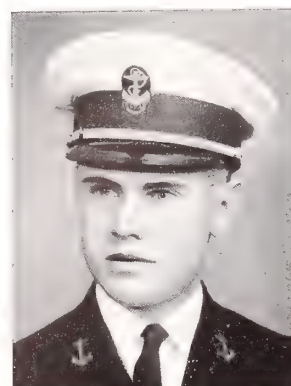
SHAFFER



FITZPATRICK



LT. COMDR. RYAN



AMBROSE



Top Row—PRICE, HARRIS, ROBINSON, SHEA, HARMEY
Middle Row—SMITH, JORDY, ZABRISKIE, PHILLIPS, CONKEY, KING, RAWLINGS, HEMENWAY, KERBY, MILLER, SMYTHE, GEBELIN, POWERS, GRAY, LEE, R. M., KELLY, McCANN, MATTHEWS, HARLFINGER
Bottom Row—DEMPSEY, MICHEL, RICHARDSON, DAVENPORT, BLITCH, McNAUGHTON, NAUMAN, LAMBERT, CUTTER, LEE, E. S., WEBB



MICHEL



DAVENPORT



MULQUIN

BOXING

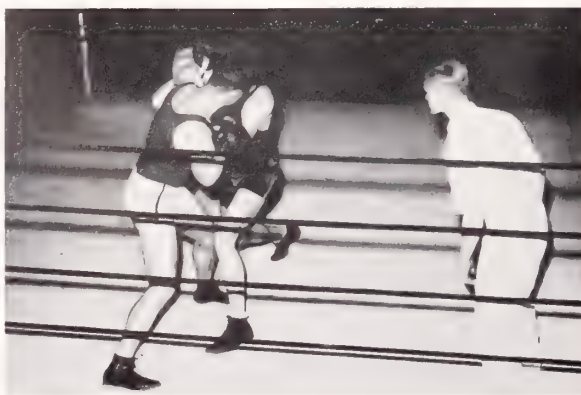
ON the evening of March 10 the Navy Boxing Team put on the gloves against Syracuse and brought the 1934 season to a dramatic close by decisively beating their traditional enemy and revenging the defeat suffered at their hands last year. Finis was written to another very successful season for the Webbmens and the team can still claim an enviable record of only one defeat on the home floor in the past fifteen years, and only three defeats away from home in the same period.

The season this year began on December first when "Spike" Webb, coach of the Olympic Boxing Teams since 1920, issued the call for boxers. In response to his call about 110 enthusiastic men turned out and got to work on the serious business of building up another strong squad. Every afternoon they could be seen over in the gym pounding the bags, sparring and boxing with each other to get back in shape and to learn some new tricks of the trade. They were fighting hard for a place on the training table.

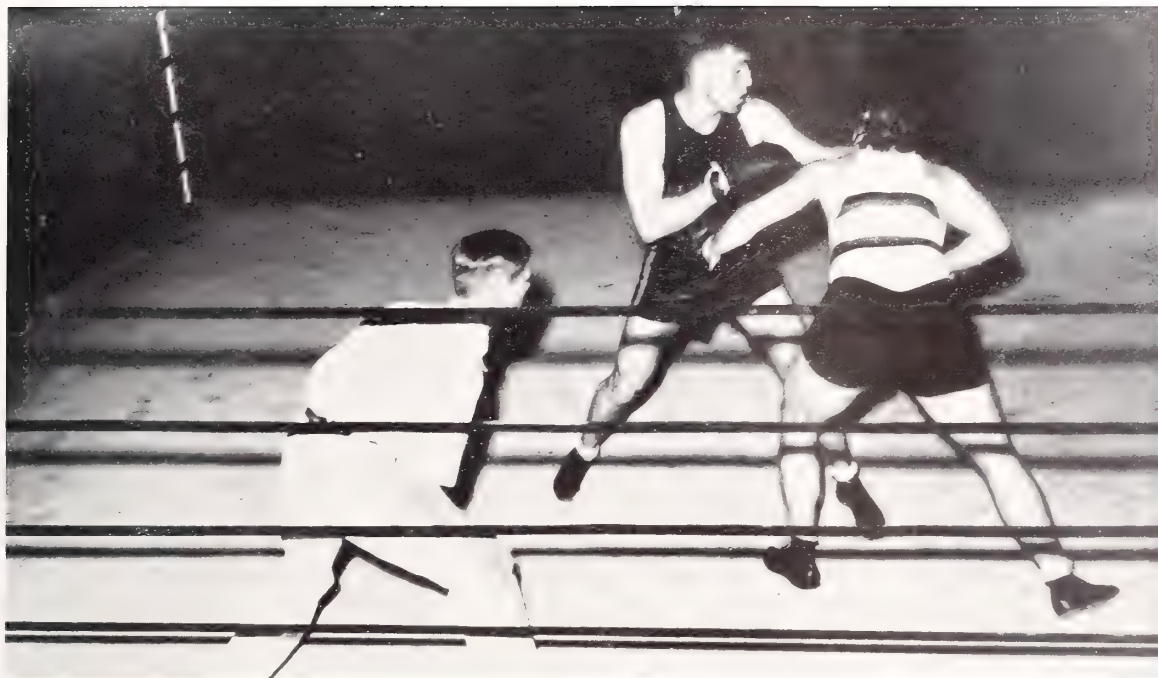
The first meet was with Western Maryland on January 27. By this time Spike had picked out a battling first string, all veterans of past seasons except the bantamweight and featherweight classes. A. C. Smith, a tricky and hard hitting first classman, opened up the season and fought his first varsity fight to win a clean cut decision in the bantamweight class. Blich, fighting his first varsity fight also, followed Chet into the ring to win another decision. In the lightweight division Hopkins tore into his opponent and was beating him badly till the third round when he received a bad cut over his eye which not only lost him the fight but put him out of the lineup for the rest of the season. Nauman



McNAUGHTON



WEBB



1934 SEASON

then hopped into the ring to get revenge for that cut and did it by knocking out his opponent in the second round. Kenny was followed by Captain McNaughton who won a decisive victory over Keyser who gave him a badly cut nose last year. Bobby Lee and Lambert fought good hard fights in the next two bouts but were unable to get the decision. Beppo lost to his traditional rival, Kaplan. Slade Cutter wound up the meet by winning the decision in his hardest fight of the season.

A week later North Carolina brought a fighting squad to the gym. Spike greeted them with a greatly changed team. In this lineup were Mulquin who fought in the featherweight class in place of Blitch who had moved up to the lightweight class. Eddie lost his first varsity fight by a decision. Instead of Captain McNaughton Spike put in an almost unknown youngster, Davenport, who won his fight by a cold knockout in the third round. Peppard went in at senior middleweight in place of Bobby Lee and won a clear decision. Lambert and Cutter showed their stuff in the heavier weights by getting knockouts in the third and second rounds respectively. One of the most spectacular fights of the evening was put up by Mr. Quarles, a Southern Conference Champion, who finally succeeded in winning a technical K. O. over Blitch. Smith kept up his record by getting the decision over his opponent in the fastest fight of the evening.

The following week the squad set out for Virginia to wreak vengeance on that team for the defeat of last year. The lineup was the same as for the week before with the exception of Peppard who was replaced by Herold in the senior middleweight class. Each man on the team did his best but they were



SMITH, A. C.



HEROLD



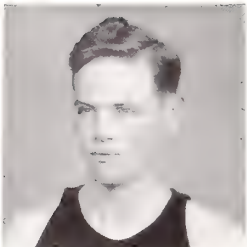
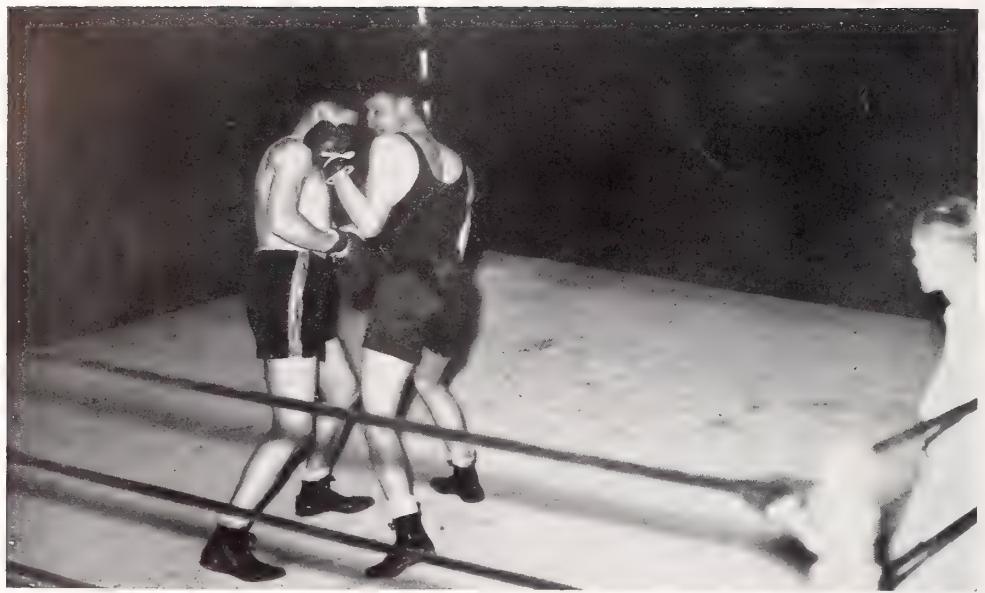
LAMBERT



CAPTAIN BYRAN



LEE



MATTHEWS



CUTTER



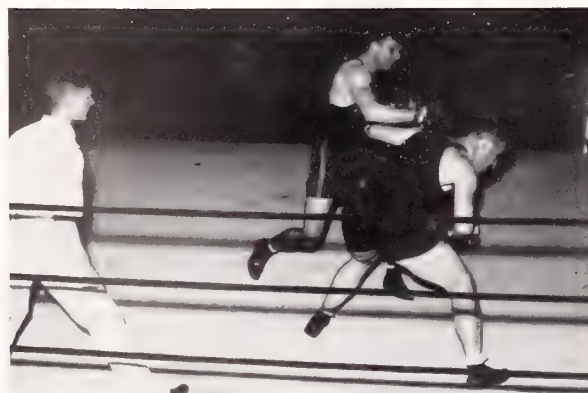
GEBELIN

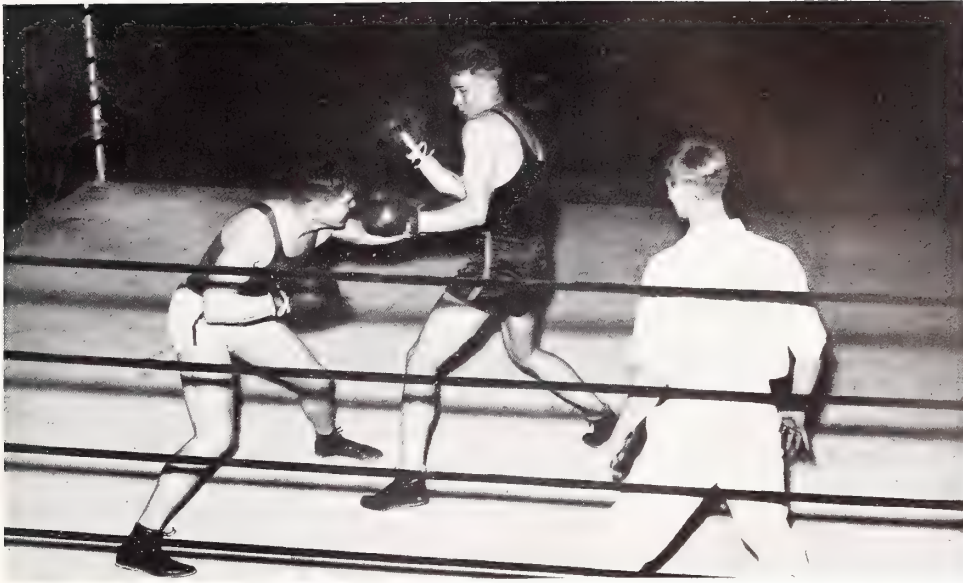
overwhelmed by an even better team. Blich and Lambert were the only Navy men to get the nod in their fights. Cutter won his fight by a forfeit bringing the score to 5 to 3. It was a hard meet to lose but the hospitable and friendly reception given the team after the fights did much to ease the sting of defeat.

Penn State came down the next week hoping to win over an already beaten Navy team. But Navy would not be beaten this time. The team had tightened down during the week and were straining to get at the Penn team and to prove that they were still a fighting crowd. And the score proved this conclusively—6 to 2 in favor of Navy. The lineup for this week included Captain McNaughton again who fought the fastest and prettiest fight of the evening to win the decision, and Gray, a hard-hitting Youngster who also won in the senior middleweight division. Penn State scored its two points early in the evening in the 125 and 135 classes. Cutter wound up the evening right by getting a technical K. O. over his opponent in the first round.

February 24 found the West Virginia team at our gates crying for blood. They were a fighting, slugging team and had yet to be beaten. They were able to win only three decisions and a draw. Michel, who took McNaughton's place, put up an excellent fight but was not quite good enough to get the nod. Mulquin crashed through to win his first varsity fight by getting the decision over a southpaw. The only K. O. scored was by Cutter in the first round of the last fight of the evening.

Washington and Lee invaded our domain the following week with a team of only six men, still hoping to take us over. They were a fighting crowd and perhaps the most sporting team we met during the entire season. Our lineup for this week included a new bantamweight, Freddy Matthews, who, with Slade Cutter, was doomed not to fight. They both won by forfeit. McNaughton was back





with the squad again and won a very pretty fight. W. & L. only won two fights, in the 125 and light 175 divisions. In the former, Mulquin received bad cuts over both eyes which put him out for the rest of the season. Gray got a draw to bring the final score to $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$.

The last meet of the season found Navy's lineup considerably changed in the lower weights. Smith started out the meet again and won his last varsity fight in a very clean cut manner. Rawlings followed Chet in the ring to fight his first varsity fight. He put up a good scrap but was not quite fast enough to get the decision. Kenny Nauman had come down to the 135 class in the past week and fought in place of Blitch to get a draw. Davenport took Nauman's place in the 145 fight but received a technical K. O. in the first round. Captain McNaughton then went in against Captain Negroni of Syracuse. Bruce finished up his boxing career at the Academy with one of the most decisive and spectacular fights he ever fought. Red Gray dashed into the ring, threw three rights and had Balash, a former intercollegiate champion, sprawled on the canvas. Lambert lost his fight and the score was tied at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. Slade Cutter got in the ring and fought a careful fight to win the decision and the meet for Navy.

Navy loses four letter men by graduation; Chet Smith, Eddie Mulquin, Kenny Nauman and Bruce McNaughton. All four are very valuable men but there are several good men in each weight to take their places next year. Besides those reserves there will be four other letter men back again next year in the persons of Jack Blitch, Red Gray, Beppo Lambert, and Slade Cutter. And more than that, there are several excellent men coming up from the plebe squad.

Navy boxing fans can look back with great satisfaction on the very successful season of 1934 and can look forward to an even better one next year.



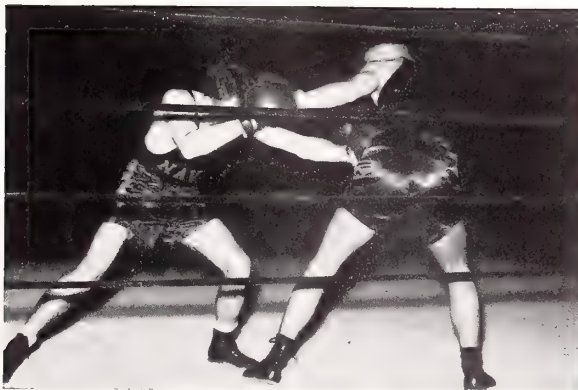
GRAY

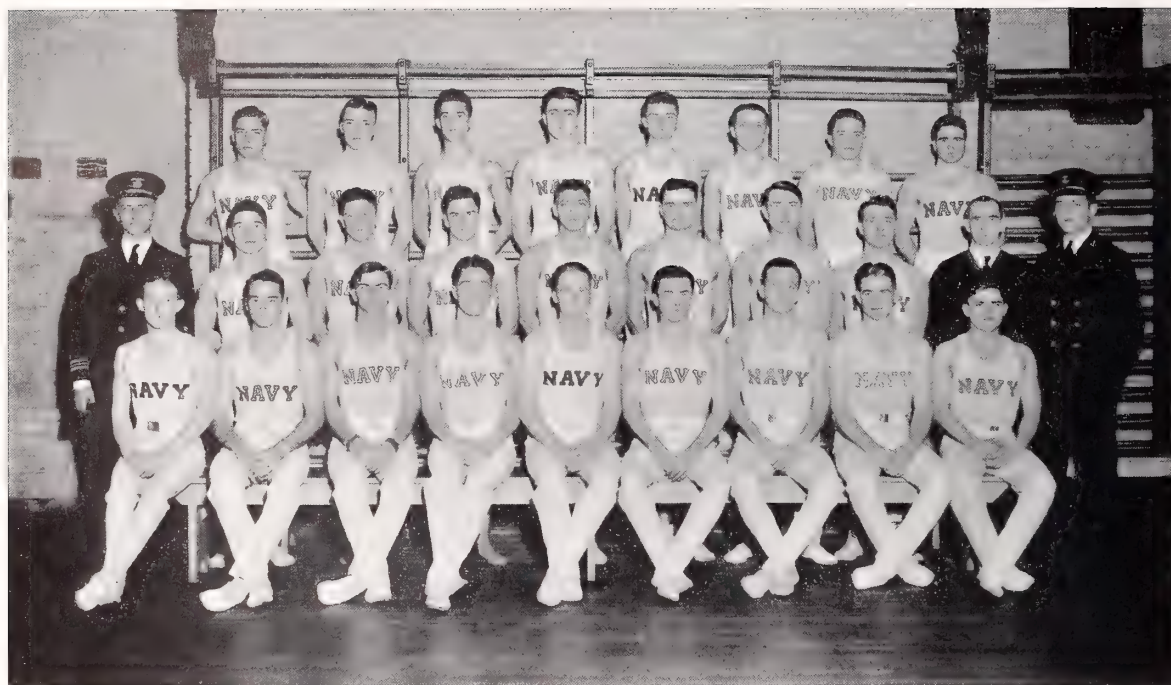


BLITCH

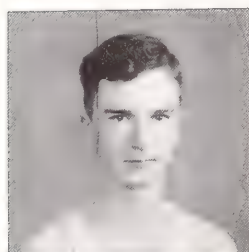


NAUMAN





*Top Row—Oseth, Samuel, Link, Terry, Garver, Ryder, Embree, Noyes
Middle Row—Quinlan, Keats, Lederer, Metcalf, Freeman, Hazzard, Kunkle, Musick, Mang, Stephenson
Bottom Row—Sharp, Edge, Eppes, Stone, Akeroyd, Fahy, Sisler, Sherwood, Beaman*



SCHOCK



METCALF



BEMIS

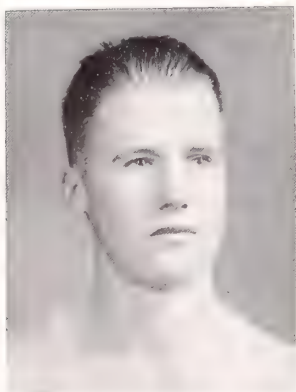
GYMNASIUM

ONCE more Navy has ended a gym season undefeated." For several years the *Log* has printed this sentence at the head of a column in some winter issue and, this year, has been able to repeat it again. Navy's champion gymnastic team easily defeated every opponent to win her sixth consecutive Intercollegiate Championship. It is interesting to note that, during the twelve years in which Navy has been a member of the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastic League, she has been the champion twelve times, a record of which few sports at the Naval Academy can boast.

The season began on February 15, with a meet with the University of South Carolina. The results proved Navy to be as strong as ever, winning easily over the first gymnastic team to represent South Carolina. Navy took all places except a first in tumbling and two thirds in other events. Score: Navy 47-U. of South Carolina 7.

A week later Princeton was entertained in MacDonough Hall. Stone, pressed for the first time, won the rings, being closely followed by Haubner of Princeton. Score: Navy 40-Princeton 14.

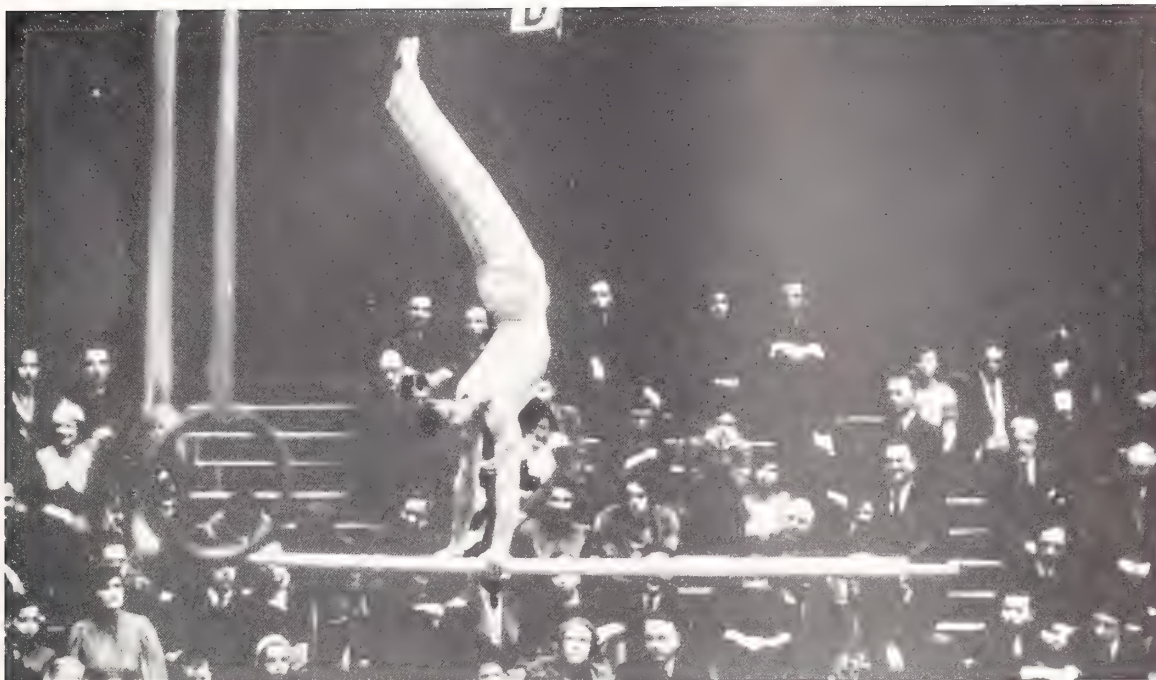
On March 3, the team journeyed north to Springfield, Massachusetts, to meet Springfield College. Not even the handicap of unfamiliar apparatus could hinder Navy's performers. A brilliant string of first and second places captured by Navy men left their hosts only a few thirds. Score: Navy 42-Springfield U. 12.



AKEROYD



MANG



1934 SEASON

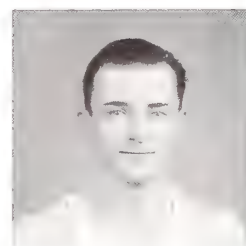
Two meets at home followed, the visitors being Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Temple University. M. I. T. was defeated easily with such stars as Bemis, Stone, Fahy, and Kunkle out of the competition. Score: Navy 44-M. I. T. 10.

The following Saturday, March 17, gave promise of more lively competition in the form of Temple. Navy came through easily allowing the visitors only one first, in tumbling, thus ending the season of dual meets and winning another team championship. Score: Navy 38-Temple 16. Season total: Navy 211-Opponents 59.

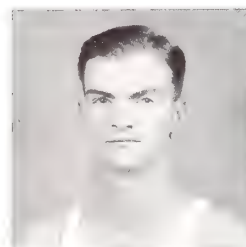
A week later saw Navy at Princeton competing with about ten other colleges for the Individual Championships. Very unexpectedly, Navy came off with only one first and several seconds and thirds. Bemis was the lone Navy man to make the grade, easily defeating all opponents by a wide margin. His performance gave him the right to an N* as Army was among the competitors.

Outstanding performers were many this year. Bemis and Captain Akeroyd starred on the parallel bars. While on the rings, Stone, Sisler, and Beaman easily outshone all others. Eppes consistently did good work on the horizontal bar finishing his season with a second in the Intercollegiates. Fahy, Sherwood, and Lederer took the first three places in the rope climb in nearly every meet. Robbins led the tumblers, closely followed by Metcalf.

Mr. Mang and Mr. Sazama were the keystones of Navy's success as they have been for so many years. This year they were ably assisted by Lt. Rukker and Lt. (j.g.) Stroop, both former Navy stars.



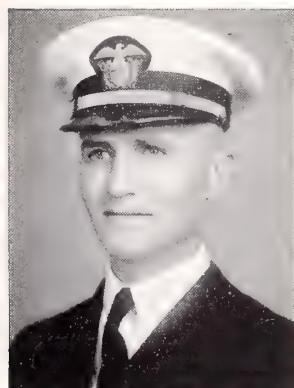
FAHY



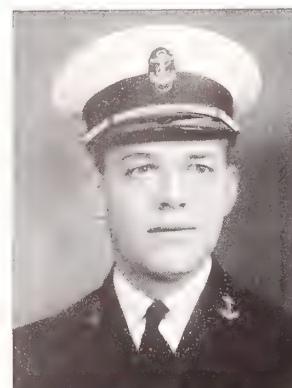
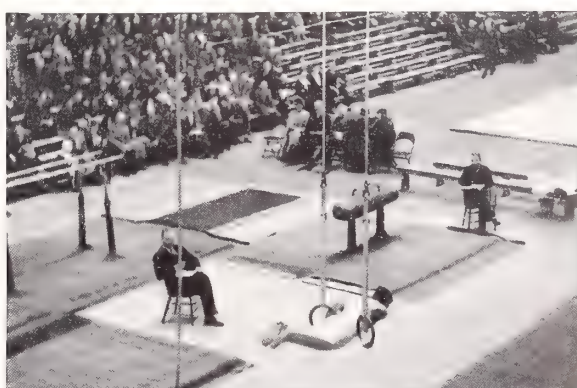
EPPE



KUNKLE



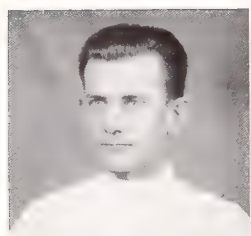
LT. COMDR. QUINLAN



STEVENSON



Top Row—CARMICHAEL, HANGER, STAMPS, NEYMAN, JOHNSTON, FEE
Middle Row—TAEJMANS, DOLL, SMALL, WAGNER, HATHAWAY, TAYLOR, BLOHM, GERWICK, BALLINGER
Front Row—DELADRIER, SCHERER, DAVIS, ADAMS, TILBURNE, BROWNE, LENNOX, KAIT, DOUGHTY



SCHERER



JOHNSTON



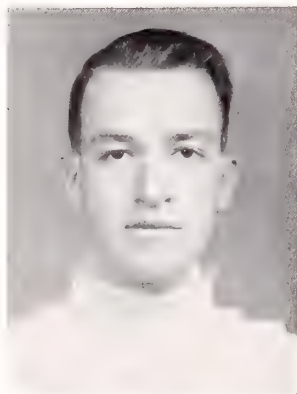
DAVIS

FENCING

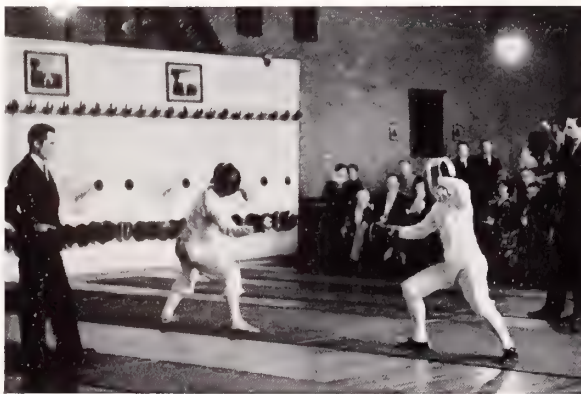
SINCE the beginning of the Intercollegiate Fencing Association in 1894, the Naval Academy has won a total of 37 championships, team and individual. Navy has produced many Olympic fencers, including the late Lt. G. C. Calnan who was generally considered the best fencer America has ever known. Among the unmatched exploits of Navy fencers in the past are winning the individual sabre championship seven years in succession, from 1915 to 1922, and making a clean sweep of all team and individual championships in 1922. In the past four years we have only lost two meets, one to the New York Athletic Club and one to the New York Fencer's Club. Recent honors won are the sabre championship of 1932 and the epee of 1933.

The season this year was opened with the Philadelphia Sword Club, a team with more than collegiate experience. The contest was conducted in compliance with their rules which require 27 bouts rather than the intercollegiate 17. Navy was victorious in all three weapons, defeating the Quakers 17½-9½. Captain Tilburne was undefeated in foils, Gerwick in epee, and Smith in sabre. The second meet was fought at Princeton, and again Navy excelled in all three weapons. Kait, Tilburne, Browne, and Davis won all their bouts, leaving the Princetonians on the short end of an 11-6 score.

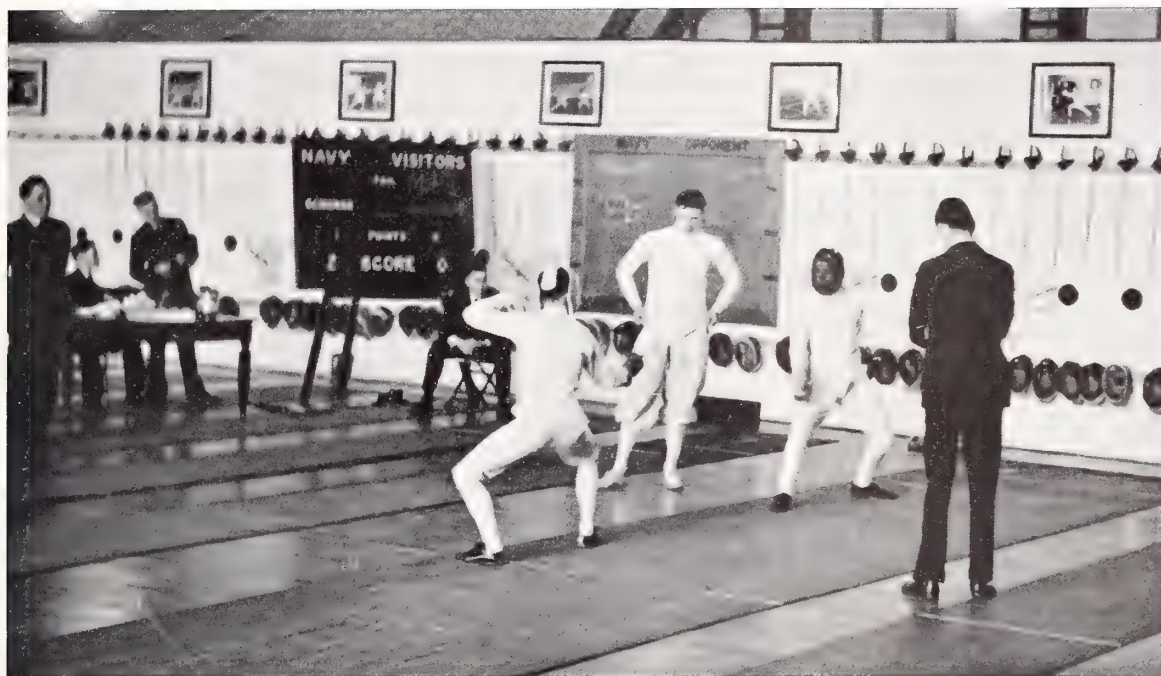
In the third meet, the Middies added another scalp by taking over Columbia 12-5 with Johnston and Ballinger undefeated. Last year Yale took third place in the Intercollegiates with Navy second, and this year we demonstrated our continued superiority over Old Eli in a hard fought 10-7 win. Scherer was the outstanding Navy warrior in the battle, subduing each of his opponents with equal ease.



TILBURNE



DELADRIER



1934 SEASON

The Tars next met and subjugated New York University, the strongest college team in the East and 1933 Intercollegiate Champions. Before arriving at the Naval Academy, the New Yorkers had enjoyed an undefeated season, but they lost hope of a perfect record when they faced Johnston and Kait on the mat. Navy continued by swamping the swordsmen of M. I. T. 15-2; the visitors chalked up their only two points in the sabre.

With some misgivings but still much confidence in their own ability, the pin-pushers again faced a non-college squad, the New York Fencer's Club. This organization has, within its ranks, fencers of international fame, including several members of the Olympic team. Outdoing their previous attainments, the sterling Navy team sent the New Yorkers home with their only defeat of the season. The epee men by their 7-2 score in this meet brought a 15-12 victory.

The season was concluded by the team in a manner befitting their previous achievements with a 16-1 win over the University of Pennsylvania, leaving the fencers with an unblemished record and a total of 106½ points to their opponents' 49½. At the time this was written, Navy was looking forward with high hopes to the Intercollegiates.

Too much credit cannot be given to the members of the team for their magnificent performance which was made possible by the skilled coaching of Mr. Deladrier and Mr. Taejmans who have produced again a team capable of bringing credit to the Navy wherever good fencers are recognized.



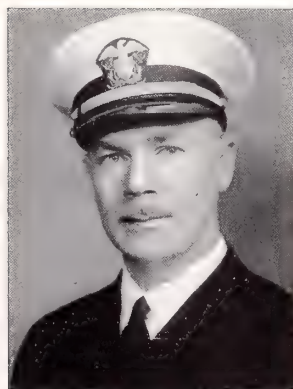
KAIT



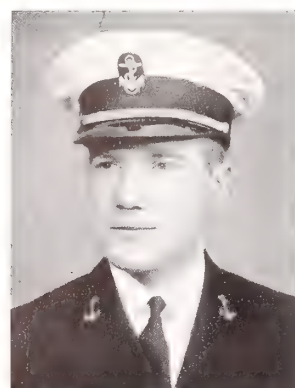
BALLINGER



BROWNE



LT. COMDR. DOUGHTY



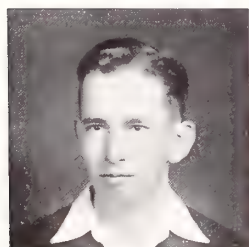
LENNOX



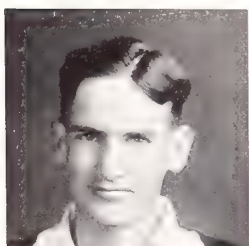
Front Row—WILLSON, KIMBALL, KIMMEL, MCCLUNG, LOUGHLIN, McAFEE, CHAMBLISS, PINNEY, MANN, GAUDET
Back Row—INGERSOLL, WALLING, ARNOLD, MCCORMICK, GARRELS, GAY, LEEMAN, WHITE



McAFEE



CHAMBLISS



LOUGHLIN

TENNIS

THE Navy tennis team of nineteen hundred thirty-three hung up an enviable record. In a heavy eleven-game schedule, only three matches were lost, these going to the powerful teams of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and New York University. Captain Elliott Loughlin closed a brilliant three years of play, during which he dropped but three singles matches against the finest opposition in Eastern intercollegiate competition. Coupled with Mann in the doubles last season, he turned in a record of ten victories and no defeats. Loughlin was defeated in singles by Wilmer Hines, Tarheel star of high intercollegiate ranking.

Until the North Carolina meet, all was smooth sailing. Maryland was whipped 6-3 with Mann and Loughlin combining to turn in a love match. Swarthmore was trounced 9-0 in the second match. The Virginia team offered stiffer competition in singles, but Navy quickly ran through the doubles to win, 7-2. Mann was pushed by Hedges in a 7-5, 10-8 match, Chambliss barely came through the first set, 11-9, but steadied to win the second, 7-5. Against Davidson College the team turned in an eight to one victory. Western Maryland was sunk by another eight to one score.

The first and worst reef of the season was met in North Carolina. Minus their captain, Bitsy Grant, they still possessed a powerful, well-balanced team led by Hines, who lived up to expectations by defeating Loughlin in a hard fought singles match, 8-6 and 6-2. The Tarheels made a clean sweep of



PINNEY



GAUDET



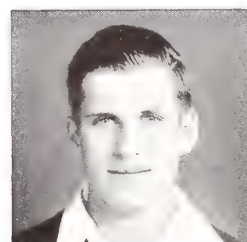
1933 SEASON

the singles to cinch the match. In doubles, Mann and Loughlin evened the personal score by whipping Hines and Wright 6-4, 6-4. McClung and Pinney chalked up our other score, North Carolina returning home with a 7-2 victory. The following week, the team was out for vengeance, and decisively whipped Pittsburgh, 9-0.

The remainder of the season saw two victories and as many defeats. New York University came through with a 5-4 victory. The outcome was in doubt until the last game of the third doubles match. In a last minute rally, the New Yorkers pulled out to win. Washington and Jefferson was defeated 9-0, as was also Georgetown. In the final match of the season at Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania swamped our racqueteers 6-3.

In spite of these losses, Navy may claim a very successful season. In the intercollegiates of last June, Loughlin reached the quarter finals and was ranked number eight in the collegiate ranking. In doubles, teamed with Mann, he placed tenth.

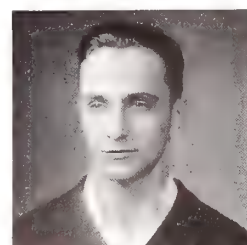
Our team for next year is materially weakened by the loss of Loughlin, McAfee and Chambliss, all of whom were valuable men and could be relied upon to bring credit to Navy in finest competition. We look forward, hopeful of the future, knowing that we must work doubly hard to equal the record of our past performances.



McCLUNG



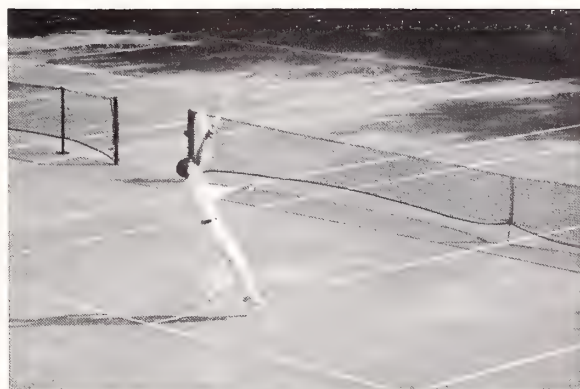
KIMMEL



GAY



CAPT. WILSON



ATKINSON



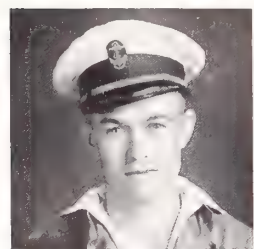
Standing—HUGHES, DAVIDSON, ADAMS, SULLIVAN, BARLEON, LYNCH, JURIKA, STRICKLER, PARRISH, MUMMA
Kneeling—WEBER, BARTLETT, SETTLE, JOHANSSON, CURTIS, SCHATZ, HAWORTH, MCCALLUM, WARE, BRINKER
Front Row—PARKER, McELROY, PLICHTA, FUCHS, BLENMAN, C., NAUMAN, ZYSK, RAMEE, DINWIDDIE



NAUMAN



LYNCH



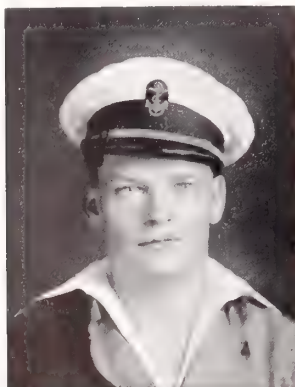
SCHATZ

OUTDOOR RIFLE 1933

DURING the afternoons of the balmy Annapolis spring days a continual rattle of rifle fire comes from across the Severn testifying in no uncertain terms that the Outdoor Rifle Squad is holding and squeezing its favorite weapon. From the first of April until June Week a squad of Varsity and Plebe shooters forsake the familiar environs of the yard to make themselves more expert in the use of the Service rifle. Future great shots to scintillate on Navy and Marine Corps teams at the National Matches are in the process of development. Capable instructors who will teach the Bluejacket and the Marine to shoot true are receiving their training.

The 1933 Outdoor Rifle Team had a successful season in view of the fact that it was up against older and well-seasoned opponents in every match. Outdoor Rifle is one sport where collegiate competition cannot be found, hence Navy must draw its opposition from outstanding Marine Corps and National Guard teams. On May 6 the Fusileers were defeated 2351 to 2318 by the District of Columbia National Guard in the opening match of the season. D. S. McDougall, the 1933 captain, was high for Navy with a 241 out of 250. A week later Navy met their arch-rival, the Quantico Marines, and the Philadelphia Marines. After the smoke had cleared away two records were found to have fallen. In winning the match the Quantico group shattered the range record, while Navy readjusted a Naval Academy high team score which had stood since 1924. Quantico made a 2352, Navy tallied a 2310, and Philadelphia came in third with a 2257. L. E. Strickler, the 1934 captain-elect, led the Fusileers with a 239 out of 250. On May 20 the 7th Regiment of the New York National Guard was conquered 2360 to 2348, C. Blenman garnering the high gun of the day with a 242 out of 250. A week later the squad journeyed up to Peekskill, N. Y., to carry off the honors in the final match of the year with the 71st Regiment of New York National Guard, 2242 to 2166. McDougall once again led Navy with a 232.

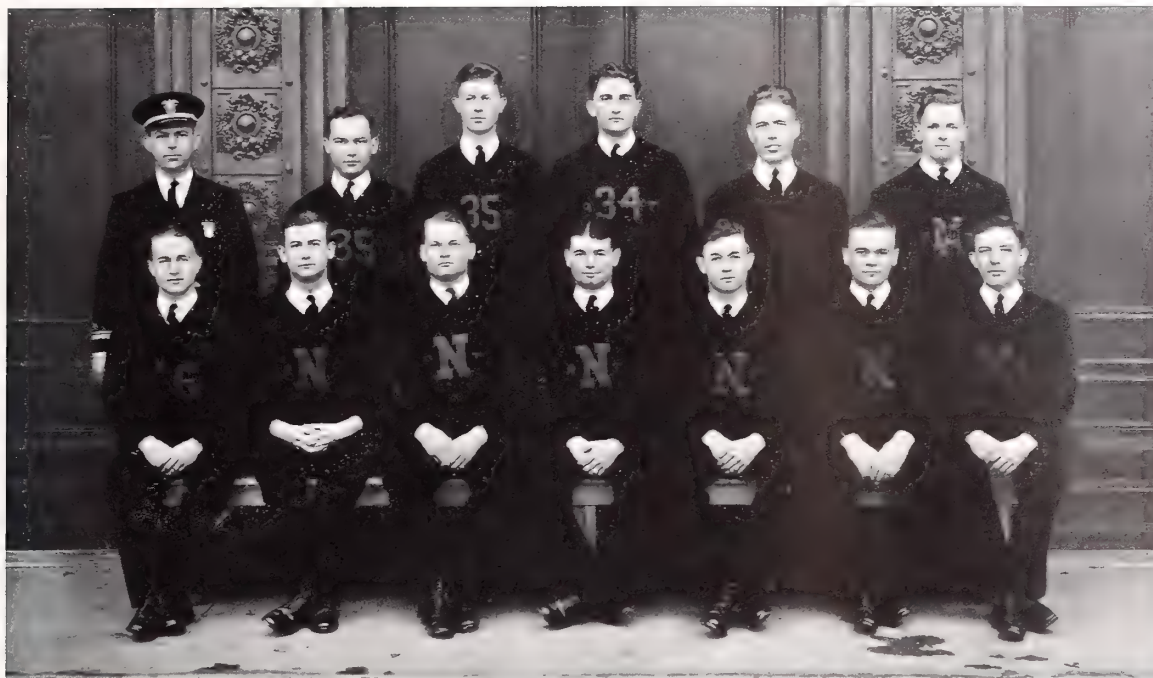
Lieut. M. C. Mumma, Jr. and his two Marine assistants, Lieutenants Davison and Hughes, deserve much credit in developing a rifle team which shot exceedingly well against the caliber of opposition Navy is forced to meet.



STRICKLER



LT. (j.g.) MUMMA



Back Row—MUMMA, WOOD, BARLEON, STEPHAN, DORSEY, WAMPLER
Front Row—W. BLENMAN, LYNCH, STRICKLER, C. BLENMAN, SCHATZ, BARTLETT, McCALLUM

SMALL BORE RIFLE

HERE is a sport that, although comparatively new, has made rapid strides forward at the Academy. In the stages of its infancy here, a high score was considered to be 1350; now our dead-eye marksmen look with scorn upon a score less than 1385—and Navy gets them higher, too. The scores seem to run higher in the telegraphic meets because the invisible opponent on the firing line puts the boys in a better frame of mind.

In our telegraphic meets this year, Navy has outshot all of her eight opponents. Among the most threatening of those who went down in defeat were: Maryland, 1365-Navy, 1398; Johns-Hopkins, 1326-Navy, 1392; West Virginia, 1350-Navy, 1371.

In an unofficial match with a crack Marine team from Philadelphia, Navy topped the match, 1396-1381. Here, Dave McDougal, former record Navy shot, now of the Marines was nosed out of high gun by Bill Blenman who turned in a 284. Captain Charley Blenman and his small brother enjoyed a keen competition all season for high gun honors, both turning in consistently splendid scores.

The shoulder-to-shoulder meets found Navy the winner in them all. C. I. T. fell before the dead-eyes 1385-1316, with Strickler high gun with 287. M. I. T. took the count 1384-1342. Maryland was next 1384-1353. George Washington was beaten 1392-1357.

The Eastern Intercollegiates at the end of the season resulted in Navy winning top honors in a closely fought meet against fourteen other college teams. Cornell, Carnegie Tech, and Lehigh trailed in the order named.



W. BLENMAN



McCALLUM



BURDICK



WEBER



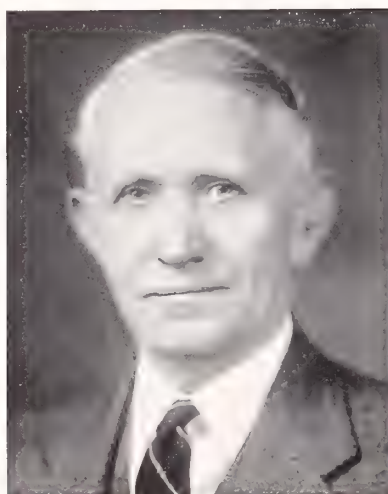
C. BLENMAN

THE HARVARD SHIELD



THE Harvard Shield is the trophy for which the athletes of the various classes compete during the year. There are class teams in almost every major and minor sport, and points are awarded to the class winning in each particular sport. The class having the largest number of points at the end of the year has its name engraved on the shield for that year. For the past two years the Class of 1934 has won the shield. So far, the race has been very close this year, and the sports for the Spring of 1934 will probably decide which class is to win the coveted award.

DOC SNYDER



NO discussion of class, Plebe, or Varsity athletics would be complete without mentioning "Doc" Snyder. Any member of any athletic squad knows and loves "Doc," and it is a safe bet that at one time or another, "Doc" has attended to the major or minor ailments of almost every Midshipman in the Academy. Always cheerful, always smiling, he is more than a mere mender of broken bones and healer of cuts and bruises. He is a man of whose acquaintance every Midshipman should be proud, and it is a tribute to the Naval Academy to have had "Doc" associated with it during the many years he has been here.

A decorative flourish in blue ink, featuring elegant, swirling lines that frame the title.

ARMY GAMES





FOOTBALL

THE score reads Army 12—Navy 7, but the score is but a slight indication of the terrific struggle that took place at Franklin Field in Philadelphia when the Greylegs from West Point clashed with the Blue and Gold of Navy in their thirty-fourth meeting and the first in the resumption of Army and Navy football relations. None of the 90,000 people who saw the game, including the dignitaries of the nation's military, naval, social, and political life will be able to forget the heart-throbs, and pathos resulting from this gripping, colorful battle.

With the game hardly underway, Johnson stunned the entire gathering by returning Bill Clark's kick 81 yards for a touchdown. Johnson picked up interference all the way along. Harbold broke through to block Buckler's attempted placement. After a brief exchange of punts, Becht took Buckler's punt on his own 10 yard line and with a beautiful, scintillating return brought the ball past midfield. A short pass from Becht to Murray then made it first down on the Army's 37. At this point, Navy lost the ball on downs, but they had their confidence restored and were fighting like madmen to even the score. It was not long in coming. With the ball on the Army 38 yard line, Red Baumberger, headed





ARMY 12...NAVY 7

by perfect interference, slipped through right tackle to even the count. A second later Bull's placement put Navy ahead 7 to 6!

The Greylegs were not to be denied though and about the middle of the second quarter Buckler broke loose to score the final points of the game. Toward the end of the half Becht's fast return of Buckler's kick, and some fine running by Baumberger and Borries placed the ball on the Kaydets 10 yard marker. However, a hurried pass over the goal line spelled finis for this threat.

Twice in the second half the middie eleven threatened the Army goal but both times the Greylegs fought off the deathblow. And thus the game ended. Again the Midshipmen were forced to stand with bowed uncovered heads while the Kaydets sang their victory song. Over the stadium hovered the spirit of a great battle won and lost—of fine hearts broken, of fine courage and young manhood at its best.

Of the men lost by graduation six were in the starting lineups in most of the 1933 games, namely: Murray, Brooks, Harbold, Miller, Baumberger and Becht. Others who will be lost are Clark, Chung-Hoon, Fulp, Johnston and Walkup.





BASEBALL

THE big event took place on the plains of West Point, so the baseball team had the double pleasure of beating the Kaydets by a score of 8-4, and doing it on their own diamond. A goodly crowd of 5,000 boys in grey, drags, Army and Navy grads were in the stands when Knapper met one of Ken Fields' first offerings over second as a starter. Kossler laid down a perfect bunt, and was safe when Fields and the third baseman argued about fielding it; Steve Daunis sacrificed both along one more base, and Captain Pablo Masterton slapped out a clean double to score the two men. Again in the second it happened . . . "Van" VanArsdall was safe on a slow roller; Davenport sacrificed; Knapper walked; Kossler hit down the right field line and went to second when VanArsdall was safe at home; Daunis looked at two and sent the next one into the road for three bases to score two men. Masterton connected for the second time and Daunis trotted over the plate. The deluge sent Ken Fields to the showers, and Tiemann, side-arm artist, took his place on the mound for the Pointers.

"Dave" Davenport had all his form and speed, and the first three men to face him only looked at the ball. In the second, after O'Neil was out, Dave walked Lewis, Kaydet fielder; Caghey then hit, and Brown scored O'Neil on a clean single. Again in the fifth the Pointers tallied on a walk to Conway, and hits by Vansant and Captain Fuqua. In the sixth Davenport weakened a bit, and O'Neil singled, went to second on a sacrifice, and scored on a three base blow off the bat of Legg. Brown made his second hit of the day and brought O'Neil across the plate.

From the second to the fifth Tiemann held Navy in check, but in that frame Buster Borries hit safely, and Veasey Pratt sent a liner down the left field line for three bases, and Borries was safe home on the play. Vic Gadrow hit short and Pratt made the last tally by upsetting Brown at the plate. A deluge stopped the game during the Army half of the seventh, with two men out, leaving Coach Doyle's men victorious in six innings.





BASKETBALL

WE renewed relations with Army last year, in a post season game at Annapolis. They were handed a severe drubbing. Their Plebe team was very good and with their aid the Army planned to reverse the score this year. Their team was decidedly better and they pointed for us during the entire season. The game was played at West Point and they figured on their home court being an aid. The game was played before a colorful capacity crowd, composed of Army and Navy officers, cadets and their friends. Both teams were on edge and eager to play. From the opening whistle it was evident that it would be a great game. The teams played fast and hard. Navy jumped into an early lead when Borries scored under the basket. After a few minutes Dewalt went in at forward for Army and immediately their play improved. They closed the score so that at the half the score was very close. Each team came back determined to win, but Navy held desperately to their slender lead. Several times the Army threatened to tie the score, but Borries or Rankin would score when it was most needed. Borries was high for Navy, but Rankin was outstanding on his floor game. For Army, Dewalt was the high scorer and Clifford gave the best performance of the day with his excellent defensive work. Army played their best game of the season and surprised even their most loyal supporters, but the Navy was not to be defeated. In the closing minutes Army began to crack and Navy slowly drew ahead. The final score was 31-23 and the Navy second team finished the game. It was a brilliant climax to the season and means that ten more of those coveted "stars" will shine over Navy "Ns."





TRACK

A PERFECT May day set the stage for the season's most colorful track event. The Navy Blue had reached West Point in the pink of condition and amid fanfare and anticipation the Greylegs and the N* seekers went thru their warming up routines.

The bark of the starter's gun in the hundred was answered by a wave of sprinting power that flashed toward the finish. Army had reaped the initial points. In the 220 yard dash the Navy hopes crumpled temporarily when Johnny Waybright was forced to limp across the finish, the penalty for an early season injury. Newton, however, compensated for the loss, his final burst of speed presenting him with the time of 21.7—a fitting reward for a season of hard work. Nicol led in the quarter until near the finish. He could not answer King's challenge. Hardman ran a creditable mile in 4 min. 19.8 seconds. Hailey ran his best race to place second in the two mile. Cadet Epler led Whitaker and Pilcher by scant inches in the high hurdles to win in record-breaking time of 15.1 seconds. Cameron proved his ability to produce by tying for first in the pole vault, while Randolph and Metcalf tied for second. Bingham annexed the high jump by leaping of 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. McRae and Cline divided first and third places in the broad jump—the winning leap slightly under McRae's own record. Dewey Johnston took second in the shot against strong competition. Kane tallied a third in the javelin. The low hurdle event alone was Navy's event, with Whitaker in the lead and Newton and Fitzgerald closing in to an exciting finish. The result set a new Academy Record of 24.4 seconds. Navy lost 50-76, but the team had the satisfaction of having given their best performances of the season. Taken as a whole, the times and distances attained were on a par with the best turned in on this coast.

The record of the season of 1933 is a proud one. Captain Newton merited the respect and friendship held for him by his team-mates, and with Coach Thompson at the helm, Navy track may look forward to a continuation of the outstanding teams represented by the Track N.





LACROSSE

LEAD by All-American Captain Pottenger, the Kaydets invaded Thompson Stadium to cross sticks with the Navy lacrosse ten on the first day of June Week. Army presented a heavy fast team, this advantage combined with a wet soggy turf forbode a tough afternoon for our lighter, speedier outfit. Captain Ferguson won the toss and chose to defend the seaward goal. The teams line up. For the first five minutes the ball see-sawed back and forth and although some nice stops were made by both goalies action was a little slow. At this point Morton, showing his usual flashing speed, took the ball near center field, cut down toward the right side of the Army nets and flashed a pretty pass over to Howard who whipped it into the goal. It was first blood for Navy and the battle was on. Just before the end of the first quarter Bedell took Howard's place and in less than two minutes had hung up another marker for the blue and gold on a pretty dodge around Summerfelt, Army point. It began to look like a real Navy day but at the start of the second frame, Wilson, Army home, took a pass from Tibbets and slammed a high one by Jim Reedy. This was answered by a high goal, screened by Army's own defense, by Condon. Another followed on a fast play when Captain Fergy caged Seed's pass. With a lead of 4-1, Coach Finlayson sent in a group of substitutes in order to keep the regulars in good shape for the second half. At this point the downpour of rain occurred bringing with it an avalanche of Army goals. They chalked up two tallies in quick succession while Larson, in for Seeds at center was scoring the last Navy tally of the day. Before the end of the half Army scored again and it ended with Navy leading 5-4. The rain continued and the field was a mass of mud which was too much for the light Navy attack. The second half was characterized by the old Navy fight but the sloppy condition of the turf made it impossible for Fergy and his boys to do any scoring. When Army had forged ahead to a 7-5 lead and only a few minutes were left to play several Navy substitutions were made and the last stand was made with an entire underclass team on the field except for Bird in the goal. The game ended at 8-5 for the grey but with a dry field perhaps it would have been a different story. It was the first Army victory over Navy in lacrosse in six starts.



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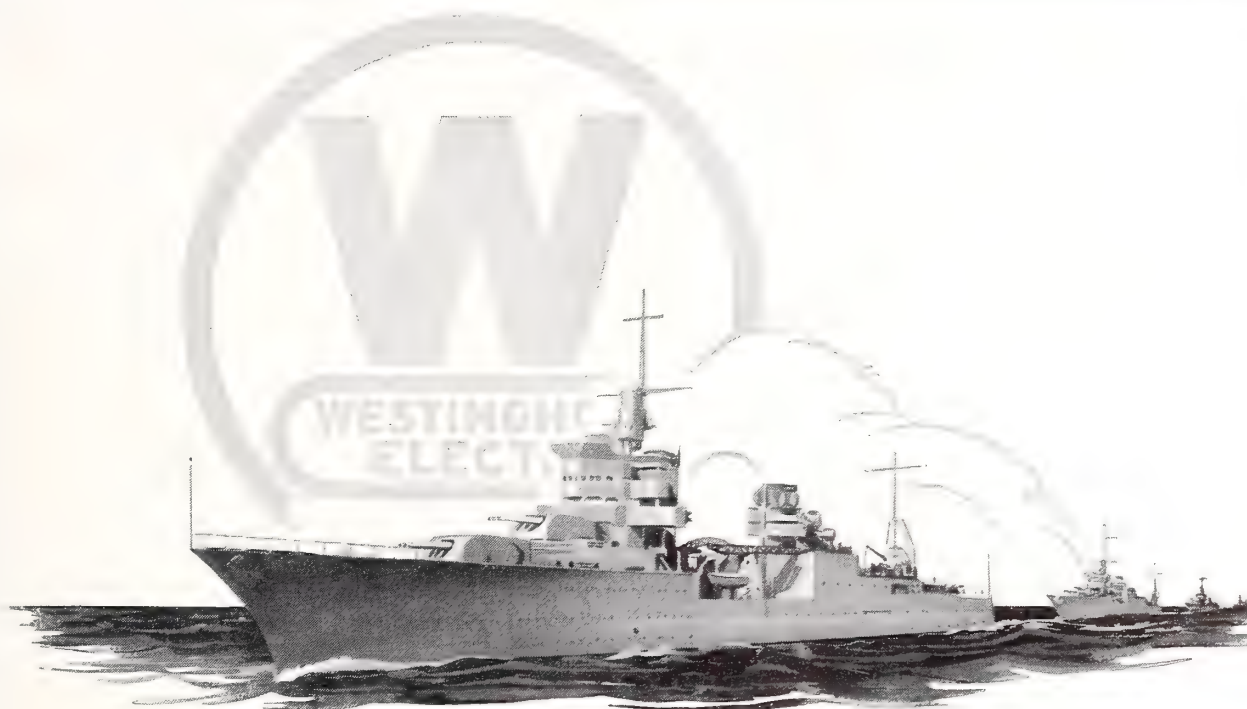
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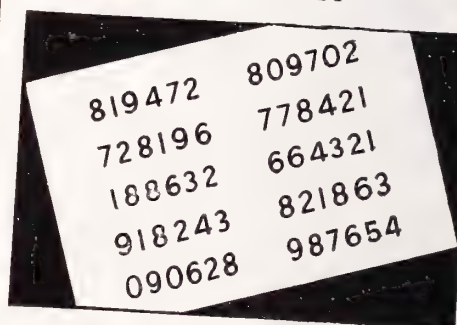
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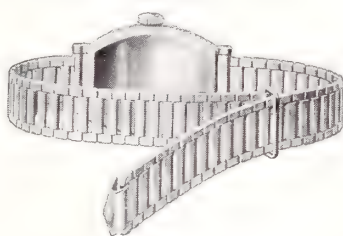
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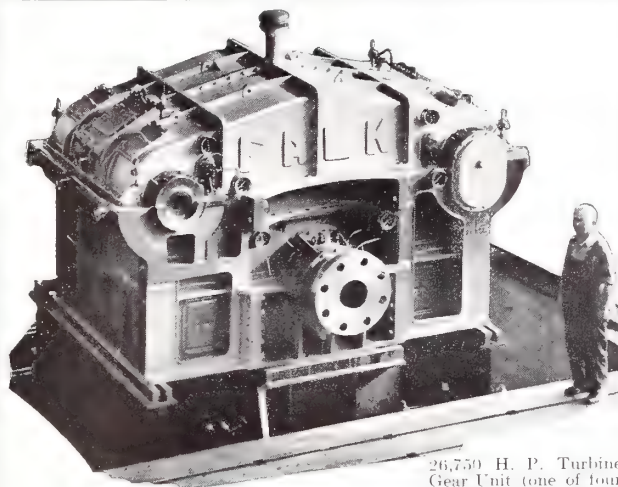
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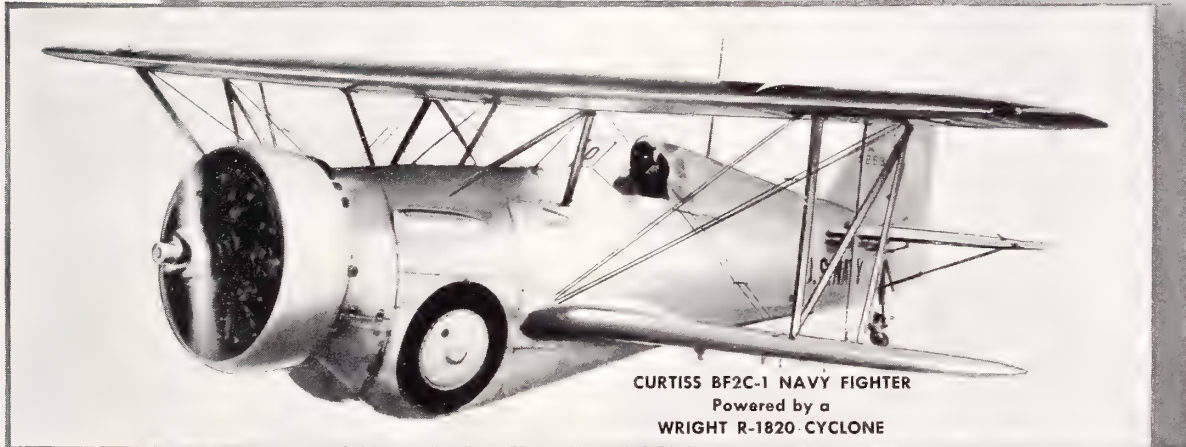
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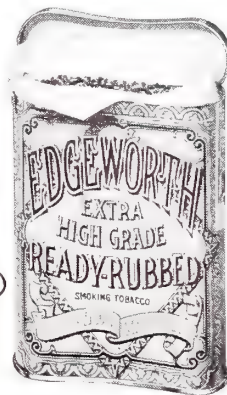
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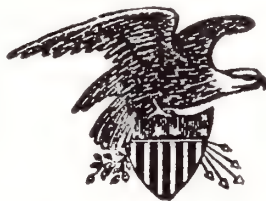
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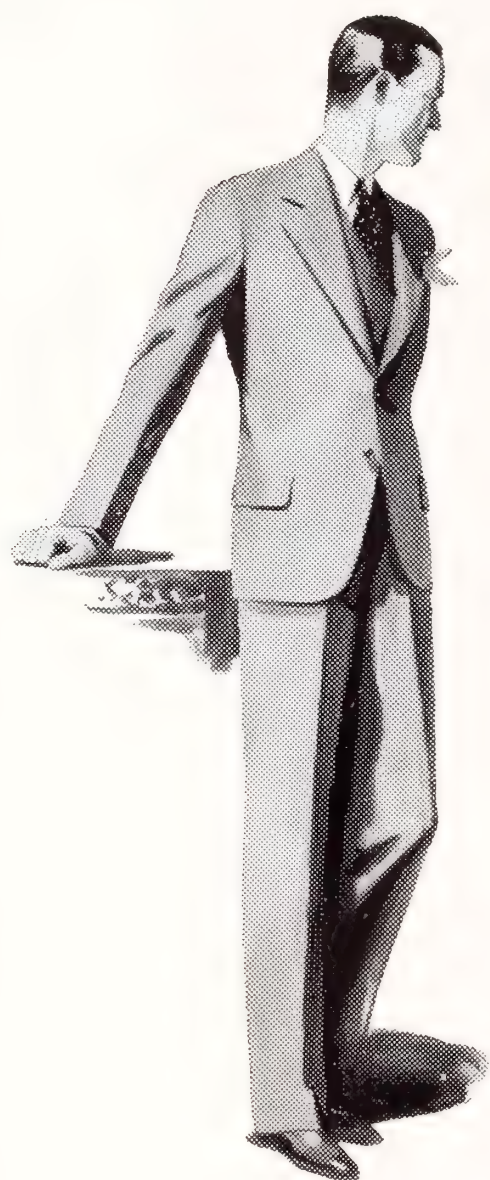
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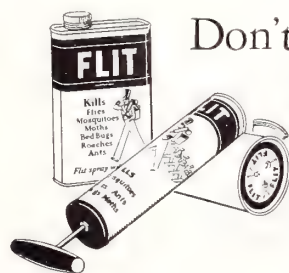
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